

JUBILEE-SOUVENIR NUMBER in honor of COMFORT'S twenty-first birthday, which we celebrate by offering 538 prizes, \$1.00 to \$300.00, including a seven-prizes combination of \$1,300.00 for one person. See Jubilee Prize Offer on Page 24.

# COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

Vol XXI

November 1908

No 1



*Published at Augusta, Maine*

For twenty-one years, COMFORT, bearing the shield of purity, truth, and brotherly love, armed with the sword of justice, teaching charity by precept and example, proving its faith by its works, has led and ever will lead the millions of its followers onward and upward by inspiring an abiding faith, a higher hope, a nobler charity, a more exalted ambition patiently and faithfully to bear the cross of this life to the attainment of the peace which passeth understanding and the crown of the life everlasting. SEE THAT YOU GET THE EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT which has been added to this 36-page "COMFORT."

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# COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over  
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated  
SUNSHINE PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL  
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to  
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

## SUBSCRIPTION.

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## Crumbs of Comfort

Serving others is serving ourselves.  
There is a speedy limit to the use of heroes.  
The cheapness of man is every day's tragedy.  
Believe that story false which should not be true.  
Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.  
There is beggary in the love that can be reckoned.  
Man is miserable only so far as he thinks himself so.  
What is not good for virtue may be good for knowledge.  
Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.  
Human strength is not in extremes, but in avoiding extremes.  
Newspapers are a universal whispering gallery for all mankind.  
Morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.  
A man of thought must feel the thought that is parent of the universe.  
No man acquires property without acquiring with it a little arithmetic, also.  
Wherever the sentiment of right comes in it takes precedence of everything else.  
Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.  
We promise according to our hopes and fulfill according to our selfishness and fears.  
The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best hearts.  
Poverty is the only load that is heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in bearing it.  
A coquette is a woman without any heart who makes a fool of a man who hasn't any head.  
The presence of politeness does not indicate wisdom, but its absence is a sure sign of lack of wisdom.

# Current Topics

The Australian government will erect five wireless stations along its coast.

Preparations are being made by Irish shipbuilders to lay the keel of a ship a thousand feet long.

The battleships Maine and Alabama are the first to complete the memorable globe-circling voyage which began at Hampton Roads last December.

Special exercises commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Noah Webster's birth were held Oct. 16, at New Haven, Conn.

Successful telephoning without wires over a distance of fifty miles is announced by the British navy.

The only clergyman who signed the declaration of independence is to have a monument erected to his memory in Washington.

The American battleship fleet entered Yokohama Harbor Oct. 18, after encountering a terrific storm in which one life was lost.

The profile of George Washington, instead of full face view, will appear on the new two cent stamps. The same change will be made in the one-cent stamps having Franklin's face full view.

## COMFORT'S Calendar for November

| Moon's Phases.     | Eastern Time.        | Central Time.        | Mountain Time.       | Pacific Time.        |
|--------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| FIRST QUARTER..... | D. H. M. 1 9 16 Morn | D. H. M. 1 8 16 Morn | D. H. M. 1 7 16 Morn | D. H. M. 1 6 16 Morn |
| FULL MOON.....     | 8 2 58 Morn          | 8 1 58 Morn          | 8 0 58 Morn          | 7 11 58 Even         |
| LAST QUARTER.....  | 15 6 41 Even         | 15 5 41 Even         | 15 4 41 Even         | 15 3 41 Even         |
| NEW MOON.....      | 23 4 58 Even         | 23 3 58 Even         | 23 2 58 Even         | 23 1 58 Even         |
| FIRST QUARTER..... | 30 4 44 Even         | 30 3 44 Even         | 30 2 44 Even         | 30 1 44 Even         |

| Day of Month. | Day of Week. | Light and Dark Moon. | Calendar—N. States.<br>Lat. 42°+ | Calendar—S. States.<br>Lat. 35°+ |
|---------------|--------------|----------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Sun         |              |                      | 6 33 4 53 11 16                  | 6 18 5 9 11 42                   |
| 2 Mo          |              |                      | 8 35 4 52 morn                   | 6 18 5 8 morn                    |
| 3 Tu          |              |                      | 6 36 4 51 0 30                   | 6 19 5 8 0 49                    |
| 4 We          |              |                      | 6 38 4 49 1 48                   | 6 20 5 7 2 0                     |
| 5 Th          |              |                      | 6 39 4 48 3 5                    | 6 21 5 6 3 11                    |
| 6 Fri         |              |                      | 6 40 4 47 4 21                   | 6 22 5 6 4 17                    |
| 7 Sat         |              |                      | 6 42 4 46 5 34                   | 6 23 5 5 5 25                    |
| 8 Sun         |              |                      | 6 43 4 45 rises                  | 6 24 5 4 rises                   |
| 9 Mo          |              |                      | 6 44 4 44 5 51                   | 6 25 5 4 6 16                    |
| 10 Tu         |              |                      | 6 45 4 43 6 32                   | 6 26 5 3 7 0                     |
| 11 We         |              |                      | 6 47 4 42 7 19                   | 6 26 5 2 7 49                    |
| 12 Th         |              |                      | 6 48 4 41 8 10                   | 6 27 5 2 8 42                    |
| 13 Fri        |              |                      | 6 49 4 40 9 7                    | 6 28 5 1 9 36                    |
| 14 Sat        |              |                      | 6 51 4 39 10 6                   | 6 29 5 0 10 31                   |
| 15 Sun        |              |                      | 6 52 4 38 11 6                   | 6 30 5 0 11 27                   |
| 16 Mo         |              |                      | 6 53 4 37 morn                   | 6 31 4 59 morn                   |
| 17 Tu         |              |                      | 6 54 4 36 0 5                    | 6 32 4 58 0 23                   |
| 18 We         |              |                      | 6 55 4 35 1 8                    | 6 33 4 58 1 19                   |
| 19 Th         |              |                      | 6 57 4 35 2 11                   | 6 34 4 57 2 16                   |
| 20 Fri        |              |                      | 6 58 4 34 3 13                   | 6 35 4 57 3 11                   |
| 21 Sat        |              |                      | 6 59 4 34 4 17                   | 6 36 4 56 4 8                    |
| 22 Sun        |              |                      | 7 0 4 33 5 25                    | 6 37 4 56 5 10                   |
| 23 Mo         |              |                      | 7 1 4 32 6 34                    | 6 38 4 56 6 13                   |
| 24 Tu         |              |                      | 7 2 4 32 sets                    | 6 39 4 56 sets                   |
| 25 We         |              |                      | 7 4 4 31 5 57                    | 6 40 4 55 6 27                   |
| 26 Th         |              |                      | 7 5 4 31 6 51                    | 6 40 4 55 7 22                   |
| 27 Fri        |              |                      | 7 6 4 30 7 55                    | 6 41 4 55 8 26                   |
| 28 Sat        |              |                      | 7 7 4 30 9 7                     | 6 42 4 55 9 34                   |
| 29 Sun        |              |                      | 7 8 4 29 10 20                   | 6 43 4 54 10 43                  |
| 30 Mo         |              |                      | 7 9 4 29 11 35                   | 6 44 4 54 11 50                  |

## WEATHER FORECAST FOR NOVEMBER.

1st to 4th—STORM WAVE. Generally windy and blustery weather on North Pacific Coast. Heavy rains in Washington and Oregon. Rain storms in Gulf States and over Appalachian Mountain region.

5th to 9th—MILD PERIOD. Fine autumn weather in southwestern, central and eastern sections. Bright, sunny skies by day and brilliant moonlight nights at all points.

10th to 14th—CLOUDY PERIOD. Dull, cloudy and generally foggy weather in southwest, the Gulf States and along the South-Atlantic coast plain. Heavy rainfall in western New York and Pennsylvania.

15th to 19th—STORM WAVE. Much wind and bluster over northwest and region of the Great Lakes. Very rainy conditions on north Pacific coast. Stormy weather on west Gulf coast.

20th to 24th—RAIN WAVE. Sudden squalls of rain and sleet over Rocky Mountain and the Middle west. Dangerous gales on Gulf and south Atlantic coast.

25th to 28th—BLUSTERY PERIOD. Great storm wave sweeping across the continent. Destructive gales and high winds along all maritime shores. Much danger to shipping on the Great Lakes.

29th to 30—MILD PERIOD. Clear, cold weather in the northwest. Bright days in all sections except in Gulf States where mist and fog close out the genial rays of the sun.

## Is November Your Birthmonth?

November, the 11th month of the year, received its name, which means ninth month, from the Roman month, in the early Roman calendar because it was the ninth month, the year beginning with March. When Julius Caesar, 45 B. C., changed the old calendar to the Julian, he made January the first month, and although November by that arrangement became the 11th month, it retained the ancient name and still holds it.

Although November is the dreariest and most dismal month in the year it is no more unlucky than any other month, and it is the one month in which all this country takes one day off for Thanksgiving. This is the greatest day in the month in the United States, at least, although every fourth November we have our Presidential elections which are more interesting than Thanksgiving although they do not come so frequently.

Historically November has no such record as some of the other months. One reason of this is that it practically falls between seasons, and is rather a preparatory month. Four of our presidents, however, were born in November, Polk, Taylor, Pierce and Garfield, and only one, Arthur, has died in this month, which makes it lucky for Presidents. Of the Presidents dying in office, Garfield was the only one born in November.

## What the Astrologer Says Is Indicated if You Were Born in November

Astrologically, November promises better for the women born in it, than for the men. The men are apt to be deceptive and suspicious, but they are determined and will go to extremes to accomplish their purposes. They are magnetic, and have strong will power, which they do not always use to the advantage of others. They are also jealous. The woman born in November is jealous, as well, but she is amiable and very gentle. She is apt to marry more than once, will have many children and have money. She is a woman who will command respect, but she will not hesitate to make her husband angry. Usually she is handsome. Persons born during the first ten days will incur the enmity of the influential which may ruin all their prospects if they are not exceedingly careful; those born between the 11th and 20th, will be of ardent passions, unbending disposition, and have energy that will not be defeated; those in the last ten days, will have haughty dispositions, be very independent, and the men will make good soldiers; marriage is apt to prove unhappy. Times are likely to be bad and sickness to affect persons more in November than in other months. Persons born in the earlier part of the month will find their best luck in February and June, and their best day is Sunday, and worst, Friday; those born in the latter part will look to January and July for luck and Tuesday is their good day, while Monday is their bad.

Scorpio, the scorpion, the eighth sign of the zodiac, rules November until the 20th. Persons born under it are shrewd, persuasive, sly, and often religiously inclined. They are slow to anger, but do not forget or forgive, easily. If in improper surroundings and not educated are quarrelsome and will get into trouble. They are skillful and patient and love the country; they will not prosper till well along in life, and then plenty will come, usually when not expected, either by inheritance or some sudden stroke of luck. Scorpio always brings fortune. Headaches and neuralgia are common and probably serious illness. More than one marriage is probable, with numerous children, and one marriage will be unhappy. Deep sorrow will come before the age of thirty, and long journeys by land or sea will be taken. One friend will cause great trouble in some way, and there will be many enemies among associates. He will be free from accidents unless the influence of Scorpio is counteracted.

Sagittarius, the Archer, the ninth sign, rules from the 20th of the month. Those born under this sign will be exceptionally good, or radically bad. They will be versatile, quick tempered, and will worry much over trifles. They are sensitive and nervous, and will give way to others rather than have strife. They are watchful, but are frequently deceived. They will be poor in youth, through parental losses, but they will build up fortunes of their own, and may come into inheritances, later. There may be two marriages, but there will be few children. The eldest may cause trouble. They will get along well with other members of their families, but not with their children. Socially they will be successful, and there will be one friend in a high place who will prove of great value at a critical moment. They will have many enemies who must be watched always. Long life is promised.

## Have You Renewed Your Subscription?

THAT ENVELOPE FOLDER SUBSCRIPTION BLANK which some of you received last month wrapped in your October COMFORT only went to those whose subscriptions expired with that number or will soon run out.

We also printed a notice to that effect in October COMFORT.

Many have taken heed and renewed promptly.

A few have carelessly let their subscriptions run out and so will not receive this Jubilee number. WE ONLY PROMISED 36 big pages this month, but have added an EIGHT PAGE SUPPLEMENT making 44 pages. NOW WATCH OUT for the GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

This is a SURE REMINDER to those of you who received the ENVELOPE FOLDER SUBSCRIPTION BLANK last month and HAVE NOT RENEWED, that if you receive this paper this month your subscription is surely on its LAST LEGS.

Renew now two years for 25 cents, or one year for 20 cents, so not to MISS OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER. The special rate of TWO YEARS FOR 25 CENTS holds good at present only for PROMPT RENEWALS by old subscribers.

Renew now and get in line to win one of our JUBILEE PRIZES announced on page 24.

This is only the beginning of our Jubilee year and we are going to celebrate it throughout by making COMFORT unusually interesting and attractive each and every one of the next eleven months.

If you don't renew you will miss it every month and be uncomfortable all the year.

Can you afford to be without COMFORT when it costs you only 25 CENTS FOR 24 MONTHS? And DECEMBER COMFORT itself will give you a great treat. DON'T MISS IT.

Raise a subscription club also and try for one of our 134 November cash prizes, besides regular premiums sure. Send for our new Jubilee Premium Catalogue free.

New subscribers this month will receive this Jubilee-Souvenir number and 13 months more of COMFORT for 20 cents. The big HOLIDAY NUMBER alone will be more than worth the price.

## Comfort's Little Joker



Teacher.—Do you know what the Lord would say if he knew you talked so bad?  
Little Boy.—The Lord would say that I was a little boy and didn't know no better.

The Infant.—What does "conscience" mean, Pa?  
The Father.—Conscience, my son, is that scared feeling which makes a man own up when he feels certain that he's going to be found out.

## Good Fishing



Farmer's Wife.—Massful Mice! Enoch.

Where's yer glass eye?

Farmer.—I jist gouged it aout putting a fisherman off the brook. Didn't ye hear me holler? Skered him high wileless, an' he gin' me five dollars ter see a doctor. Run in the bedroom, Sukey, an' git another outer the box. Mebbe I'll ketch a couple more fellers afore dark.

## A Proud Father

Small Boy.—"Say, Pa, are you as great as George Washington?"  
Father.—"Greater, my son, for Washington never had a little boy like you."

His Sister's Suitor.—Now, Willie, tell me what your father says about me, won't you?  
Little Willie.—Oh, no, sir! Papa says that little boys like me must never swear, sir!



Willie.—Say girls, fancy I've got a mustache coming. Three hairs one side and two the other. Nuisance there's not an equal number each side, girls, isn't it?

Girls.—Yes, Willie, it makes your face look lopsided.

## Political Opinions

He.—"A woman can spank a baby all right, but she should keep her hands off of the ballot-box."

She.—"Oh, I don't know. I think if the women could spank the ballot-boxes as they do the babies, we would have much better politics."

## The Wise Boy

"I say, Johnnie," said a joking man to a small boy playing truant, "if four dollars and four dollars make nine dollars how long would it take you to make tracks for school?"

"About as long as it would take for four dollars and four dollars to make nine dollars," replied the boy. "You'd better be making tracks for school, yourself, hadn't you?" and the joking man hadn't any more to say.

## Appreciative



Mildewed Leathers.—Lady, kin I hev a piece of dat same pie ye gin' me yes'ddy? 'Twas just de ting.

Pleased Housewife.—Yes, my good man; there is some left. My cranky husband is idiot enough not to like it.

Mildewed Leathers.—Ho! Us fellers did. We bored a hole troo it, made a handle an' played throw de hatchet, but it stuck in a tree and won't come out, so I'm sent up fer anudder slice.



# IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

## Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; 1. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sta. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; \* stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

## Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

## Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. \* indicates a repetition.

## Various Holiday Gifts

THE months have rolled around and once again it is only a matter of a few weeks from now until Christmas time, and preparations for celebrating this holiday are, by many, already well advanced. As this is COMFORT's twenty-first birthday we are celebrating by showing you an unusual amount of pretty articles to make.

Gifts which are fashioned by the sender's own hands are always doubly precious, and so well recognized is this fact, that in planning our gifts, we will give much more pleasure if we use a little ingenuity in utilizing what we have, than if we spend what we can ill afford for things which are, perhaps, more showy.

For this reason we will consider this month a variety of useful and inexpensive little articles, which came from COMFORT readers in response to our recent prize offer. Any of which can be made of odds and ends of material and will make attractive presents.

## A Novel Penwiper

Cut the face from white flannel or felt, chamois skin is desirable and one can get clear-



PENWIPER.

of chamois and one of paper on which can be written:

In these three modest faces  
Behold the three Graces,  
They boast of no beauty,  
But are ready for duty.  
You may doubt them all over  
As much as you will,  
And blacken their eyes  
With the end of your quill,  
And they'll never resent it;  
These three little Graces  
Thout jewels or laces  
With plain honest faces  
Will ever keep still.

Trim the bonnet with ribbon and make a bow under the chin which serves to hold all together. These two articles were submitted by Mrs. L. C. Rand.

## Crocheted Necktie

Crocheted neck ties are so popular at present that every man covets one. But if you would make one which is sure to be acceptable, certain points must be remembered, spare no pains to make your work good, firm and even,



CROCHETED NECKTIE.

Repeat until there are twelve rows, break silk, join and make strip of three rows of darker shade. Continue until the tie measures fifteen inches.

To decrease: Drop 1 st. at beginning and end of every third row, until 9 sts. remain. Work strip fifteen inches long or required size for neck band.

To increase: Work an extra stitch at beginning and end of every third row until you have twenty-one stitches. Work ten inch length for short end of tie. The neck band should be lined with ribbon to prevent stretching.

## Irish Point Collar

Besides the usual value of handmade lace, any article made especially for a person has an added value on that account. As a handsome collar is an addition to most any gown, and can with care, be used a lifetime, such a one as

is here shown would surely be welcomed by any lover of the beautiful and dainty.

Experienced crocheters will have no difficulty if these directions are carefully followed.

Material required: Three spools of regular crochet cotton or linen thread, a fine steel crochet hook, one spool padding cord.

All leaves and medallions are made first and separately. Then a cord, long enough to outline the entire collar is closely crocheted over with single crochet. Now cut from paper or cloth a collar and baste the cord on it, outlining the shape you desire the collar to be, then place, and baste leaves and medallions in positions, after which fill in and join all parts, with chains and picots, as illustrated.

Around the neck, to give firmness crochet two or three rows of double crochet, with ch. 1 between each.

To make the leaf, begin at the center, wind the thread thirteen times around an ordinary lead pencil, slip it off and make 34 s. c. o. ring, then 1 round 1 s. c. in each 34 s. c.

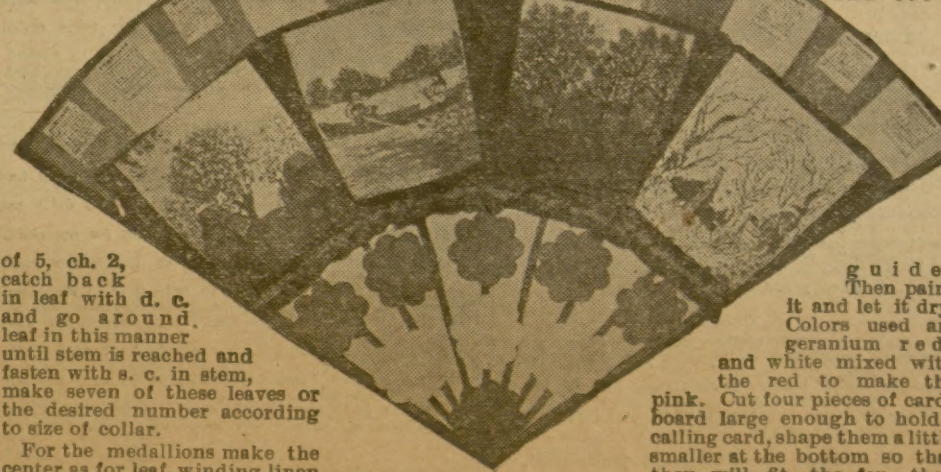
2nd row.—Make six petals for leaf as follows: Ch. 18, 1 d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 3, sl. 3 sts., 1 s. c. in next st., ch. 3, sl. st. 3, 1 s. c. in



LACE COLLAR IN IRISH POINT.

By Mrs. L. M. Dearborn, Winner of a Special Prize.

next st., ch. 4, fasten in ring at starting point, 3 s. c. in ring, now you are ready for next petal. Ch. 18 and proceed as before, continue until you have six of these around ring, then s. c. around remaining part of ring and when you reach 1st petal, make 25 s. c. down one side to center, making 5 s. c. between the 1st 3 bars, making 15 s. c., then s. c. in the end bar until you have made 35 s. c., then 5 s. c. in between each of the next 3 bars, making 50 s. c. around petal and fasten in stitch next to one you started from, 2 s. c., \* Repeat from \* to \*. S. c. the remaining part of ring to center, then ch. 30 for stem, turn and s. c. in each st. and fasten into ring, turn and s. c. back on stem and around down the other side and fasten in ring, then s. c. ring to 1st petal, then go around petal with d. c. in each s. c. until you reach 2nd bar, s. c. to next petal at 2nd bar and d. c. around this to 2nd bar, and s. c. on until you have finished 3 petals in this manner, then join 3rd and 4th petals at 2nd bar and make a ch. of 13, fasten with d. c. in 9th st. from hook, ch. 4 and join to 4th petal, s. c. around this extra petal, then d. c. back in each st. of s. c. until you reach 4th petal, finish 4th, 5th and 6th petal as you did 1st three with d. c. to 2nd bar only, when 6th is reached d. c. up to ring, ch. 4, fasten in stem, ch. 6, make p.



CARD RECEIVER & CALENDAR.

Sent in by Mrs. A. R. McDaniel.

5, 1 d. c., ch. 5, 1 d. c., skipping 5 sts. over the cord each time, continue all round.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 1 d. c., \*, ch. 8, catch back in 3d st., ch. 2, 1 d. c., \*, repeat from \* to \*.

3rd row.—Same as second.

Wash, put through thin starch and iron while quite damp on soft cloth until thoroughly dry.

MRS. LIDA M. DEARBORN.

## Unique Pin Cushion

The horse shoe which forms the foundation of the Good Luck cushion, is a cushion made in this shape, well filled and covered with brown velvet, the decorations consisting of shamrocks made of green silk and placed as shown in illustration.

## Crocheted Heart Sachet

These are always welcomed, as one can scarcely have too many for different waists and dresses to lay away in drawers and boxes.

1st row.—Ch. 6, turn.  
2nd row.—Tr. c. in 4th st., ch. 2, 2 tr. in same st., ch. 9, extra tr. (thread over 4 times) in 5th st., ch. 9, shell of 2 tr., 2 ch., 2 tr. in 6th st., ch. 1, turn.

3rd row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, sl. 7 sts., 1 d. c. in 8th st., ch. 2, sl. 1 st., 1 tr. and 1st, 1 d. c. in next st., ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

4th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 11 tr. under 2 ch., ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

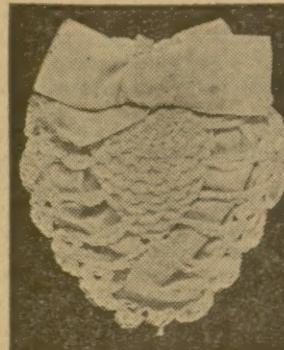
5th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. in 1st tr., \* ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next tr., \*, repeat 8 times, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

6th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. under 1st 3 ch., \*, ch. 3, 1 d. c. under next 3 ch., \*, repeat 7 times, ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13th rows like 6th row, decreasing 13 ch. each row until there is only one left in the point.

14th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 7, 1 d. c. under ch. 3, ch. 7, shell in shell, ch. 1, turn.

15th row.—Shell in shell, ch. 3, 1 long tr.



HEART SACHET.

separately, and paste one on each divisor at the top, it is better to do this before you put the card receivers on. The ornamental circles at the bottom of the fan are cut out of paper and pasted on. Sew a loop of red ribbon at the top to hang it up by. This design may be carried out in a cheaper and easier way by using bright colored paper to cover the fan, and scrap pictures or souvenir cards for the card receivers.

MRS. A. R. McDANIEL.

## A Handy Case

Take a quarter of a yard of ribbon, fold in the center and overcast the edges of one side together, then make hem at the top into which run a whale bone. Overcast the other side together and the case is finished.

The whale-bone in the top is the novel feature of this little case, as when pressed on either side as shown, the contents may easily be reached.

I gave one to a friend three years ago, and she tells me she has also found it very useful for extra money, when going on a trip.

These lines should always accompany this little remembrance:

Press the ends, and you will find  
This will open to your mind,  
Needles, thread and thimble too,  
It will kindly hold for you.  
Then when you go out to tea,  
You can take your work you see.

MRS. M. M. GREEN.

## Doll Pin Cushion

This idea, though not new, we believe has not been published before. The dolls made for fairs sell rapidly at a good profit.

The common china dolls sold for five cents are used. Sew one of these, in a sitting position, to a circle of pasteboard four inches in diameter.



DOLL PIN CUSHION.

Then take a strip of silk or satin, five and one half inches deep, and twenty-one inches long, join. Gather top and bottom as for a skirt then sew one of the gathered sides to the pasteboard, leaving the other for the waist of the doll. Next take two straight pieces and make sleeves, sew fast to the doll. Then cross straight pieces, fichu fashion, over top of sleeves and shoulder. Now stuff the skirt with cotton. Draw gathering string, and use one yard of narrow ribbon for a sash, making a bow in the back.

## Bead Jewel Box

String the beads on strong thread, and using two strings for a strand, braid with thirty-two strands until you have a six inch square. Now take a piece of small wire (any silk covered piece from an old hat frame will do).

Join by twisting, and bend in to a one and one half inch square. To this tie the beads, placing eight strands on each side, tie all securely in place and then cover the wire with a bind of velvet. For the bottom of the case make a silk sachet three inches square.

The foundation of the top is pasteboard one and one half inches square covered with silk, embroidered with a monogram and finished with a border and edge of larger beads.

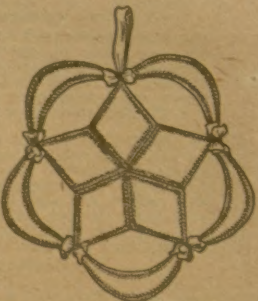
## Star and Moon

This cushion is made in parts, the star consisting of five diamond shaped cushions, surrounded by five crescents.

These can each be made of a different material, if one wishes to use up small pieces, but the effect is prettier, if the star is of silk, surrounded by crescents covered with silk or velvet of a darker shade or contrasting color.

The cushion may be stuffed with bran heating it thoroughly before using to dry out any moisture, or bits of old flannel, cut in small pieces make a desirable filling.

Ribbon is used for the loops for hanging and feather stitching outlines all edges.



STAR AND MOON.



# A Few Words by the Editor

**T**HIS is COMFORT'S twenty-first birthday, the most important and eventful occasion in the life of this, your favorite magazine. We feel sure that you will rejoice with us, and extend us your heartiest congratulations on our coming of age. Not one publication in a thousand ever reaches its twenty-first birthday.

COMFORT at its birth was a small but robust infant, and it has gathered strength with every succeeding year of its growth, until now, the tiny seed, which held the germ of a useful, stainless and successful life, has developed into a mighty oak, the branches of which spread into every State, and into a million and a quarter homes, from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Alaska. No matter where you go, there you will find COMFORT. The reason for the success of this publication is not far to seek. COMFORT's foundation was laid in the hearts of its readers, and your sympathy and appreciation, through the twenty-one years of its career have nourished it, and given it its vigorous strength and influence, and made it what it is today, an educational and uplifting force, and the most prosperous and influential publication of its kind, not only in this country, but in all the wide world.

He who builds must be sure of his foundation if his building is to live and last. COMFORT has succeeded, because it built well, and built right. The sympathy and appreciation that exists between COMFORT's staff and its readers—our proudest possession—grows stronger with every year of our existence.

This magazine comes to you, not as a thing of paper and type, but as a friend, a friend with a message of sympathy and comfort, a friend with a warm handclasp, who wishes you well. It will ever be our endeavor to maintain and keep virile and strong the precious ties that bind us together in brotherly love, one mighty family, whose official organ is COMFORT.

In our illustrated "Story of COMFORT" we have told briefly some of the most important facts about COMFORT, its birth, its growth, its achievements and its purposes, and incidentally have tried to give some idea of its home surroundings, which are indeed beautiful and should be especially interesting to those of its readers who live in far-away sections of the country so different and perhaps somewhat less favorable to life, health and activity. But the good will of the good people is the same everywhere, and that is what COMFORT possesses and tries to deserve. If you cannot afford, like the wealthy summer tourists from the great cities, to come to Maine and enjoy the luxury of its cool sea breezes and its incense-laden air which is wafted from its northern forests, COMFORT's story will help you to make the journey in your imagination. Our good publisher introduced himself to you and told you something of himself in our last January number, but he was too modest to tell you many interesting facts about himself, some of which I have taken the liberty to narrate in "The Story of COMFORT," to which they properly belong because so much of his life and soul has gone into making COMFORT what it is.

Once more we thank you for your loyalty, support and appreciation. We know you are with us to stay, and you are with us because you know we are doing our best, not only to turn out a good magazine but to make this world a better place

to live in. We are trying to make the Golden Rule a part of our daily lives and yours. In this work we know we shall succeed, because it is a work on which you, as well as ourselves, have set our hearts. It is a work we feel confident God will bless and prosper.

Once more then, we wish every member of the COMFORT family health, prosperity and Godspeed.

**A** GREAT movement is on foot for the benefit of the American farmer. As COMFORT's readers are largely of the agricultural class, they will learn with deep interest that President Roosevelt has requested four experts on country life to make an investigation into the whole matter, so that better social, sanitary and economic conditions can be brought about for the American farmers. The commission which will consist of four experts, will make an exhaustive study of the whole subject and report to the President, so that he may make recommendations, which will be incorporated in his message to Congress, early next year.

Prof. Bailey of the New York College of Agriculture will be the chairman of the commission. The President in asking him to take up this important matter, addressed him as follows:

"No nation has ever achieved permanent greatness, unless this greatness was based on the well-being of the great farmer class, the men who live on the soil; for it is upon their welfare, material and moral, that the welfare of the rest of the nation ultimately rests. In the United States, disregarding certain sections and taking the nation as a whole, I believe it to be true that the farmers in general are better off today than they ever were before. We Americans are making great progress in the development of our agricultural resources. But it is equally true that the social and economic institutions of the open country are not keeping pace with the development of the nation as a whole. The former is, as a rule, better off than his forbears; but his increase in well being has not kept pace with that of the country as a whole. While the condition of the farmer in some of our best farming regions leaves little to be desired, we are far from having reached so high a level in all parts of the country. In portions of the South, for example, where the Department of Agriculture, through the farmer's co-operative demonstrative work of Dr. Knapp, is directly instructing more than 30,000 farmers in better methods of farming, there is, nevertheless, much unnecessary and needless loss of efficiency on the farm.

"A physician, who is also a careful student of farm life in the South, writing to me recently about the enormous percentage of preventable deaths of children due to unsanitary conditions of certain southern farms, said:

"Personally, from the health point of view, I would prefer to see my own daughter, nine years old, at work in a cotton mill, than have her live as a tenant on the average tenant one-horse farm. This apparently extreme statement is based upon actual life among both classes of people."

"I doubt if any other nation can bear comparison with our own in the amount of attention given by the government,

both Federal and State, to agricultural matters. But practically the whole of the effort has hitherto been directed toward increasing the production of crops. Our attention has been concentrated almost exclusively on getting better farming. But when this has been secured, the effort for better farming should cease to stand alone, and should be accompanied by the effort for better business and better living on the farm.

"There is but one person whose welfare is as vital to the welfare of the whole country as is that of the wage-worker who does manual labor; and that is the tiller of the soil—the farmer. If there is one lesson taught by history it is that the permanent greatness of any State must ultimately depend more upon the character of its country population than upon anything else. No growth of cities, no growth of wealth can make up for a loss in either the number or the character of the farming population.

"How can life on the farm be kept on the highest level, and where it is not already on that level, be so improved, dignified and brightened as to awaken and keep alive the pride and loyalty of the farmer's boys and girls, of the farmer's wife, and the farmer himself? How can a compelling desire to live on the farm be aroused in the children that are born on the farm? All these questions are of vital importance not only to the farmer, but to the whole nation.

"It is especially important that whatever will serve to prepare country children for life on the farm, and whatever will brighten home life in the country and make it richer and more attractive for the mothers, wives and daughters of farmers, should be done promptly, thoroughly and gladly.

"There is no more important person, measured in influence, upon the life of the nation, than the farmer's wife, no more important home than the country home, and it is of national importance to do the best we can for both.

"The farmers have hitherto had less than their share of public attention along the lines of business and social life. There is too much belief among all our people that the prizes of life lie away from the farm. I am therefore anxious to bring before the people of the United States the question of securing better business and better living on the farm, whether by co-operation between farmers for buying, selling and borrowing; by promoting social advantages, and other legitimate means that will help to make country life more gainful, more attractive and fuller of opportunities, pleasures and rewards, for the men, women and children of the farms."

This matter is of such intense importance to our readers that we have quoted President Roosevelt's remarks in full. He has gone into the subject so thoroughly that there is little for us to say upon the matter, except that we hope that the work of the commission and the action that Congress will take upon the recommendation of the commission, will result in a vast improvement in the sanitary conditions, and the social and business life of the farmers. The farmer is the corner-stone of our national life, he practically carries the nation upon his back, and the healthier, happier and more prosperous he is, the better and more efficiently will he be able to carry out the onerous and important duties which are part of his life.

Comfort's Editor.

## Some Good Old Songs We All Love

Sent In and Published at the Request of Comfort Subscribers

### Silver Threads Among the Gold

Darling, I am growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Shine upon my brow today;  
Life is fading fast away;  
But my darling, you will be—  
Always young and fair to me;  
Yes, my darling, you will be  
Always young and fair to me.

#### CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Shine upon my brow today;  
Life is fading fast away.

When your hair is silver white,  
And your cheeks no longer bright  
With the roses of the May,  
I will kiss your lips and say—  
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone—  
You have never older grown;  
Yes! my darling, mine alone,  
You have never older grown!

#### CHORUS.

Love can nevermore grow old,  
Locks may lose their brown and gold;  
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,  
But the hearts that love will know,  
Never, never winter's frost and chill;  
Summer warmth is in them still;  
Never winter's frost and chill,  
Summer warmth is in them still.

#### CHORUS.

Love is always young and fair,  
What to us is silver hair?  
Faded cheeks, or steps grown slow,  
To the heart that beats below?  
Since I kissed you mine alone, alone,  
You have never older grown;  
Since I kissed you mine alone,  
You have never older grown.

#### CHORUS.

### The Ship That Never Returned

On a summer day when the waves were rippled  
By the softest, gentlest breeze,  
Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden  
For a port beyond the seas,  
There were sweet farewells,  
There were loving signals,  
While a form was yet discerned,  
For they knew it not 'twas a solemn parting,  
For the ship she never returned.

#### CHORUS.

Did she ever return?  
No, she never returned,  
Her fate is yet unlearned,  
Though for years and years  
There were fond ones watching  
For the ship that never returned.

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,  
I must cross the wide, wide seas  
For they say perchance in a foreign climate  
There is health and strength for me.  
'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger,  
Her poor heart for her youngest yearned,  
Yet she sent him forth with a smile and blessing,  
On the ship that never returned.

#### CHORUS.

Only one more trip, said a gallant seaman,  
As he kissed his weeping wife,  
Only one more bag of this golden treasure,  
And it will last us all through life,  
Then I'll spend my days in my cozy cottage  
And enjoy the rest I've earned,  
But alas, poor man, for he sailed commander  
Of the ship that never returned.

#### CHORUS.

### When the Band Is Playing Dixie, I'm Humming "Home Sweet Home."

It was on a day when soldiers write a line to those they love,  
To mothers, wives and sweethearts, far away,  
When a fair-haired boy sat dreaming of a far-off Southern town,  
Of a dark-eyed maid who's waiting day by day,  
The strain of Dixie softly floated o'er the breeze,  
With tear-dimmed eyes he drank in every note;  
For his thoughts were back in Georgia with the girl he left behind,  
And that day these simple words to her he wrote:

#### CHORUS.

While the band is playing Dixie, I'm humming "Home, Sweet Home,"  
For it takes me back to Georgia tho' I'm far across the foam,  
Once again beside the river with my Mary dear, I roam,  
While the band is playing Dixie, I'm humming "Home, Sweet Home."

On that night when all were sleeping came the bugle call to arms,  
With flashing eyes they plunged into the fray,  
Among the first to give his life all for the flag he loved,  
Was the boy who dreamed of Dixie far away.  
They found within his pocket there a blood-stained little note,  
A bullet hole had pierced it through and through.  
It began with "Darling Mary, if I don't come back again,  
Just remember that my last thoughts were of you."

#### CHORUS.

You can't repay your mother, no matter what you do,  
You can't repay your mother, for half she's done for you,  
Through weary hours of childhood, she nursed you night and day,  
And the debt you owe your mother, Jack! you'll never be able to pay.  
Yes! Ned, tonight I will go home, you're right, for what you've done,  
I'll quit the life I'm leading which I wish I'd not begun;  
My mother there, God bless her too, I've wronged her that I know,  
And yet she will forgive me, I'm ashamed to tell you so.

#### CHORUS.

"Forgive me, Jack," the mother said, "with all my heart I will,  
'Forgive me, as a mother can, you are my own boy still."  
Jack turned to Ned, and thanked him, his words had touched his heart,  
"Yes! I'll go home, your words have shown that my life again I'll start."

#### CHORUS.

### The Drummer-boy of Waterloo

When battle roused each warlike band,  
And carnage loud her trumpet blew,  
Young Edwin left his native land,  
A drummer-boy of Waterloo.

Repeat last two lines for refrain.

His mother, when his lips she pressed,  
And bade her noble boy adieu,  
With wringing hands and aching breast,  
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

But he who knew no infant fears,  
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,  
And cried, "Dear mother, dry those tears,  
Till I return from Waterloo."

He went, but ere the set of sun,  
Before our arms the foe subdued,  
The flash of death, that murderous gun,  
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

"O comrades, comrades!" Edwin cried,  
And proudly beamed his eyes of blue,  
"Go tell my mother Edwin died,  
A soldier's death at Waterloo."

They placed his head upon his drum,  
Beneath the moon's pale, mournful hue,  
When night had stilled the battle's hum,  
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

### Don't Send My Boy to Prison

I strolled into a court house not very far from here,  
A boy stood in the prison door, his mother she stood near,  
The lad was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,  
And from the master's cash box he had stole some coin away.  
The boy addressed his honor, while the tears rolled down his cheek:  
Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?  
His honor then consented, the boy hung down his head,  
And turning to the jurymen these words his mother said:

#### CHORUS.

Remember I'm his mother, the prisoner there is my son,  
And gentlemen remember 'tis the first crime he has done,  
Don't send my boy to prison for that would drive me wild,  
Remember I'm his mother, I'm pleading for my child.  
The lawyer for the prosecution on the widow commenced to frown,  
And quietly asked his honor to order her to sit down.  
He said it was disgraceful, a gross insult indeed,  
For his honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.  
The widow's eyes flashed fire, her cheeks turned deathly pale,  
The reason why I am here today is to save my boy from jail,  
I own my boy is guilty, I own his crime is bad,  
But remember I'm a widow, pleading for my child.

#### CHORUS.

The judge addressed the prisoner and thus to him did say,  
As long as I sit on this bench to see you there today,  
I will not blight your future while on your crime I frown,  
I can't forget that I have got some children of my own,  
Therefore I will discharge you, the court then gave a cheer,  
But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,  
I hope you'll prove a comfort, that you'll never again  
For she has proved there's no one clings like a mother to her lad.

#### CHORUS.

### Tapping at the Garden Gate

Who's that tapping at the garden gate?  
Tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate?  
Ev'ry night, I have heard of late  
Somebody tapping at the garden gate;  
What, you sly little puss! I don't know?  
Why do you blush and falter so?  
What are you looking for under the chair?  
The tap, tap, tapping comes not from there;  
Ev'ry night about half past eight,  
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate;  
Ev'ry night about half past eight,  
There's tap, tap, tapping at the garden gate.

Oh! you sly little "fox" you know,  
Pidgeting about until you go;  
Dropp'd the sugar spoon! Why, there it lies;  
Bless the girl! Where are your eyes?  
Were I able to leave my chair,  
Soon would I find out who was there;  
Don't tell me you think it's the cat;  
Cat's don't tap, tap, tap, like that;  
Cats don't know when it's half past eight,  
And come tap, tapping at the garden gate;  
Cats don't know when it's half past eight,  
And come tap, tapping at the garden gate.

Music by S. W. New.

### Sing Me a Song of the South

A well-fought battle ended, a victory nobly earned,  
A wounded soldier lying where he fell,  
Thinking of the mother to whom he'll never return,  
And wondering who to her his fate would tell,  
He called his comrades to him, his face was cold and white,  
And well they knew death's angels hovered near,  
He said, "I'll answer roll call boys far away tonight,  
But one more Southern song I'd like to hear."

#### CHORUS.

Sing me a song of the Sunny South,  
One with a sweet refrain,  
Sing me a song of Dixie Land,  
That I may be brought again,  
Sing me a sweet southern melody,  
Something of by gone days,  
Sing one song of my Old Kentucky Home,  
Sing me a song of the South.

All nature seemed to mourn him, for everything was still,  
Except the voices of his comrades echoed,  
The song they sang so sweetly, was niched by the hills,  
That seemed to sadly murmur their reply!  
At last the song was ended, but ere its echoes ceased,  
They knew his spirit soul had passed away,  
And as they gently lowered him into the grave of peace,  
Their thoughts were of his last request that day.

#### CHORUS.

### The Little Things

A good by kiss is a little thing,  
With your hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare  
After the toil of the day,  
And it smooths the furrows ploughed by care,  
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,  
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say "you are kind,  
I love you my dear," each night,  
But it sends a thrill through the heart I find:  
For love is tender, as love is blind,  
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,  
We take but we do not give;  
It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
But we dole the love grudgingly,  
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.





### A Word Personal From Mrs. Wilkinson

COMFORT is celebrating its twenty-first anniversary this year, an age which represents the best part of a lifetime to most of the sisters of this corner, and, as far back as they can remember, to many of the younger ones.



MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON.

keep them as interesting, helpful and instructive as possible you can readily understand it is necessary to weed out the letters (as all cannot appear), and choose those which will give the most to the greatest number. This naturally has to be the rule. In writing besides complying with the rules, be sure to include something of value, if it is only a suggestion and your letter will eventually find a place, even though it may not be for months.

Since I have been connected with this corner, I have come to feel almost personally acquainted with many of you, especially those who have come frequently, and realizing that strong friendships have been formed by means of these letters, I know that it will be a pleasure to you all to see the faces of a few of these unseen friends, including some of the Prize Winners in the last fancy work contest, whose photographs Mr. Gannett was fortunate enough to secure, and in response to the repeated requests of so many of you, I also consented to have my own included. I suppose I really ought to give my age, but I will let you guess, and step aside to make room for Mrs. Linden.

### From a Sister Who Has Taken Comfort for Twenty Years

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

As the twenty-first anniversary of our dear household magazine, COMFORT, is at hand let me say a few words of appreciation. I will state my gratitude by sending in my picture and with the kind consent of Mrs. Wilkinson and the editor it will appear. This will give the sisters more satisfaction than all the letters I could write.

I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, from German parents who spoke German and English fluently. I married a foreigner from "Lorraine" who speaks good German and French. We have been married nineteen years and ours is the most happy union one can wish. We have been lovers and we never let shadows trouble us.

I am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred forty-three pounds hair dark brown and steel grayish eyes. I will be forty-seven years old December 8th. My husband was forty-seven last August.

When troubles come I pick up COMFORT and read about the more unfortunate sisters' troubles and find lots of consolation in that. I then turn to Uncle Charlie's Corner and it is just like balsam on wounds.

I am very thankful for assistance in finding a lost friend, Nicolas Wagner, who went out into the hills of Alaska. I lost that correspondent's address. I want him to accept our most heartfelt thanks.

I receive valuable information in reading all the several departments, for I have taken COMFORT for twenty years and know its merits.

With success to COMFORT's staff, and most of all to its Publisher, Mr. Gannett,

Respectfully yours,

MRS. JOSEPHINE LINDEN, 4 East Clifton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

### A GROUP OF COMFORT'S



### SISTERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am sending my photograph to be inserted in the Twenty-first Anniversary Jubilee number of COMFORT and shall feel highly honored to see it in this issue of dear old COMFORT. I have enjoyed reading the letters and hearing from my

dear friends very much, and know we shall all enjoy the great November COMFORT. My picture is a very poor one but it is the best I have. With best wishes to all my dear COMFORT friends, I am ever your friend,

MRS. LYDIA L. ECKLE, Lincoln, Nebr.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Surely no better name could be applied to those who compose this comforting band. As I am a country girl and always have been will write especially to the farmers' wives and daughters.

How many of you, dear sisters, enjoy poultry work. I do and have made it pay. I have White Wyandottes and R. I. Reds and they are beauties. I do not praise them for their appearance alone, but because in my opinion they are the best all-round fowl to raise. When you carry them to market they are heavy enough to send the scale to a pleasing notch, and you haven't been feeding them for months either. They are fine broilers at six or eight weeks and are but little trouble to dress for the table compared with the darker feathered fowl.

I think it would be generous for others who keep pure bred chickens to write telling of how they manage them, for if one is interested there is great profit as well as pleasure in raising them. I will tell you my way of attending to young chickens in the spring. I do not feed them for the first twenty-four hours and sometimes thirty-six, being governed wholly by the condition of the chicks. For the first feed I always give hard-boiled eggs mixed with bread shortened and little beef scraps. After the first five or six days I feed them only four times a day, in two or three weeks only three times, giving them muscle and bone building food, later fatten some for broilers.

If one is especially interested in poultry I think it a good idea to take and study some poultry journal.

I hope some of the others will give us their method and experience in raising fowl.

MISS GERTRUDE PARRISH, Trenton, E. D. 17, Tenn.

### MY DEARS:

I feel that I must upon this memorable occasion, greet my old and new friends. COMFORT though under a new dress and having other papers consolidated with it, is more than ever our dear old solace, an epitome of useful knowledge, and information, its literary merits are of the highest standard, it is a paper that has done and is doing a great work, in relieving the sick and suffering, reuniting families, making friends,

sas than grain. Vegetables do well. One can raise grain for their own use but not for the market. Hogs, sheep and cattle do fine. They run out in the woods and need but little feed till Christmas. Then is when our winter sets in and the next three months is very disagreeable but we have nine months of fine weather, very seldom have hard storms or droughts.

The people are up-to-date for dress around the towns but back in the country they live like their grandparents did as much as they can, but they are the best hearted souls you ever met. Mail is carried here from Springdale on a hack and carried to Attle P. O. on horseback. They take but little interest in working the highways.

With best wishes to COMFORT and all interested in it, your sister,

MRS. MYRTLE RICKARD, Huntsville, Ark.

### DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

When I wrote last it was December and near the merry Christmas tide. Then it was I said I would come again and tell a little more to COMFORT's happy family, of our country and its people. Many write descriptive letters from their widely different homes, that are a source of pleasure to all who read them.

Beautiful June with her roses has gone, reminding us of the swiftness of life's journey, and that the present hour alone is ours. "The region wherein no living thing hath habitation is called yesterday, while that where no man has ever set foot is known as tomorrow." Many will see the glories of this evening's sun as it casts its mighty rays athwart the blue dome of heaven in magnificent splendor (for the last time on earth), but we are told that "the stars go down to rise upon a fairer shore," so why not we? This is the afternoon of the fourth of July, which is so universally celebrated over America, and by many who have no idea in the world what they are celebrating for.

Roberson county, the largest and finest in North Carolina, is in the southern part of the state, one hundred miles from the sea. Hay, grain, tobacco, vegetables, fruit, corn, melons and the everlasting cotton, is raised here. This latter crop I have no use for, 'tis expensive and has to be nursed like a child from beginning to end or it is no good, and while that goes on the colored people are too agreeably employed to be of service anywhere else. One of my grandfathers owned slaves and among them near by still lives "Wash the overseer" and "Mammie Della" the cook. I saw her yesterday and although her hair is very white, she still seems bright and cheerful, and loves "her white peo-

created us with rosy cheeks, good rich blood, sound digestive organs, and perfect lungs, so should we not use every precaution to keep them so and guard against disease. Live in the sunny rooms of your home, don't be afraid of fresh air. Open windows in the morning, let the sweet, pure air in every corner, sleep with a stream of fresh air in your bedroom. If you do not you will wake in the morning with a dull headache, and feel as if you were only half rested. Bathe frequently. I, truthfully, know of people who do not bathe for weeks, if not months. Dress comfortably be out in the air as much as possible and breathe deeply. Try this at least once a day. Hold your breath for a few minutes, and then exhale it slowly. Do this at least a dozen times, and I am sure you will feel more like going to work.

If nervous people who suffer from insomnia, will, after going to bed take at least twenty-four inhalations from the lungs, not the abdomen, you will not toss restlessly on your bed long, that is if you forget yourself and try to go to sleep. If one is cold or chilly the sensation will soon leave after this exercise. I am a fresh air enthusiast, for I know the benefit to be derived, but I will not say more on this subject now, as I want to touch on another line.

I have often wondered why it is that some people do not plan their work more, and thus save time and labor. Some folks sweep raising clouds of dust and taking a generous amount into the lungs, while if the broom is wet in warm water, or if pieces of wet newspaper are scattered over the floor all this could be obviated. Salt is also excellent to sprinkle over a carpet before sweeping as it gathers a good deal of dust, and thus prevents it flying. When it is necessary to dust don't use a dry cloth or one dampened in water, but one with a little cold oil (kerosene) on it, thereby making your furniture look much nicer.

I feel so sorry for the shut-ins and think that many of them might have been prevented from getting into such pitiable conditions if they had known of and exercised the laws of hygiene and health.

MRS. ANNIE BAILEY, 2716 Ohio St., Omaha, Nebr.

### DEAR SISTERS:

We have been readers of COMFORT for nearly two years and we do enjoy it, always looking eagerly forward for its arrival.

We live in the Cascade mountains on the Columbia river, among its beautiful scenery. We have a fine climate, with the exception of the rain, that one soon gets accustomed to, the winters are seldom very cold, cool nights in the summer-time. Sometimes in the summer we think the days are warm but by bedtime, here in the mountains, we soon use our blankets with comfort. The soil is very productive for fruits, hay, grain and vegetables. Sisters who live where there is poor water can think of these beautiful mountain streams nearly like ice water and soft as rain water. COMFORT has done me so much good. I never realized my blessing of health and strength until I read of the dear shut-ins. How I wish I could help them all, and when I hear people complain of some little ache or pain I tell them of some of the suffering that I read of in COMFORT. If I can't help those I read of I try to help those who are near by. I am not a shut-in, but should enjoy letters on my birthday, Dec. 12th. My birthplace was near Atchinson, Kans., and perhaps some of my Kansas acquaintances will see this. If so, please write.

As some mothers who have had experience have expressed their opinions in regard to children I want to say that one thing is certain, children must be governed by their dispositions. Some cannot be governed by just kindness alone, they soon take advantage but a few little spanks with the slipper will bring them to mind that mamma asked them to go on an errand. How often a mother will ask her child, perhaps five or six times to go on an errand and the seventh time she will perform the task herself. A child should be taught when mamma speaks once that that is the last time they are to be told; when they do your bidding thank them, perhaps a kiss on the forehead, for children do appreciate praise. Never talk to them in a rude way, but consider them as you wish them to consider you. So often I have seen parents punish their children for being saucy when at the same time they were only repeating what they had heard. Children must be ruled with a little fear along with love and kindness, and when they are in the wrong if wisely punished when they grow older and look back will never blame the parents for doing so. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. When you are thinking of your own troubles stop and think of others.

MRS. LUCY FARRINGTON, Butler, Wash.

### DEAR SISTERS:

Your letters have helped me much and I want to come in for a little chat. How many sisters make their Christmas presents? I do, and there is a world of pleasure to be had that is missed when the gifts are bought the day before and never given a second thought.

I may be a little ahead of the season for the work but as my time like my pocketbook is limited I find it pays to "make hay while the sun shines."

Here are a few gifts that are easy and simple to make.

For the friend who is fond of sewing, take a small piece of brown or tan silk and make an emery. Cap it with a large acorn cap, a small pair of scissors and a tiny cushion. In the cushion place pins on one side and needles on the other. Fasten all together with baby ribbon of different lengths and finish with a bow at the top. Sew a safety pin on the back of the bow to fasten to the wearer's dress.

Dainty collars are made by working three rows of double hemstitching in a piece of linen the desired size, then run baby ribbon through, finishing in a bow at the back.

A pretty hair ornament is made of ten yards baby ribbon fashioned into a large bow and a hair-pin sewed on.

Then the dainty drawnwork handkerchiefs and pretty sofa pillows are always nice. If anyone wishes to hear more of the pillows I'll answer

### WANTED

EXTRA COPIES OF JUBILEE-SOUVENIR COMFORT

So many of our subscribers want an extra copy of this JUBILEE-SOUVENIR COMFORT, that we have printed an extra lot of this edition for their benefit.

As we have said, we do not sell single copies and we cannot afford to give them away and pay the postage on them at the fourth-class rate which the government charges us on all duplicate copies to subscribers.

But as long as they last we will give free, postage prepaid by us, one copy of JUBILEE-SOUVENIR COMFORT as a PREMIUM for ONE 6 MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION AT 10 CTS., or TWO copies for one yearly subscription AT 20 CTS.

20 cents' subscription this month begins with this JUBILEE-SOUVENIR number and runs 14 MONTHS IN ALL.

Anyone sending me a stamped envelope. I'll be glad to hear from any of the sisters.

I am twenty years old. I have been married two and one half years. I have a darling baby boy fifteen months old.

I like COMFORT so much, but best of all the Sisters' Corner.

MRS. CHAS. CADDELL, Carthage, R. D. No. 3, N. C.

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a new subscriber and have received more real comfort from these columns than all the other fine papers I take. I love to read the soul-inspiring talks the dear sisters give, for God is so good to us. How often when temptations assail us or sorrow and grief come upon us that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

and bringing its readers into close companionship.

Some of our readers may be glad to know that J. A. D. is slowly regaining her usual health and spirits after her terrible accident, on breaking her arm, last January.

This is the month of thanksgiving, for the abundant harvests we have been reaping, for the condition of our beautiful land, for our general health and prosperity, for our Thanksgiving day, when we shall meet all our loved ones, comparing our babies and our husbands, exchanging good wishes, and above all let us be thankful if we can sit down and enjoy a good old-fashioned roast turkey, cooked as only "Mother" can.

Joy and happiness be with you all.

J. A. D., MRS. VAN DYKE, East Orange, Mass.

### DEAR EDITOR:

Your letter received today. It is very nice to have the pictures of those who have taken an interest in helping our dear paper, and I gladly send mine and hope to see some of the others that are dear to us all, J. A. D. and yourself. Did you ever see a magazine that brought so many people together? We learn so much how each other thinks and lives. Also about different parts of the country. Those letters are most interesting to me.

Mrs. Ada Marlin of Washington ought to have a prize for her good letter in the August number. How many hearts go out to the shut-ins. What blessed work Uncle Charlie is doing with his band. I have joined them, and sisters when you renew send in an extra five cents and help the good work along.

I have dark complexion, large gray eyes, dark brown curly hair; five feet four inches tall, weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. I have been married four years. I have one bright-eyed boy three years old, and my baby boy who would have been two years old only lived about eighteen hours.

Arkansas is an "all around" good state. One can come nearer raising all they need than any other state I know of. I live on top of a mountain, half way between Huntsville and War Eagle river.

Huntsville is the county-seat for Madison Co. We have six months free school and six months college. Free school begins in July and ends at Christmas. The college begins in January and out in June. We have four churches and no saloons. Fruit does better in Northwest Ark-

ple" as much as ever. I don't think many of us want any labor here except that of the darkey, of course some of them are harder to deal with than others, and my husband, who was from Vermont, after having observed the situation well, said that he was sure that no people living understood, or would ever get on with the darkey, as do the Southern whites. They have their horses, buggies, well furnished houses, schools, churches and masonic halls. They are care free, taking no thought of the morrow, and are, I think, by far the happier of the two races, for the other you know is generally too busy planning for riches, to think about happiness.

A gentleman living near here, sent away for several families of foreigners to do his work, they came, and one day he sent some of the men to the woods with a fine team of mules to haul wood, and instead of cutting the wood and laying on the wagon as is usual, they backed the team under a large tree, so that when cut it would fall in, which it did, destroying wagon and mules. This lack of any sort of judgment so disgusted the gentleman that he was hastily rid of his foreign tenantry, turning again to the race which most of us prefer.

Our roads are so fine for driving, that stock can't last very long, that are often on them, especially with young bloods driving. We get our horses from Va., Tenn., Ky., and Kansas City. In fact a colt is so rare a specimen as to be a curiosity, and I am sorry, for I love them, and as I've never learned the art of petting people, though I feel as though I would know how to pet a colt if I owned one.

Roberson is settled mostly by Scotch Presbyterians and nearly every man's name in the county begins with Mc, such as McQueen, McCallum, McBoyd, McKinnon. The home of four generations of my ancestors (the first coming direct from the Isle of Sky in Scotland), was torn away two years ago, after having stood the storms of a hundred years. The house was large and strong, and every piece of lumber in it was saved by hand, and put together with wooden pegs. I was also born in that house, and am very near to the one that replaces it.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, a few more moments of your precious time and I am through. After my last communication to COMFORT I received letters from ocean to ocean, and from Wisconsin to Louisiana. Many were from the pens of well informed and highly cultured people, while others, like stepmothers, were of the ordinary kind. I answered nearly all of them and in doing so replied to many and varied questions.

EMMA LEE, OLMSTEAD, Maxton, N. C.

### DEAR SISTERS:

In this part of the country we have been visited with droughts and a hail-storm which destroyed our crops, then came a tornado which ruined our shade trees, but I am glad it was no worse and that our lives were spared.

I have been married nearly eight years, have one sweet little girl, Bessie, aged three, who is a great comfort. She is such a loving child and already is quite a help to me. As I am a strong advocate of preserving health perhaps these few words of mine may benefit someone. God

### DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am sending my photograph to be inserted in the Twenty-first Anniversary Jubilee number of COMFORT and shall feel highly honored to see it in this issue of dear old COMFORT. I have enjoyed reading the letters and hearing from my

dear friends very much, and know we shall all enjoy the great November COMFORT. My picture is a very poor one but it is the best I have. With best wishes to all my dear COMFORT friends, I am ever your friend,



# Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin A Sequel to "East Lynne" By Mrs. Henry Wood

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she died in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madam Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She contracts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. The Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleight's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Sir Grace, the Duchess of Arleight, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Cambray. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives. He goes to Arleight Towers, where he finds his foe. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel.

Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the woman's refusal to recognize her.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Dymally, attend the opera. In La Sylphide Lady Rosamond recognizes Aty Halliwell, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lady Rosamond swoons. Lord Dymally's admiration is cooled. Lord Beresford recognizes his former valet, Pierre Bloushar. Fate leads him to the opera. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The lost link is found.

Lady Isabel strikes Lady Beresford's pride in refusing her son's offer of marriage. He pleads for her love. She declares the interview over. Repenting she calls Lionel back, and he promises pride shall never come between them. Lady Isabel pleads with Lionel's mother for her love. Lady Beresford turns a deaf ear. Mr. Carlyle receives the news of the engagement. Shall he tell his daughter of the mother's shame? Rosamond begs him to keep the secret and that night the engagement is announced. Lady Rosamond steps from the crowded room and going to the garden meets Pierre Bloushar and Aty Halliwell. They proceed to East Lynne. Lady Rosamond receives a letter from Pierre Bloushar. He finds the grave marked "I. V." The Lady Isabel Carlyle's grave is empty. She carries the letter to Annette Varnell.

Lord Beresford invites the bridal party to the Towers in time to say "Merry Christmas," and make a week of general jollification. The last night of the old year comes and when Lionel bids Isabel good night she wonders how there can be sin and sorrow and suffering in a world where Lionel Beresford lives.

Across shows on the mere and Mrs. Fleck predicts evil things. The wedding takes place and the tour lasts until May. On their return a grand reception is given. Lady Rosamond receives a note. Unconsciously she drops it. Lady Isabel goes to her room, and as she leaves her husband radiantly happy he never sees her so again.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE TRAGEDY BEGINS.

She turned with that bright, sweet smile my lord was nevermore to see, and flinging him back a silvery laugh, flitted up the staircase and so passed out of sight.

He could hear her trilling the quaint little love song she sang the night they met on the moonlit waters of the Channel, and folding his arms on the carved newel, he bent forward and listened to her happy voice fading away down the expanse of the upper corridor—sweet and silvery to the last faint note—and he was quietly drifting off into a delicious reverie, when something floated up to him, all turquois satin and starry diamond and her Grace the Duchess of Arleight tapped his shoulder with the jeweled sticks of her fan.

"What's this dull town to me? Robin's not here!" she quoted, laughingly. "Pray, my lord, have you lost your last friend that you stand here like patience on a monument? Do you know I have been searching the rooms through in search of you?"

My lord glanced up with a bright smile. "May I ask what I have done to merit the honor?" he asked lightly. "Her Grace of Arleight is more sought than seeking, I fancied."

"Bien! Whoever can get the better of you 'male creatures'?" laughingly responded her Grace. "What is that Cowper says about 'Trust not the tongue whose honey's e'er ready'? Flatterer! I have come for deeds not words. Lady Fanny Gabbie tells me you have a night-blooming cereus in flower in the forcing house, and I am the envy of at least fifty who would like to have you tear yourself away from 'twinkling lights and laughing faces' and unfold the wonder. Her ladyship learned of it through the gardener. He says you removed it from the conservatory for

fear of accident in tonight's crush, and then, uncharitably, forbade it to be publicly exposed."

"The flower is choice," explained my lord, "and it bloomed tonight for the first time in all the years it has been at Ravenswood. I did not mean to conceal it—rather to save it, that it might be seen in all its wonder and beauty. The forcing-house is open to any and all, and, if you will accept my arm, your grace, I should be pleased to display the flower."

Her grace flitted back her point-lace fan and slipped her sparkling hand through his arm.

"Lead me—I follow," she quoted, in a sepulchral voice, and then, breaking into a faint, silvery laugh, she glided down under the twinkling lamps, nodded to Lady Fanny Gabbie (who arose gorgeous in ruby plush and diamonds, and signaled her little coterie of admirers to follow her), and leaning on my lord's arm, the center of the laughing brilliant throng, went out on the terrace, down the steps and through the flashing lamps to the doors of the forcing-house.

Meanwhile, Lady Isabel, radiant with beauty, glorious with happiness, flitted down the dazzling corridor and hastened to her boudoir.

Joyce would know where to find another fan immediately, she thought—Joyce was always so systematic she could lay her hand on anything the moment it was needed.

She pushed the door open and passed lightly in. The gas-jets shining through globes of pearl, filled the rose-satin bower with softest light, the wind drifting over vases of violets and mignonette loaded it with incense, but—Joyce was not there.

My lady passed on into the little turquois parlor, lifted the portiere and entered the amber and gold bedchamber, still ceiling and still receiving no response.

"She must be below with the servants," she murmured. "How provoking! when Lionel is waiting, and—"

The sentence was never finished.

A rustling sound attracted her attention; she

such bitter scorn? Has—has anything happened to change your love for me?"

My lady rippled out a derisive laugh. "Nothing has changed my feelings," she said, coolly. "They are now as they ever have been—passions of the deepest hate."

"Rosamond!"

"Don't look so shocked, my love. Sooner or later you would learn the truth. The mask is off now, and you understand at last that the pretty semblance of love was only an empty sham—a wicked farce played before the tragedy began. It has begun at last. The paper which lies before you is a full and free expose of the Lady Isabel Vane's life, and with it a brief note from one who waits even now at the bottom of the Oak Walk, to exchange a word of confidence with the Earl of Beresford's bride. Read it and tell my lord if you like the shameful story it unfolds."

A low, soft, rippling laugh, a flash of diamonds, a breath of perfume—sweet, subtle, permeating—then the portiere is lifted again, the figure in trailing violet satin glides over the threshold, and Isabel, Countess of Beresford, stands still—rigid—alone.

It dawned upon her suddenly that she has been warming a beautiful poisonous serpent in her bosom—somehow, the presence of pain tells her that love's pleasant ways are over and all that is bright and beautiful in her life has gone out forever into an irreclaimable past—but she does not cry out, she does not move from where my lady left her standing, breathless and erect under the shining lights.

She stands and waits until the closing door tells her that the waitress is gone; the tinkling music comes up to her with a faint pathetic strain—she is conscious that the air is chilly, conscious that the odor of the violets and mignonette is stifling with its heavy sweetness, conscious that the lights hurt her eyes, the distant laughter hurts her ears, and that all things sweet and holy have faded out of the lower world.

She puts out one little ice-cold hand and takes the packet up; her lips move as though she prays in silence; she lifts two glazed and sightless eyes to the gold and amber ceiling, stands a moment saying an eternal farewell to life, to love, to him, and then in spiritless apathy, breaks the seal and reads.

An hour later, when Mr. Carlyle comes upstairs to the smoking-room, a bright light in my lady's bedchamber attracts his attention.

He taps on the door of the rose-satin boudoir and calls softly:

"Joyce! Joyce! Is anything wrong? Lady Isabel has been absent from the ballroom for an hour past!"

There is no reply. He calls again, again silence greets him.

He turns the knob and pushes back the door.

"Joyce," he begins, "Joyce, I say, has—"

But the words end abruptly in a bleak, shrill cry.

Looking past the boudoir and the parlor to the



"I KNOW IT ALL—THE DISHONOR I HAVE BROUGHT INTO LIONEL BERESFORD'S LIFE."

turned with mild surprise and beheld Lady Rosamond Mount Severn lifting the portiere and gliding towards her with a sealed packet in her jeweled hand.

"Oh, how opportune, Rosa, darling," she said, sweetly. "I cannot find Joyce and I have broken my fan. Have you one you could—"

She stopped abruptly and the sunny smile faded out of her face, nevermore to return! Lady Rosamond was looking at her with a steady glare in her lapis lazuli eyes, a "hite malice" frozen over her delicate blonde mask.

Lady Isabel moved forward with a faint breath of alarm.

"What is it, Rosa, dear?" she murmured with a shiver. "You look so wild and fierce you terrify me. Has anything happened, dear? Are you ill?"

My lady lifted her sparkling hand and extended the sealed packet.

"Take it," she said in an ice-cold voice. "You will find it delectable reading—quite as romantic and sensational as a novel by Belot or Dumas. I have spent days in preparing it. I have gathered facts from every source—even from the heroine's own lips—and it is a history the high and noble Countess of Beresford may well be proud to learn. Take it and read it, and then give it to my lord, the earl, if you think proper. Doubtless he will like to publish the story and put it before the eyes of the world."

The cold, steely voice ended in a ripple of derisive laughter. My lady tossed the packet on the dainty dressing-table beside her kinswoman and shrugged her shoulders in ineffable scorn.

A deathly faintness crept over Lady Isabel, a marble whiteness drifted into lips and neck and cheek, a terrible, soul-sickening suspicion of danger dawned upon her—she reeled a little, clutched at her amethyst-circled throat with two trembling, starry hands, and then lifted her wide dark eyes with the look of a wounded deer.

"What is it, Rosamond?" she gasped in a smothered voice. "What change has come over you, dear? Why do you act and speak with

arch of my lady's bedchamber, he catches sight of something lying flat downward on the floor in a crumpled heap of white velvet and silver lilies.

"Isabel!" he gasps as he springs forward and bends over her. "Isabel! Oh, merciful heaven! My child—my child!"

She has not fainted—even that poor privilege is denied her—she lies in a collapse of utter despair but she hears him as he speaks. She starts and standing upright with a cry he will never forget, flings her arms out wide.

"Kill me!" she pants in a solitary voice.

"Murder me papa—it will be mercy now. I know it all—my mother's shame—Sir Francis Levison's treachery—the dishonor I have brought into Lionel Beresford's life! Oh, kill me, papa, kill me—my life is ended—ended—ended!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### HOW MY LADY WORKED.

For one minute Archibald Carlyle stood and looked into the face of the Lady Isabel Beresford.

So, it was all over at last, she had learned the shame of the mother she had been so proud to own, she had discovered the terrible thing which had wrecked his young life, and now—God help and pity her—and now it would wreck and ruin hers and humble her pride to the dust.

What is to be will be, men tell us, and standing there looking into his child's anguished face, Archibald Carlyle knew she would never recover from the blow. Her mother's sin had spoiled her bright young life, and henceforth it must be one of bitterest atonement.

He staggered back a little and dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Child! child! I would have spared you this!" he groaned, gulping down a great sob. "I would have kept this shameful story forever from your ears, but—but—God pity both—it was not to be. Once—before your marriage—I thought to tell

you, but your own words sealed my lips, and because I wished to spare you, I kept the dreadful secret. Oh, Heaven, I see it all too well now. Better for you, better for me—better a thousand times for Lord Lionel Beresford—had I spoken then, before the shame of your mother's life entered under the shadow of his noble name, and the sin and sorrow came home to Ravenswood Court."

"Yes, better a thousand times," she shuddered, in a faint, sick voice. "Better to have blasted the life of Isabel Carlyle than tarnish the honor of the Countess of Beresford, and bring shame to a name that has never known it until now. Oh, papa, papa, I shall lose my husband's love—it cannot survive the terrors of dishonor, and my life is ended—ended! The mask has been torn off too rudely, and would that I had died before I read the shameful story. Oh, if you had only told me, and—oh, the horror of it—a ruined, dishonored mother, a miserable, illegitimate half-brother, and both living yet, both here to drag me down to shame and misery and death!"

"Isabel!" he started to his feet as he spoke and an awful look crossed the ghastly face.

"Isabel, who has told you that? Living?—your mother, and Sir Francis Levison's child? Oh, no, no, no! Thank God! we are spared that shame at least. The child was killed with its nurse in a railroad accident at Cammure in France and its wretched mother has for seventeen years been sleeping in the grave of 'Madame Vine' in the old cemetery at East Lynne."

A pitiful smile flickered over her trembling lips. She arose softly and stood before him, the tinkling music floating up to her ears, the gaslight shining down on the rich dusk face that was to wear its old glad look no more in this life.

"Do not seek to deceive me further, papa," she said plaintively. "Even though my mother lay dead in her lonely grave, and the child had expired when it drew its first breath, the shame would still exist, and the thought of it would kill me by inches. You cannot save me by further deception. My life has been lived and ended. I shall die in this atonement!"

She lifted her face and a light which was like to the glory of another world came into her upturned eyes.

"You cannot deceive me, papa," she rejoined. "My mother and Sir Francis Levison's child are living, and they have sent for me tonight."

He started from his seat with a gasping cry—his jaw dropped, his eyes starting.

"Just heaven, has the shock of this turned your brain?" he broke out in a dull, labored voice. "Living?—those two? Oh, no, no, no! It is false, Isabel—I call God to witness it. Your mother is dead and molding in her grave. The Lady Isabel Carlyle lies in the churchyard at East Lynne under the stone marked 'I. V.' I solemnly swear it on my soul and honor."

He lifted his hand as he spoke and held it above his head.

"It is false, my child," he groaned. "As God hears me, I swear to you your mother is dead."

"And I swear to you, that the Lady Isabel Carlyle is living and at Ravenswood Court tonight."

It was not Isabel who spoke. The voice had come floating in with a malicious laugh, from the little turquois parlor behind him, and, as he swung around with a smothered cry, a starry hand put back the silken portiere, and my Lady Rosamond Mount Severn stood revealed.

"Pray do not look so unutterably shocked!" she said, with wicked little laugh. "Isabel and I understand each other at last! The pretty mask is laid aside forever; she knows and realizes what she has to expect from my hands, as you may know and realize now and forever after, and I have the honor to proclaim to you, as I have proclaimed to the Lady Isabel Beresford in that interesting life history lying at your feet, the Lady Isabel Carlyle, your discarded wife, her dishonored mother, lives and is here. I have seen her not an instant since."

My lady took a step forward and faced him in the shining lights.

"Dazzled dupe! do you comprehend me at last?" she said, with a laugh of awful triumph. "Yes, I am a foe—a bitter, relentless, implacable foe to you and her, and you may know it now. From the hour I crossed the threshold of Leith Abbey—ay from the hour my father's death set me free from my living tomb at Carnarvon—I have known but one purpose. Misery to her—misery and shame and awful degradation to the child of the woman who spoiled my mother's life, and robbed her of the world she loved. Day by day and hour by hour I have plotted it, and lo! the end is gained—I have my revenge at last!"

The sneering, malicious voice ended in a ripple of silvery laughter, he staggered from her blindly, put out both hands as though to ward off a blow, and so leaned against the wall and looked at her in dumb horror.

He did not speak—he could not speak—there was that in heart and brain and throat, which froze the passage of his voice, and made his senses reel.

"Yes, I have fooled you to the top of your bent, my friend!" my lady went on; "I have twisted the clever lawyer around my fingers as easily as I would have twisted the veriest fool alive, and I have gulled him with lies a child might have seen through. If you think the rubbish I told you about my mother is true, then banish the thought forever. The story of the drunken orgies which ended in paralysis, was an empty sham. You forbade your daughter to look upon Emma Mount Severn's face, you warned her to fly from any house that sheltered her, and yet my friend, you have dwelt beneath the roof with her and never suspected it. Would you know how I have accomplished this? She has been my tire-woman. The old Spaniard, whose taste for costume you believed my only reason for keeping her, is my mother, Archibald Carlyle—Annette Varnell and the Lady Emma Mount Severn are one and the same woman."

"We set our hearts on avenging our wrongs, my friend. I have already declared to you that the Lady Isabel Carlyle is living, and I now reiterate my words. When she returned to you under the pseudonym of Madame Vine, she came with the hope of winning your pity and love, and gaining your consent to the life-long guardianship of her children. In the knowledge of this, her hope and love died a sudden death, and when little Willie expired in her arms, she was so crazed with grief that she no longer scrupled to reveal herself. She knew that there was neither hope nor love for her in this world, and recklessly abandoned herself to her fate. She died, then, you say. Nay! she feigned death, rather, intrusting the secret to one who knew her on the Continent and who even then overlooked the welfare of Sir Francis Levison's child. He came to her assistance this new light-o-love, and when the coffin containing all that was mortal of 'Madame Vine' was closed and left for the funeral in the morning, he broke into the house, removed the body, and the casket you and the Earl of Mount Severn saw interred in the East Lynne churchyard on the following day contained nothing but earth thrown in to give it weight. That you would scarcely believe anything so wild and absurd as this may seem to be, I have already foreseen, I have laid my plans well enough to give you proof. The Rev. Jedediah Clood is the pastor of the East Lynne chapel, writing I am sure and even should you doubt you may communicate in person with him and learn the authenticity of what I mean to show you."

"Two weeks ago I wrote to the Reverend Mr. Clood, telling him that you had had a singular dream relative to the grave marked 'I. V.' in the East Lynne churchyard. You had dreamed, I wrote, that it contained an empty coffin, and so strong a hold had the dream taken upon you, that you desired that he would have the grave opened at once and report to you the issue. Here is his reply. Will you care to read it?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription renewal, and read the next chapter, when Lady Beresford asks for nothing, wants nothing but death.





LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

## CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

**H**URRAH! hurroo! hurrah! COMFORT is twenty-one years old today! Let me reach out my arms and shake hands with every one of you, then gather you all into my lap and give you a great bear hug. This is a glorious occasion, the most important that has ever happened in the annals of this glorious country. The coming of age of COMFORT throws into the shade all such incidents as the landing of Columbus, the Declaration of Independence, Gettysburg, Manila Bay, and other trifling occurrences. Nearly all these incidents sprung out of our ability to fight, and fight victoriously. COMFORT's anniversary marks the success that comes to those who work nobly and work well, and I want to tell you boys and girls that honest effort and noble work beat fighting all hollow, even if that fighting was made necessary by circumstances over which we had no control. There is more glory in peace than in war.

For twenty-one years, COMFORT has been doing its good work, honestly, sincerely and conscientiously. It built its foundation in the hearts of the people, and those hearts are still true to it, still swear by it, still love it. When it first began, it was but a little sheet, the tiny seed from which has grown the mighty oak, under which we live in contentment and brotherly love. I want to tell you that my heart goes out to you today with great tenderness and a great love.

It was in March, 1903, that we first started COMFORT's League of Cousins—that is just five years and eight months ago, so for practically a quarter of COMFORT's existence the C. L. O. C. has been flourishing, a glorious branch of the proud parent tree we all love.

Now permit me to be a little personal. My connection with COMFORT began about six months before the birth of the League, when I chloroformed Mr. Gannett, and while he was lying senseless and speechless, made him write me a check for \$20.00 for two poems, a cruel act of which I am still heartily ashamed. Later on I suggested to Mr. Gannett, that COMFORT was not complete without a department for young people. He was kind enough to agree with me, and the C. L. O. C. was the result. Like all mighty things the C. L. O. C. grew slowly at first, but as soon as it got root, it shot up, and developed with tremendous speed, and the reason is not far to seek. The League was founded on good Christian principles. It gave the one strong human touch to COMFORT that was needed to make it a perfect magazine, brought you all together and made you acquainted, and it gave our mighty family a chance to do something worth while. No organization can exist without a purpose. Our purpose has been to do good, spread the Golden Rule o'er the earth, and lighten the load of suffering, and to make this world a little more like what God intended it to be, and to make Christ's teachings the practice of our daily lives. Dear Cousins, dear brothers and sisters, young, middle aged and old, once more let me shake hands with you, and assure you of my love and affection on this glorious twenty-first anniversary of the magazine that has made the C. L. O. C. possible. I am writing you with a full heart, for I feel deeply the significance of this great event, and thank God I have been spared to see it. I have tried from the very first to keep the C. L. O. C. on a high plane. Mr. Gannett has let me run this department just exactly as I pleased, and its success shows the wisdom of his decision. I am throwing no bouquets at myself, but I have discovered that it is very hard to interest the world in good deeds. Directly you start to preach, people begin to get fidgety and finally turn aside and leave you alone. I saw that my only way to make the League a success was to give you a rollicking good time, fill the space allotted me with as much sunshine and laughter as possible. Now there is a very thin veil between laughter and tears, and I knew if I kept you laughing, the homely truths I have always tried to bring home to you, and which under ordinary circumstances you would reject and pay no attention to, would go straight to your hearts, and bring forth the good deeds which are recorded to your credit not only in the annals of the League but in the great Book of Eternity. I have coated the pills of Truth and Love with the sugar of laughter, and you have swallowed them to your everlasting good. When I good naturedly have a little fun with your mistakes in spelling and punctuation I am doing that to help you for your own good, for your education. Hundreds have thanked me for making these comical comments on the errors of their letters, as these comments have enabled them to greatly improve their English and spelling. If you do not benefit by them it is your own fault. Now, my dears, I will once more say God bless you, and may we all live together in love, peace, amity and friendship for another twenty-one years, ever striving to live right and do right, spreading sunshine, happiness and love about us until this world becomes what it should be, a very heaven below, and a foretaste of Paradise above.

This is the last month but one of the year, and the time that most of you are renewing your subscriptions. Every month, even if the subject does get a little monotonous to the indifferent and cold hearted, still everyone worthy of the name of a human and a Christian, must be reminded that the great work of this League is to brighten the lives of the shut-ins, the helpless sick, the country o'er. For every thousand new members that come into this League a wheel chair is given to some needy soul. This fact you know, but if I cease to remind you of it, a half of you would forget it. So remember every new member you bring into this League counts one towards a wheel chair. Don't let us be content to win one chair a month; during this busy subscribing season, we ought to win ten or twenty. Every member of COMFORT's family can join this League by adding five cents to his or her subscription. Now remember, boys and girls pull together, a long pull and a strong pull, so that by Christmas time the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child, we may have fifty thousand members in this League. We were to have had them by the first of November, but we are still nearly twenty thousand short of that number.

I know you are all planning to give a nice little Christmas present. The mother wants something nice for John and Mary, husband wants a present for wife, and wife for husband. Jack is thinking of an ideal gift for Sweetheart Nell, Nell for Jack. Well, I do not need to tell you that the best Christmas gift in creation is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems which you can obtain by getting five subscriptions to COMFORT. As a little extra inducement for you to work for this premium, and secure the five subs and the loveliest 160-page gift book in the world, full of laughter and fun, an exquisitely bound volume, worth a dollar in any store, I am going to en-

close in each book sent out a fine half toned picture of Uncle Charlie in his chicken coop, dictating to Maria. This picture will give you an idea of how I work, and show you exactly where and how your letters are read, and my budget of fun compiled for you each month. I would like everyone of you to possess this picture, and now that you know how it can be obtained, and how easily obtained, just start right in this very moment and work for it. Remember the book and the picture together for only five yearly subscriptions to COMFORT.

Remember, dears, there are no premiums given with League subscriptions, the cost of running this League is so great we cannot afford to give premiums to those who join it. Do not forget the splendid bronze League buttons, which only cost a dime extra. They are really swell. Send in your subscriptions to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and not to our secretary in Brooklyn, she does not receive subs. Remember too, that your name cannot go in the correspondence list unless it is written on a separate slip of paper. These slips are dropped in a box for the printer. This rule must positively be obeyed.

Lots of you send five cents and say you want to join the League. You are wasting time. It costs twenty-five cents to join the C. L. O. C. Twenty cents for a year's sub. and four cents for the button and card of membership. Send a stamped addressed envelope and you can get a correspondence list containing hundreds of names of those desiring to exchange letters and postals. Give your League number or you won't get them.

Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I have often wondered if you would find a letter from an Indian girl interesting. Now, I am not a savage Indian. I don't belong to one of the half civilized tribes who still eat snakes, etc., and still

allotted all his lands. The Indian agency at Muskogee is finishing now the allotment of lands to all the Indians of the Five Tribes. When this is done there will be millions of acres of mineral lands and millions of acres of unallotted lands that will be sold. Now, Uncle Charlie and cousins, I am not a full-blood. Had you guessed it from my picture? My mother is Texan and a graduate of the Sam Houston Normal School of Texas. She came to the Chickasaw Nation to teach in our academy. My father met her and they are married. My grandfather and my father are full-bloods. What do you think of his picture—and mine? We do not dress this way every day. We dress like the white people except when we have our pictures made, or when there are big gatherings of us Indians—“big doings”.

My grandfather was once a great warrior. The war bonnet he has on and the buckskin suit he is wearing, he has carefully preserved. He was what the white people call a soldier of fortune—fought in many wars besides those of his own tribe. Wherever there was war there he wished to be, and he does yet, though he is very old. He is ninety-six. He has many curious things captured in the wars, which he is carefully preserving. Among them are many scalps of white people. The United States is going to build a great museum in the Platt National Park at Sulphur, in which to gather and preserve everything of human interest concerning the Indian tribes and everything of general interest concerning the entire southwest. My grandfather and all other Indians who have valuable relics of the past have agreed to place them in the museum for the benefit of future generations.

I have three brothers. One is in the Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania. My oldest brother, like my grandfather, loves war and is a warrior. He is an officer in the United States army in the Philippines. My oldest brother lives near us on his allotment. He, like my father married a white woman, daughter of a big Texas cow man who came up into our nation with his great herds of cattle. This brother of mine, like my father, loves farming and stock raising. He lives near us on his allotment. But he has bought much other lands and has many fine farms besides his big ranch. He has over fifty white tenants who raise fine crops of wheat, oats, corn, cotton, fruits, berries, honey, etc.

This is a fine alfalfa country, and our climate is said to be the best in the world for raising fine stock and poultry. All kinds of fine stock and chickens grow to an ideal perfection here.

Each Chickasaw gets \$1,041.28 worth of land. Our lands are valued at from twenty-five cents to six dollars and fifty cents per acre for allotting purposes. So the number of acres each Indian has depends on whether he has allotted agricultural land, grazing land or mountain land, or some of all. We allotted our lands near Sulphur where Platt National Park is and in which are many mineral springs. Within the past three years the white people have built a city on the north side of the National Park. Because so many people come to spend their vacations in the pretty park and to drink the mineral waters and take the baths, the white people have built many fine hotels—big buildings like you have in Augusta and in other towns down east. And we have in Sulphur a good home market for all the fruits, berries, chickens, eggs, etc., raised on our allotments. The white people who have bought up much of the land around Sulphur are setting hundreds of acres in orchards. This is inducing many of the Indians to turn their attention to fruit raising, the profits are so great. My guardian—all Indian children must have guardians, and the courts appoint white



hold their war dances. I am a Chickasaw. The Chickasaws have always been civilized and a ruling tribe. We are the equals of anybody and are so regarded by the white man. We are especially so regarded by the white people who are now moving in great numbers into our rich and beautiful country to rent, lease and buy our lands. Many years ago the great men of our tribe foresaw that the United States would force the Five Civilized Tribes to give up their tribal forms of government and compel us to become citizens of the greater republic. They knew that with the passing of our tribal government the white people would swarm into our nation and seek to possess themselves of our best lands. At a great council of our Chiefs they determined to build boarding schools, which they called academies, in which to train the Chickasaw children for the event. For years the children of our nation have been gathered into these great schools and kept as much as possible from our parents. This is especially true of the full-blood children. The teaching of the Indian languages, customs and ways in the academies was forbidden. Only white teachers were employed, and we were taught only the white people's language and the white people's ways so that we would be fitted for companionship with white people and for intermarriage with them. Our academies are still running, but the constitution of our new state provides that we Indian children may attend the white schools of the state, and many of us are doing so. Everything has come to happen just as our great chiefs foresaw. Our tribal government has been taken from us, and we have been forced into the citizenship of the United States and have been made citizens of Oklahoma.

The younger generation of us Chickasaws are well educated. Better educated, in fact, than many of the white people who are settling among us. And we like the white people's ways. The wide-awake young white men and women who are coming into our country on account of its unusual opportunities find us interesting. Our little Indian cupids almost always shoot their arrows straight. Many Chickasaw maids are marrying the scientifically educated young white men who are flocking into our country from agricultural and mechanical colleges. The Federal supervisor of schools in our nation is finding it difficult to keep teachers for the schools, because so many of the young white women who come here to teach marry our brothers.

Within a short time each Indian will have been

guardians usually—has leased my allotment to a fruit raiser from Missouri. He is setting a hundred acres of my land in fruits and berries. He has another hundred sown in alfalfa. Cousins, if I were to tell you how many fine hogs he raises in this field of alfalfa and how much hay he cuts from it you would not believe me. He knows so much about fruit raising and general farming. Does everything in a scientific way. Does almost all his work with machinery and quickly, and all the improvements he has put on my lands are better than he contracted to build them. He has sunk an artesian well and has piped the water into all my lots and fields and pastures and into troughs having float valves. This is such a great convenience where there are so many fields and pastures and pens of stock to be watered.

I graduated last year. I am going to the Sulphur business college now. I find my studies at the business college very interesting. I have always wanted to know all about the business man's ways. I think it awfully nice to know how to do business, and it is such a satisfaction too. I ride from our home three miles in the country to school. I ride astride like the fashionable ladies of Sulphur. Now Uncle and cousins, I must apologize for so long a letter. But the changes that are taking place in the country of the Chickasaws are so great and so marvelous that I could not tell you of them in a shorter letter and make it all clear. Prosperity's romance is here on every hand, and it thrills the Indian the same as it does the white man. The like never before came to happen in all the world. I will write again, cousins, and tell you why I Uncle publishes this letter with the pictures of myself and grandfather.

OLETA LITTLEHEART, Sulphur, Murray county, Okla.

P. S. Now, Uncle Charlie and cousins, if you ever come to Sulphur and the Platt National Park to drink the great “medicine waters” and take the baths and to spend a vacation here where everybody always have the very best time of their lives, let me know of your coming. I'll take you out to my father's wigwam and give you an insight into the charms of life in the romantic Indian Territory section of Oklahoma. By, by, my pale-faced uncle and cousins, I'll correspond with any pale-face who will excuse a typewritten letter. The practice of letter writing on my typewriter is a part of my course at the commercial college.

Oleta, your letter has been a source of in-

tense pleasure to me. I am exceedingly glad to find the Redmen are progressing so splendidly. I have always greatly admired some of the Indian tribes. Their fearless bravery, and passionate love of liberty and the country o'er which they roamed appealed to me strongly. Some Indian chiefs have been really great men, men possessed of noble qualities, and who kept their word and regarded the sacredness of an oath with far more sincerity and exactness than the white man. Then too, I am not oblivious of the fact that my fond parents once looked me in the eyes long ago and said: “As sure as Heaven is above that kid is the darndest Indian that ever breathed,” and I may say in confidence that the majority of my friends still regard me as such. The only trouble is Oleta, that you are a rich Indian, and I a poor one. You have lands, horses, crops, cattle and much wampum—I have a chicken coop, ink bottle, one hair, three cents, and dyspepsia of the overbores. From the illuminating comparison you will readily see how infinitely superior you are in worldly goods to your pale-faced Uncle Charlie (Toby says if you saw the strawberries on my trumpet you'd never call me a pale face. Ain't he mean?) Oleta, I will say this much, no better typed, neatly written, well-constructed letter ever reached me, than yours. It puts the epistolary attempts of your pale-faced brother clean on the hog. I only wish I could pass it around for the cousins to see and wonder at. That business college you attend deserves a whole tank full of medals and I honestly and sincerely mean it. The only thing is, I am of the opinion that Mamma had a slight hand in it—it's so transcendently good. The pictures are lovely. You are a beauty, Oleta, and I award you the beauty prize for this month, and I am mailing you an autographed copy of my poems. I'd award your grand pop a beauty prize too—but I fear if I did he'd dig his scalp- ing irons in my bald spot before I could say scat. I showed Billy the Goat, Grandpop's picture in all his war paint, and he beat it to the woods and I have not seen him since for a week. He is afraid Grandpop might scalp his appetite and then he wouldn't be able to chew up the cousins' letters. Oleta, accept my fondest love, you are nobly doing your part in leading a once savage race up to the highest planes of civilization. Soon the Red and White man will be equal, mentally, morally and spiritually, and the Great Spirit will look down and say “These are my beloved children in whom I am well pleased.”

WHITEBURG, TENN., March 4, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I was seventeen the 29th of last July, am five feet, seven inches in height, weigh one hundred and thirty-six pounds, have bluish gray eyes, light brown hair, and a fair complexion. There uncle, don't you think you have a pretty niece? I live in the eastern part of “Sunny Tex.” three miles from the nearest railway station, which is Whitesburg, one mile from the nearest store and school, which is in a little village by the name of Three Springs. It took me a week from a small summer resort near it. Uncle, we have lots of beautiful scenery here. Come out and I will drive you around. We can see the Blue Ridge mountains, also the Smoky mountains from a hill just above our home. Uncle Charlie I have read your book of poems. I want to thank you for all those beautiful and funny verses.

The Christmas of '92 is my favorite. I read it in a magazine in 1904 and fell deeply in love with it then, but the more I read it the better I like and understand it.

Uncle don't you believe in mothers and daughters being chums? I do and my own mother is my friend, chum and confidant. I share all my secrets with her. There is not anything that I keep from her. We can never have but one mother and we should love and care for her while we have her with us. We know according to nature she cannot be with us forever. I would like to hear what some of the rest of the cousins have to say in regard to this. Uncle I guess you have been weary trying to restrain your little letter, so I had better clear the way for someone more gifted. I would like to hear from some of the cousins, and will try to answer all letters, also would like to exchange cards with them. Your loving niece,

INA V. CREECK.

Yes, Ina, I think I have a very pretty niece. Glad you liked the “Christmas of Ninety-two.” That little poem is founded upon an incident in my life, and it is all true except the happy ending. Yes, I do believe in mother and daughter being chums. It breaks my heart to see parents and children drifting apart. They should drift together, for in union there is strength and happiness. Mother is not with you for long. She is the dearest and most precious possession you have, or will ever have in the world, and when she is gone there will be a void in your heart and life that will never be filled. If I concentrate my thoughts on my mother for a very few seconds, the tears are in my eyes, and there is a lump in my throat. It is the same with most of us. We are real humans. Kiss your mother in the morning and at night, and when ever you are near her, slip your arm around her waist, and put your cheek against hers two or three times during the day, and ask her if she she does not feel tired and would like to take a rest. Remember she has not your youth and strength and ere the day is half done, there is a tired look in her eyes that tells of the weariness of her body and her longing for rest. She toils and works and plans for you from the cradle to the grave—that is mother. Do not weary her or cause her any unnecessary trouble. Do as she tells you, she knows best for she has been a headstrong girl like yourself. She knows the temptations and the dangers that beset you, and which you cannot see. You think her old fashioned and foolish. Your daughter will think the same of you if you have one, but she is not old fashioned nor foolish; it is you that are foolish, headstrong and inexperienced, and only when you have disregarded her, and gotten your life wrecked as a result of your folly and the disregard of her pleadings, then you come back to her broken heart and spoken and say your head on her breast, and say “Mother you knew best, you were right.” Be chums with mother. Do nothing without her advice, make her your big sister, and life for you and for her will be one of happiness, and when she is gone there will be no regrets to bring the tears to your eyes and the remorse to your heart.

DENT, MINN., July 24th, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am a newcomer just come to join the merry band of cousins. I hope there is just a little room on your knee uncle.

I am twelve years old and have medium light hair, and am about five feet, six inches in height.

We have three horses, three cows, three calves, one big dog, two pigs and some geese, turkeys and chickens. Papa always milks the cows as we have only two head.

Won't you come and visit me uncle? I will show you all over our place and you and I will go fishing. Won't that be dandy fun? I will try to start a “Sunshine Club,” if possible. How do you like the shut-ins. Don't you think uncle it would be better if wealthy people would try to think less about fine clothes, etc., and more about the poor? I do for one. We have a fine new schoolhouse which I attend. We have an organ, but I don't play on it. I sometimes try to play on the organ stool. Do you like flowers? I just love them. (Nearly as much as I love you uncle.)

By the way, don't you get rather tired of reading all our letters? I should think you would get Billy to help you. I will exchange postals with the cousins if they will.

Well, by, by, cousins, lots of love to you all and a big kiss for Uncle Charlie. Lovingly your niece,

ALPHA S. VOGEL.

I am always glad to hear from you little girls, and your letter Alpha is exceptionally well written, I don't think there is a single error of spelling in the whole epistle, and the writing is beautiful. I would love to visit you, but I am not much in the fishing business. Every time I tried to go fishing, the fish jumped out on the bank, grabbed me by the neck, and threw me in the river. You say papa milks the cows, as you have only two head. I should like to see papa milking a cow's head. I always thought cows were milked the other end. I remember years ago we had a hired girl in our family, she was the most destructive piece that ever lived. She broke everything that was breakable. One day

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



# A Fateful Wedding Eve or, The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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## CHAPTER I.

### ON THE CLIFFS.

**M**OONLIGHT! Moonlight in the mighty forests, that wave their sere branches like shadowy arms, beneath the ghostly beams; moonlight over the wide harvest fields, that the busy reapers have left a silvery desert; moonlight over the gray cliffs, that, girding the smiling valley, stand like grim chieftains, with their faces towards the foe; moonlight over the sea, that seems to stretch into fathomless infinity.

"Yes," said Aunt Hope Hastings, as she thrust her sharp-featured visage from her cottage window, "it's as bright as day out, and there would be no risk in a ten minutes' run to the village. That pesky Tom Burk didn't give enough sugar by a pound. You bean't afeared to slip down the cliff and get the extra pound so I can finish putting up these quinces, be you Carlyn?"

Carlyn lifted her soft brown eyes from the preserving kettle, and the moonlight streaming through the little window, made a pretty picture bound back by a bright ribbon, her glowing cheeks shaded by gold-brown lashes, and her eyes shining like diamonds.

"I am not afraid, Aunt Hope," she replied, "but I will take Duke for company. The sands are a little lonely at night."

"Ef you stop to moon around them, I suppose they are," said Aunt Hope, severely. "Now do you know for what you are going. Carlyn, for you have got your eyes rolling around earth and sea, as if common earth wasn't good enough for you?"

"I was only looking at the beautiful moonlight, Aunt Hope," she answered, softly. "See what a bright path it seems to make on the waters! One might fancy it the way to Paradise."

"Fools' paradise!" said Aunt Hope, gruffly. "Ef you'd think a little more of the way to the skies and a little less of the way over the sea, it would be better for you—and for your father before you. Air you going for that sugar, Carlyn, or air you not?"

"Going, auntie, at once! Come Duke," replied Carlyn, with a low laugh.

"Don't forget your errand," called Aunt Hope, shrilly, after her. "Sakes alive! Carlyn is just like her mother, her head was always full of rhymes and nonsense, she was always making rainbows out of soapbuds, and then a-trying to catch them. Them air books, what good will they do her? If they were the Almanac or Watts' Hymns, there might be some sense; but poetry, and poetry that don't ever jingle! But they were her father's books, and I hadn't the right to keep her from them."

The minutes went by—the tall old clock in the corner ticking them down relentlessly. Aunt Hope pushed her sweetmeats to the back of the stove, and looked anxiously from the window.

"Fifteen minutes and Carlyn not in sight yet! I'll lay my head to a pumpkin that she's a moon-line down there on the sands, and has clear forgotten where she is and what's she's about. God bless my soul! what's that?"

For the pure white atmosphere seemed suddenly dyed with blood, so vivid was the crimson light that flashed for a moment before Aunt Hope's astonished eyes, and then vanished into nothingness again.

"It's only a signal light," said the old woman, reassuringly. "Yet it's been a monstrous long time since there was any thrown from these cliffs. I haven't seen one before since—since—"

The hard lines of the mouth quivered anxiously. "What a fool's errand to send that child at such a time of night as this. Where can she be? Carlyn! Carlyn!"

And going to the door, Aunt Hope called again and again.

"Deuce take the old screechowl!" muttered a voice almost in her ear. "Can't you be quiet old woman? You'd scare off the Flying Dutchman himself!"

"Who are you, and what is your business?" said Aunt Hope, turning fiercely upon the intruder, a tall, young man, who with a lantern hidden under his wide cape, was leaning composedly upon one of the pillars of her gate.

"My business is not to harm you, at any rate," was the good-humored reply. "I'm here to do the State and you both a good service. King Carl is off the coast, and we're watching for mischief."

Aunt Hope grasped the light railing by which she stood as if she needed its support.

"King Carl?" she gasped, hoarsely. "King Carl?"

"Aim or his ghost," was the light reply. "I don't know what brings him back to his old coasting grounds, but I do know there's a chance to make a cool thousand if we could catch him at his old trade, and that's what we are watching for. I say, old woman, what's the matter with that dog of yours? Ain't he acting kind of curious?"

"Down, Duke, down!" said Aunt Hope, in a voice that she vainly strove to steady, for her stout old heart grew faint within her, as Carlyn's companion leaped upon her, whining piteously, and striving, so it seemed, to make her follow him.

What had happened? Where was the tender child whom she had unwittingly sent forth upon a shore perhaps even now infested with lawless men?

She must go search for her—she must follow Duke—and yet a thought sprang into the woman's mind that paralyzed her movements.

With a glance of dread and doubt at the keen-eyed stranger at her gate, Aunt Hope shrank back into the house, and while Duke whined piteously at the doorway, she waited, in all the sickening horror of suspense, until she might dare to go.

In the mean time, Carlyn, heedless of danger, had sped lightly on her errand. A narrow, precipitous path led from the cliff on which the old maid's cottage was perched, like the nest of some marine bird, to the sands below. As she reached the base of the rocky pathway, Carlyn paused, for at that moment, the red light that so paralyzed Aunt Hope, burst over the cliff and shone by its fierce glare, Carlyn saw that she was not alone.

A tall, powerful man, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, a slouched hat drawn low upon his brows, stood in the shadow of the rocks, at her very side. Though the agony of fright restrained her as no other consideration could have done, she was actually unable to speak or move.

No cry escaped her pale lips, even when she felt a strong hand laid upon her shoulder, and heard a hoarse voice whisper:

"Speak! Are you woman or spirit? Have you come to warn me of my death hour? Bah! their toils are not around me yet. I defy them still! But you are trembling like an aspen, the dead cannot know such fear, in the name of heaven, who are you, girl?"

He could say no more, for, with a low growl Duke was at his throat.

Carlyn heard the strange, muttered oath, that sprang from the intruder's lips; she saw a flash of steel in the darkness, and sprang forward, bravely forgetful of all things but her faithful defender's peril.

"Duke, my own Duke! You shall not harm him! Down, Duke, down, down!"

And flinging her arms around the mastiff's neck, she caught the stroke of the keen blade in her own fair flesh.

The warm young blood gushed forth, over the animal's shaggy hair, and Duke, saved from his death blow, crouched whining at his mistress's feet.

"My God! Are you mad, girl to fling yourself beneath my steel? You are hurt, you are bleeding!"

A terrible oath leaped through the stranger's clenched lips, as Carlyn sank helplessly upon the sands.

Faint with terror, pain, and loss of blood, the wounded girl could only whisper:

"Aunt Hope—oh, take me to Aunt Hope!" and then swooned away to happy unconsciousness.

"Aunt—Aunt Hope—Aunt! God in heaven!" muttered the man, "What have I done?"

And lifting the prostrate form in his arms, he sprang forward into the clear moonlight, regardless of all consequences.

As he gazed upon the sweet young face lying on his breast, he whispered, "It is her face, her eyes, her hair! And I—I! Is this the girl who warned me would fall? Am I her murderer?"

He laid his helpless burden on the sands, and bent to feel her pulse—to count her heart-beats;

with a skillful hand, that had a tender touch.

"It is but a flesh wound," he whispered. "She is only weak from the loss of blood. Poor little dove! She winces, I must be gentle. There, that will do. She seems to grow easier; there is a faint flush on her cheek. Great heaven! she will be terrified to death if she recovers and finds herself here, and with me."

The thought seemed full of a strange, sad bitterness to him, and yet he dwelt upon it morbidly.

"Ah, yes, she would shrink from me in terror: I am a monster to her—a monster of horror and iniquity—and I—I—" his voice broke. "Oh, God! What would I give for the clasp of those snowy arms about my neck, the pressure of those sweet lips upon my cheek, the pure, trusting love that I can never dare to claim? Carlyn! Carlyn! sweet bud of my broken flower! Carlyn, my child! This once, if never again, I can hold you to my heart! I can press a father's kiss upon your unconscious lips! I can call you before God and my lonely heart, my own! my own!"

And the strong man's breast shook with sobs as he clasped the unconscious girl in his arms and showered passionate kisses upon the lip, the cheek and brow; then bowing his proud head in his hands, the dread King Carl wept like a child.

## CHAPTER II.

### A NIGHT OF TERROR.

It was still early autumn, yet a bright fire blazed in the cheerful little parlor of the village inn. It was not often that thrifty Dame Trot,



NO CRY ESCAPED HER LIPS WHEN SHE FELT A STRONG HAND LAID UPON HER SHOULDER.

to listen to her breathing. At that moment another signal light seemed to set shore and sea ablaze.

He started up like a stag at bay. "Ah, I forgot myself," he said, "I forgot who and what I am—a man without Nature's ties or tenderness! must he go—and yet to leave her here, bleeding, perhaps dying! No, a thousand times, no! I must risk a longer stay among these cliffs. I must take her to the caves."

He lifted Carlyn again tenderly, almost reverently, even while a low, mocking laugh echoed from his lips, as the red light again illumined the shore.

"Fire away!" he said. "You'll only show the fox his burrow—the lion his lair. Though a thousand eyes were searching these cliffs for me, I would defy them all. Fools! to think because I was mad enough to venture on these shores again, they had trapped me at last!"

Even as he spoke he was speeding onward, with Carlyn in his arms, with the light, noiseless and swiftly, cautious steps of one accustomed to hold every faculty in perfect control. At length he reached a point where the line of cliff, receding somewhat from the shore, was overgrown at the base by moss and arcy vines. Here he paused, and parted the curtain of vines that veiled an opening in the rock, and stepped into the cavern of the cliff.

Feeling his way through the utter darkness that completely enveloped him, he laid the still unconscious girl gently upon the ground; then, lighting a curious little waxen taper that he took from his pocket, he placed it in a crevice of the rock, and again bent anxiously over his helpless charge.

Kneeling thus, with all the nobler emotions softening his dark eyes to tenderness, no one would have taken him for King Carl, the Scourge of the Seas and the Terror of the Coast.

He had hung aside his heavy cloak, and the closely-fitting costume of dark velvet, served to set off his well-knit, sinewy frame to wonderful advantage. He was more than six feet high and of powerful build. The short, curling beard was grizzled by time and exposure, and the dark, silken hair threaded with silver; yet the full black eyes glowed still with all the fire of youth, and, few, looking upon the light, yet stalwart frame, or catching the fierce flash of his eye, would have guessed that King Carl neared his fiftieth year.

Fewer still would have dreamed how young and ardent was the heart that twenty years of wild and reckless adventure had failed to harden or chill.

Something suspiciously like a tear was brushed aside as, lifting his head from the young heart whose pulsations he had so anxiously been noting, he prepared to dress Carlyn's wounded arm

the landlady, threw open the doors of this domestic paradise for her masculine guests. "The bar was quite good enough," so she said, "for the abomination of desolation that resulted from the foray of the spitting and chewing gender."

But, tonight her snowiest amask, her best china, and her silver teapot were brought forth to do honor to a guest who had tilted himself back in the dame's rocking chair, and was puffing his Havana as reckless of all consequences as though landladies were things unknown.

"A gentleman was a gentleman, and for her part she would see him treated as one," the dame had said, in apology for this exceptional favor.

What we add that the gentleman was just verging on five and twenty, with a roguish sunny eye and a merry, cordial voice; when we state that he greeted Dame Trot with a rousing kiss and told her that she was handsomer than ever; in short, when we conclude by mentioning that Captain Jack Devere was the nephew and heir of the old squire on the hill, whose wealth was currently reported to be beyond his own computation, we may wonder no longer at the good dame's policy.

"Supper? Of course," said Captain Jack, "and a rousing supper too! You know my appetite of old. Well, Burns, what is it?"

The young officer's light tone changed suddenly, as a rudely clad figure pushed forward and demanded to speak to Captain Devere.

"If you please, sir," the man hesitated, casting a side glance at the mistress of the inn, "if you please, sir, my business is private with you alone; and—"

He stopped in embarrassment, warned perhaps by a warning glance that flashed from young Devere's eye.

"So order the best supper that you can get for me, my dear dame," said her guest, carelessly.

As the bustling landlady disappeared through the doorway he turned to the man and said: "Now, Burns, what is the matter? Did not I warn you not to raise a row about our ears? And here you come busting in before that gossiping old crone, as if you had seen the devil himself."

"Fax! and I have seen his next of kin, then," said Burns, excitedly. "Troth he's here—here beneath our very eyes, a-carrying off wimmin and children, like the baste that he is."

Young Devere sprang up, with an eager flush mantling his handsome countenance.

"What—where? Speak quick, man! Whom have you seen?"

"King Carl, sir," said Burns, in a frightened whisper, "there's them that say that it is unlucky to even say his name."

"You saw him?" echoed Devere. "Where, and

when? You are uttering foolish, idle words." "Yes, I saw him, I couldn't be mistaken, and the poor darlint that he was carrying off wid him. May heaven have mercy on her, though she was dead with fright then!"

"What! a woman? Was this wretch carrying off a woman?" cried the young officer. "And you did not attempt to stop him? Coward! Worse than a coward!"

"Put me agin a man, sir, and thry me! Shure, sir, if he were not more than a man, how could he snatch that poor darlint from her own little home on the cliff, with Jim Jones a-standing, as ye sint himself, at her very door? How could he get off poor little Carlyn Durham?"

The flushed and glowing countenance of Jack Devere grew suddenly white and rigid, as though struck by death.

"Speak!" he said, in a hoarse voice. "Did you say Carlyn Durham? Carlyn Durham, that mountain snowdrop, in the grasp of—of—great heavens! Unsay your words; you were mad, drunk, dreaming! Not Carlyn Durham?"

"There ain't so many pretty girls on the hillside that I could mistake the niece of old Hope Hastings. I saw her face as plain as I do yours."

"And you never raised voice to save her? Burns, if harm comes to that girl, from your foul cowardice, neither God nor man shall save you from my vengeance. Come, you can at least show me where the villain disappeared with his prey!"

"Shure and—and Captain, darlint, think a bit!" remonstrated Burns, piteously, "is it to follow the devil, sir?"

"Yes, to the mouth of Hades, if Carlyn Durham be his victim. I am in a dangerous mood. Show me to the cliff, the shore, at once, wherever it was that you thought you saw her."

He flung on hat and cloak as he spoke, and grasping his silver-mounted pistols, he dashed through the open door, followed by the frightened Burns.

In the mean time Aunt Hope was pacing up and down the sanded floor of her white kitchen, like some wild-caged creature, while the tall clock still ticked away relentlessly. Those minutes seemed like months to poor Aunt Hope. Where was Carlyn? Shy, gentle, soft-eyed Carlyn, whose sweet voice and girlish laugh had been the unconscious music of the old maid's silent life?

Oh, if she only dared to search for her! But Aunt Hope glanced fiercely at the sentinel at her door. She was watched. If she raised the cry for Carlyn, and fled to the beach, they would follow her, and find, not Carlyn, but another—another, who her trembling heart warned her, might not be far from Carlyn's side.

He was near—perhaps even now within range of her eye—near her, yet in deadly peril, with watchful eyes waiting for him, on cliff and shore, and she dare not lift a hand to help him; she could not utter a word of warning.

Had he come to claim his child? The child that he had given her for her own; whose fair young life he had sworn never to darken, whose name to keep forever pure from the reproach that blackened the cognomen of the dread pirate chief?

Oh, no, daring and lawless as were his deeds, Aunt Hope knew that King Carl's honor was stainless, his word a bond; and though Nature's magnetism might draw him to his daughter's side, he would neither claim nor shame her by the knowledge of what and who he was.

Suddenly the old maid paused in her walk, her nerves, stretched to their utmost tension, had caught the faint sound of distant voices and approaching footsteps.

In another moment, young Captain Devere burst into the room, pale and breathless with agitation.

"I knew the fellow must have been lying, Carlyn—Miss Durham is here—is safe? Pardon my abrupt entrance, madam, but—Great God!" he gasped, catching sight of Aunt Hope's face, "she is not here! Where—where is she? Where is Carlyn?"

"I—I do not know!" and the old aunt's voice was hollow, as she vainly tried to conceal the terror that mastered her. "She went to the village an hour ago."

"To the village! And you permitted her to go alone, unprotected when the coast is infested by a band of outlaws who fear neither God nor man? Woman, were you mad?"

He paused for a moment to wipe away the cold beads of perspiration that bedewed his brow, then he sprang to the door again and called out cheerily to the men who were waiting outside:

"Show your colors, boys! Carlyn Durham, who has neither father, brother nor husband to protect her, has fallen into King Carl's hands. We must rescue her or avenge her."

"Aye, aye!" and the deep murmur of assent sounded to Aunt Hope like the knell of fate, "a rescue or vengeance!"

"To the sands, then," rang out the leader's stern, clear tones. "Search each bend, each corner, each shadow of the rocks. Remember the reward, I myself will add five thousand dollars to the price the State places upon the pirate's head. Five thousand dollars for the captor of Carlyn Durham, alive or dead!"

Young Devere set an example of impetuous zeal to his followers, darting down the rugged and precipitous side of the cliff, he was soon out of sight. The white sands silvered by the moonbeams, stretched for miles before him, like a gleaming pathway hemmed in by the rocks and the sea. To his right lay the little village of Milton, slumbering peacefully in the quiet moonlight; to the left, only the long, long stretch of sand, the wilderness of rugged cliffs and jutting rocks—a land of shadow and mystery.

For the cliff shore had for years borne an evil name. Dark stories were whispered around cottage fires of vessels lured to destruction upon its hidden rocks; of ill-gotten treasures hidden away in its concealed caverns; the boldest fisherman would risk a stormy run down to the village beach rather than harbor his frail skiff for a moment in one of the deep, dark inlets that slept untroubled in the embrace of these accursed rocks. Even Jack Devere in his reckless boyhood, had left their stern solitude untrodden though he laughed at the wild legends that peopled them with such nameless terrors.

Yet now, as he stood on the silvery beach, and looked before him at the wild, dark region, he felt for one moment a strange thrill of foreboding, almost of fear. But like the curb on the mettled steed, it only urged him onward. Bounding like a chamois over the rugged cliffs, his cheery voice awoke the slumbering echoes with a reckless disregard to consequences.

"Carlyn! Carlyn!"

The sweet name that his boyish lips had learned to give his playmate, rang out into the night and cavern, cliff and shore gave back the sound "Carlyn! Carlyn!" in low, mocking chorus.

Maddened by the apparently hopelessness of his pursuit, Devere only pushed forward more impetuously.

Sharp fragments of rocks pierced his boots, and wounded his feet; his breath came in quick gasps, as he labored up the steep ascents or sprang over yawning chasms, yet he felt neither pain nor weariness.

"Carlyn! Carlyn!" That watchword nerved him for all things. Carlyn, pure, gentle, timid Carlyn, whose soft eyes veiled themselves beneath silken lashes at his approach, whose color came and went at his slightest word! Carlyn in the hands of lawless ruffians, in a place like this!

Thin, fleecy clouds had crept up from the horizon, and were veiling the moon, whose light had grown wan and illusive.

Springing forward, with the sweet name again on his lips, Devere lost his footing, the earth seemed to open beneath him, and he fell down, down—he knew not where!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for your COMFORT subscription, and read the next chapter, when a blow struck would be murder not justice.



# Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

Pop sent her out to milk the cow, and she came back with its tail in her hand. "For Heaven's sake," he said, "where did you get that tail?" She said, "I broke it off when I was milking the cow." Whatever ideas she had in milking cows she evidently did not understand about milking their heads. No, I don't get tired of reading the letters that are sent me Alpha, but I do get tired of thousands of people who write me letters on trifling questions concerning affairs of their own, and demand immediate replies. It is a funny thing, but if people pay twenty cents a year for a fine magazine, and get full value for their money, they think that that twenty cents entitles them to possess the publisher and his staff body and soul. Lots of people write and say, "I subscribed for your paper ten years ago for one year, and I think that out of gratitude for that act of generosity, you ought to buy me a house, and provide for me for the rest of my life." People go and blow twenty dollars for a shoddy suit of clothes worth five, and which falls to pieces in three weeks, and they think that is all right, and make no kick. They don't ask the tailor to tension them for life. They do not expect the grocery man to buy them a house and lot, because they paid him twenty cents for a pound of bum coffee, but it is marvellous what people expect from a poor magazine writer. If they send you two cents for a reply, and you don't reply, they call you all the villainous names in creation. A two cent stamp pays only for postage, it does not even pay for stationery, let alone time. Foolish people forget that a man has to live. It takes time to earn a living, and one cannot earn a living while one is writing letters to everyone in creation. That Alpha, is the greatest trial of your uncle's life, no one thinks his time is worth anything, and no one thinks he has any right to eat or sleep. It costs me a dollar to answer a personal letter, so if I answered fifteen a day, you can imagine where I would land. Come again, Alpha dear, for girls like you are very dear to my heart.

LAPHAM, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
Your book of poems arrived here last night, and how we are enjoying it! We take turns reading in the evening and have had many a laugh over your funny poems.  
Say, Uncle Charlie, I may as well get right down to business. I want to go in for literary work. I love to write, and although I know it means hard, discouraging work, am sure I should enjoy it. Mamma wanted me to send you one of my verses and ask you to criticize it. Now please, Uncle Charlie, give me your honest opinion. Do you think it worth while for me to study with a view to becoming a writer? I don't want to waste my time on it if not, neither do I want to write for publication until I am better educated.

I shall look for an answer through COMFORT as I know you are too busy for personal correspondence.  
Yours sincerely, J. RUTH HAAR (No. 22,547).

Ruth, your letter gives me an opportunity to answer, not you, but hundreds of others who have written on the subject that is agitating your breast. The verses you sent me are excellent, and show real promise. They are not "poetry" and they are not poetry, but they are very good verse, and that is saying a great deal. If you wrote the lines you sent me all by your own self, I should advise you to go ahead and persevere with your work as you certainly have talent which can be developed and made profitable to yourself. The great thing in this writing business is to find out whether one has talent or not. The majority of people who write to me that they have splendid stories to sell, superb poems they want me to market, and magnificent songs that are worth millions, have as much idea of writing a story as Billy the Goat has of solving a problem in mathematics. Educated people very seldom attempt to write either lyrics, verse or stories. They know that such work requires a high order of ability, and they have enough brains and culture to know that they do not possess that ability. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," so the uneducated person butts in, makes you rhyme with true, and has a fit at his cleverness, and thinks he has written a poem. Then he scrawls something over two sheets of paper, without head or tail to it, written in execrable English, and with spelling that would give you chills and fever, and he thinks he has written the novel of the century, and if you tell him he has not, he is ready to come on by the next train with a club and knock your brains out. For a person to attempt to write a story without an education, without the ability to express his thoughts, develop his characters and plot, and attend to the hundred and one things that are necessary for such delicate and difficult work, is something like a carpenter trying to build a house without tools, or a man trying to walk around the globe without legs—it simply cannot be done. A man who has any literary talent, or think you have, should never write editors with your products. In every community there is some person of education, either the minister, the schoolmistress, the doctor or someone capable of giving an opinion on your literary (?) product. You should take your work to these people, and get them to criticize it. If they are honest with you, the odds are your manuscript will go into the flames, because literary talent is about the rarest thing in the world. If your critic tells you your work is good, then study hard and develop it, and when you have a perfect article, you may submit it to a magazine. The odds are it will come back, and you will wonder what is the matter with your work, and now at this point let me tell you what to do. Nearly all writers in the world at the outset of their careers have the greatest difficulty in marketing their work. What you all need at this stage of the game, is the service of a good literary bureau, and you also need a magazine which tells you all about literary work, how stories are constructed, marketed and sold. Such a magazine exists in New York, and I am going to ask Mr. Comfort to let me tell you its name, because its services both to magazines and writers the country over is invaluable. It is called the "Editor," and to the budding writer, it is what Shakespeare is to the actor, the Bible to the minister. It is simply indispensable. If you have any talent and can write, and can get in touch with this magazine, you will be able to sell your product, and if you have no talent, you will immediately find it out, if you submit your work to them. I may say that there is very little money in verse writing. The quantity used by editors is small, why I do not know, as many people would rather read verse than prose. A small band of brilliant cultured men and women write about eighty per cent. of all the verse that gets into American magazines. When you send your crude product to an editor it has to compete with the expert work of these brilliant writers. Do not wonder then, if your work comes back. Real talent however must succeed, and I think Ruth you have that talent.

NURSERY, TEX., June 21, '08.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:  
I received my card and button all right and think them fine. I am nineteen years of age. Six feet tall have light curly hair and blue eyes, fair complexion, weigh one hundred and fifty-five pounds. I am a farmer, live at home with my parents and am a member of the Missionary Baptist church.  
Well Uncle Charlie, I for one have cut out smoking beginning with the three months of last year. How many of you cousins can say that? I had the cigarette habit for four years and when I came to my senses I found it was taking me to an early grave. So I made up my mind to quit and did so.  
But smoking is not the worst habit boys fall into. Swearing taking God's name in vain and drinking strong drinks are wicked habits and ones we will all have to answer for at the end of this life. So I say, cut them out of your life now and forever. Now if all of you pretty girls would say: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine," every man and boy in the country would be a prohibitionist.  
My brothers and sisters are all married and mamma

says I want to be. But I tell her I am going to be an old bachelor.

Well uncle does it ever get hot down there in Maine? It certainly does down here. I live in forty miles of the Gulf of Mexico and we nearly always have a cool breeze here from the sea. I live in ten miles of Victoria, the county seat of Victoria Co., but our nearest post-office is three miles away at Nursery, but we expect free delivery before so long. Nursery is in Victoria Co., and is a railroad station. Well uncle just come down and help me eat watermelons. Our largest one weighed forty-six pounds. I will take you to the patch and let you put yourself outside of three or four of the big fellows like I do every day. Oh, my, they are as sweet as lasses. Mamma says I am hollow to the toes when I go to eat melons as it takes so much to fill me.

Hoping Billie never recovered from the Merry Widow hat diet, so he can't get my letter, I remain as ever your nephew,  
HARRISON K. UNDERWOOD.

Harrison, I love a clean-minded, wholesome boy like you. Your letter is a delight to read. I wish all you boys were like Harrison. It is character that makes the boy, character means strength of will and purpose, and it is character that makes the man. We have not many years of life on this earth, and life vanishes as a summer dream, so live your lives right and get the most out of them that you possibly can. I don't expect you boys to be saints, in fact I have no use for saints, as nearly all of them are cranks. Keep your head well in the skies if you will, but for heaven's sake keep your feet on the earth, and remember you are human, and living in this world not the next. Be not over righteous, but be God-fearing, manly, upright, honest and good. I have no objection to a man smoking a pipe or cigar. Millions of men get a tremendous amount of enjoyment and pleasure from a pipe. I abhor cigarettes, because these death sticks seem to take hold of a man even as morphine does, and once a man gets the habit he cannot throw it off. I don't think pipe smoking ever killed anyone. If any habit affords pleasure, and does no harm, I for one will not war on it. Tobacco chewing, I regard as a filthy, disgusting, sickening, swinish habit. Swearing is another vile habit, and only a habit. It is wonderful how habits become parts of our natures; once they get aboard of us, it is terribly hard to throw them overboard. A clean-spoken man is an immeasurably superior to a vile-mouthed blaspheming curser. Aue tongue is an unruly member, boys, keep it under control. Remember boys, just as Harrison says, if the girls shun the boys who drink and curse that would put a stop to the liquor traffic quicker than all the prohibition laws in the country. A man can

\$125.00. I have sat down to many a dinner in New York hotels where some jackass, who had more money than sense, was paying two or three hundred dollars for a single meal for the entertainment of his friends. Please understand, I did not pay any such sums, but my company was needed, and others were willing to pay the piper. The cost of one social function would have provided artificial limbs for this young man, and enabled him to get around and make a living. Please open your hearts and purses and do what you can for this poor soul, and God bless you in the doing.

MEDICAL LAKE, WASH., July, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am five feet, eight inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-four pounds, have brown hair and blue eyes, live on a farm with my parents. Our farm is located on a prairie named White Bluff. It is nice and level, just fine for bicycle riding. We live in what they call the wild and woolly West. We are thirteen miles west of Spokane, a lovely city, and four miles north of Medical Lake. Medical Lake is a summer resort, a lovely camping ground in the summer. There are quite a few camping there now and more are coming. It's a fine lake for bathing, the water is medicated, is good for rheumatism. Uncle you and some of the cousins must come up and camp. There are two sanatoriums there, one pavilion, built over the water, and there also is an insane asylum, and a feeble-minded school. I tell you it is a fine town for its size. The number of inhabitants is about nine hundred, the street car comes from Spokane down to Medical Lake, that helps the town a great lot. Uncle I wish you or some of our cousins were out here, we would go and have a good boat ride, either in a large boat or a rowboat. Many thanks for my card and button. I would like to receive letters or cards from any of the cousins. Your true and loving cousin,  
MISS L. G. BAILEY (No. 10,410.)

Lillian, I am glad to hear from you. I know Spokane very well, it is a beautiful city, in fact take it all round, there is no better city to live in, or to do business in than Spokane. I would rather however, live at Medical Lake. I think that would be a fine place to start a patent medicine factory. I could send Billy the Goat and Toby down to the lake to bottle up Uncle Charlie's dope, and charge 'steen cents a bottle for it. After Toby had bathed in the lake the medicine would have an extra fine flavor. What has most interested me in your letter is the sentence in which you say that at Medical Lake you have a "feeble-minded" school. I presume that the school got feeble minded at some stage of its career, and somebody sent it out to Medical Lake, to get well. I really would just love to see a "feeble-minded" school, and wouldn't I just love to be a scholar in it. Say boys wouldn't it be fun to get your education in a nutty school-house? Imagine after you had sat down at your desk, and the teacher had butted into business,

## Eight Attractive Cousins.



LENA OTT



MRS. W. W. HUNT



MARIAN WHITLIS



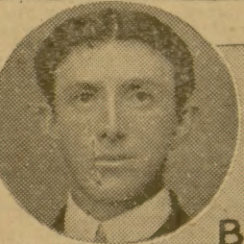
EVA M. CURRY



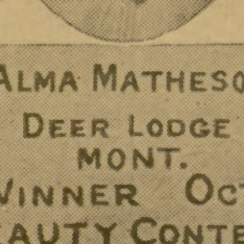
ALMA MATHESON



PAUL G. DREGER



BUTLER CURREY

DEER LODGE MONT.  
WINNER OCT.  
BEAUTY CONTEST.

IRA H. KLINE

live without liquor, but no true-hearted man can live without a true woman's love. Yes, Harrison it does get hot up here in Maine, it was four above zero on the 30th of July this year. I don't see how it can be hot down in your section, considering the fact that you live "in forty miles of the Gulf of Mexico." Anybody that lives forty miles out at sea ought to be able to keep cool. I don't wonder that you can raise dandy watermelons in a watery place like that.

SHELDON, Mo., June 16, '08.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a cripple, with both legs off, and can't get around very well, and in the winter time I have rheumatism so bad I can hardly stand it. So dear Uncle Charlie I am writing to you for you to put my appeal in the COMFORT to help me get an artificial leg, if not two. Here is what I would like you to put in for me.

I am trying to get an artificial leg, one if not two, both of my legs are off and I want to get one if not two. I need a pair but would be very proud if I could just get one. The cheapest leg I can get costs \$70.00. A gentleman of Salisbury, N. Y., starts me off with a gift of \$25.00, there is \$45.00 yet to come before I can get one leg. Any amount that you can give me will be greatly appreciated. I can't write very good either, as you see, for I haven't the use of my right hand and it's unhandy for me to use my left hand.

Well uncle, I will close hoping you will print this for me. I am,  
EARL H. CRAFT.

I should very much like the League to supply this poor young man with a pair of artificial limbs. Only \$115.00 is necessary to practically put him on his feet. I know the case is a very worthy one. Just listen to this: "This is to certify, that we were called to see Earl Craft on October 18th, 1901, and found him to be suffering from necrosis. The bones of both lower limbs were affected, and amputation was found necessary to save the life of the patient, and he was removed to the Sister's Hospital at Maryville, Missouri, and on October 20, we amputated both his limbs above the knees. Two weeks later he was removed to his home, where the limbs were dressed until he was healed. (Necrosis means rotting of the bone—Ed.)  
Signed by attending surgeons,  
"E. P. NESBIT, M. D."  
"W. M. WALLACE, M. D."

It seems pretty hard in a Christian country like this, that this poor young man has been deprived of artificial limbs for the want of a paltry

the "feeble-minded" school rolled over on its back, and began to have a fit, or stood on its head, and did a merry widow dance. I can see endless possibilities in getting an education in a feeble-minded" school. Anyway, Lillian, I trust that after the "feeble-minded" school takes a little medicine from Medical Lake, and breathes in the glorious air that sweeps across the mountains and prairies of Washington, it will recover its mental balance and be well once more. Toby says he is of the opinion that you mean a school for the feeble minded, but I will not let him rob me of the bliss of revelling in the endless possibilities that are presented by a feeble-minded school.

FORT MYERS, FLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

How would you like to have for a niece, a girl that lives away down South, in the land of orange blossoms?

Ft. Myers is situated on the banks of the Colosahatchee river. The Calosahatchee is a beautiful river. The Indians named it that name, meaning "beautiful river."

The river goes nearly to the Ochecobee lake, then a canal is cut to that lake. I never have been as far as the lake, but have been more than half way.

It is about twenty miles from here to the Gulf of Mexico. I have been down there many times. I have a nice collection of pretty shells which I gathered on the beach at Sanibel. This summer, Mamma, three of my sisters and myself went to Captiva. It is on the open Gulf. We saw many ships on the Gulf while we were in bathing. We were there a week and went in the Gulf twice a day. There were a few mosquitoes down there, but not enough to run us home. Late in the evening we would stand on the beach and watch the sun set. It was beautiful. We saw the sharks as they came up, feeding. One shark was about twelve feet long. One afternoon we robbed a bee-tree, at least the men robbed it, and we ate the honey. That afternoon seven of us went rowing in a small rowboat and we rowed on an Indian mound. It was a large one. I had my kodak along, so I took a picture of the mound, with the others standing on it. We went to a picnic and had clamchowder for dinner, the men had to dive for them in the bay. The bay was almost a mile from the Gulf. We had to walk from the bay to the Gulf. Coming from the landing to the bulk-head (where the boats land), a large shovel-nose shark was ahead of us most of the way. We came home on the steamer "Belle of Myers." It was very rough and hard. I was very glad to get home.

Very often the Indians come from the Everglades

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to Readers of Comfort

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## EMPIRE LEATHER COUCH

on Approval at the Wholesale Factory Price \$19.75  
(Regular Retail Price, \$32.00 Cash) and on terms.

## No CASH PAYMENT DOWN

50c Per Week If thoroughly satisfied with couch when received keep it, and send us 50c weekly, otherwise return it at our expense. Remember! We do not require one cent in advance.

Mail Orders Filled and Freight Charges Allowed Anywhere within the United States.



ONLY ONE TO A CUSTOMER. NO DEALERS SOLD.

Open sanitary steel construction; hair-filled; Golden Quartered Oak frames, and covered with our famous EMPIRE LEATHER. Shipped to you fully packed and burled up. MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW. Only Furniture Factory in the world selling direct to the public at wholesale prices. We carry Warehouse Stock in nearly every State in the Union. In order to save time and freight charges, shipment will be made from nearest point.

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We show 275 exclusive specialties in Furniture, made at our own Factories and sold on approval at Wholesale Prices, exactly in the same manner as the couch shown in this advertisement.

EMPIRE FURNITURE MFG. CO.,  
348 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT MUST BE ENCLOSED WITH THE ORDER  
COMFORT, NOV.

to town. They look funny in their short skirts, which strike their knees. Most always they come barefooted, in the mid of winter, too. They wear derby hats with plumes or feathers in them.

One Sunday they came to the church while we were having Sunday school! They sat on one of the benches and never took off their hats. The men will never let their squaws or papooses come here at all. I have never seen any but the men.

I ought to tell something about myself. I am five feet, seven inches tall, have gray eyes, light hair  
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Washes a Tub of Clothes Snow White in Only 1 Minute and 55 Seconds

4 Months Free Trial In Your Home At My Risk



## \$10.05 FREE

Enjoy washday—save all the hard work for four months on my promise—at my risk. I'll offer you a \$5.00 Wringer Free. I'll give you \$4.30 worth of best Washing Soap Free whether you keep one of my famous Dan Patch Washers after four months' Free Trial, or not. That is my plan to prove to you and all other women who haven't yet tried my famous Dan Patch Washer everything that having one in the house to do the washwork will mean to you. This is the famous washer you have read and heard so much about. Now you can prove it for yourself at my expense. Besides offering you \$10.05 worth free I give you

Also 4 Months Use and Absolutely Free Trial of a

## Dan Patch Washer

You can depend on all I say. I am the responsible head of my large manufacturing concerns having \$2,000,000.00 capital.

After four months' free trial you can pay for your washer at your own convenience, if you decide to keep it. I named it after Dan Patch, Iowa Dan Patch, 1:55, the Champion Harness Horse. Mail Me the Free Coupon at once I will Mail You Free, with postage prepaid, Two Beautiful Photographures of Dan Patch, the Ladies' and Children's Favorite, free of advertising and suitable to Frame and Hang in the Home. One is a splendid photographure of Dan Patch hitched to a sleigh and driven by small children.

Address M. W. Savage, Pres.  
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I am interested in your Dan Patch Washer and would be willing to try one four months absolutely Free if convinced that it will save me time, labor and money and that I will receive Free \$4.30 worth of Soap. Also your offer of a \$5.00 Wringer FREE. Please mail me FREE your Washing Machine Illustration and Beautiful Pictures of Dan Patch, without any obligation on my part.



# A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

**H**URRAH for November and the glorious feast of Thanksgiving. The air is getting cold and nippy. Soon it will be time to go nutting and squirrel hunting. I hope the suggestions in the Corner this month will aid all nephews in having a good time. It is great to be a boy and to have the whole outdoors for a playground. Tell me what you like best in this column and I will try to print more of it.

## A Game of Trees

This capital indoor game can be played by any number of young or old people, the more the merrier. Ask the following questions about trees and let each one write his answers. When you are through asking the one who has the most correct answers wins the game. What is the most level tree? The Plane. The brightest colored tree? The red wood. Which suggests the ocean? The beach. Good on a cold day? Fir. Which contains pork? Mahogany. Which might wear a glove? Palm. Name a sad tree and one that is not me. Blue Gum and Yew. Name an insect, a tale teller and an invalid. Locust, Peach and Pine. An old tree, a historical tree and one that has passed through fire. Elder, Date and Ash.

Those questions should furnish you with suggestion enough to frame up a list of about thirty, and should provide an evening of solid enjoyment for the entire family.

## Tool Cabinet

The tool cabinet shown herewith is very spacious and beautiful at the same time being simple in the extreme. First put together your ten inch boards in the form of a common oblong box leaving the front vacant, except for a six inch strip across the top. Now you can put in the compartments and drawer shown at the bottom. These are simply light one half inch pieces nailed in place with finishing nails. The heavy cross piece which goes around the cabinet at the bottom should be two inches thick. The panel doors are fashioned by first making two long frames and then nailing a lighter piece on from behind.

The top of the cabinet is set off by heavy moulding, and under each corner casters should be screwed. First drill a hole and then slip them in. The straps and pegs to hold the tools is a matter of taste. The entire box inside and outside should be oiled and then varnished.

## Telling a Girl's Age

Here is one of the best and most amusing age tricks ever devised. Pick out some prim and rather ancient dame and without letting her know your object ask her to put down the number of the month in which she was born; then to multiply it by two; then to add five; then to multiply it by fifty; then to add her age; then to subtract 365; then to add 115; and lastly ask her to kindly tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will denote her age and the remaining figure the month of her birth. For example if the amount is 825, she is 25 years old and was born in the eighth month (August). Try it.

## The Game of Piggy

The picture shows a boy playing an outdoor game called "piggy". It is a pastime which requires a large open space and is therefore admirably suited to country lads. A long broom handle and a piece of one seven or eight inches long is all the apparatus necessary. Any number may play or it may be played by four, each pair being partners. The short stick is placed on a brick as shown in cut and the players in turn tap it lightly to send it up in the air about neck high, and then swing with all their strength to knock it as far away as possible.

The player then follows the stick he has batted away and every step he takes on his way back counts a point. Five hundred points win the game. There are many variations of this game but the old-fashioned way as given here is best of all. If a player swings the bat at the "piggy" and fails to hit it he loses his turn, but in case he does not swing at it he gets another chance. Boys, if you try this game and like it, write me a letter and tell about it.

## A Handy Folding Table

In designing this little table I purposely left out everything in the way of curves, fancy work and ornamentation so that even the smallest lad could make it. It may be used for a study or writing table and is one of the most useful and desirable for a sewing table.

When not in use it can be folded up and put in a closet without using much space. Any wood will do for material. Dimensions of the top are twenty by twenty-eight inches. The legs are twenty-four inches high. First cut out the four leg pieces and connect each pair with cross piece at top. Now all you have to do is to hinge them on to the under part of the top and in doing so be careful to place them in such a way that the legs will fold together. The proper position is clearly shown in the cut marked "closed". Study it and you will get the right idea. When open and in use the legs of the table are held firmly apart by a brace pivoted underneath the table

top. When done, thoroughly sand paper the table and give it a coat of oil and varnish.

## A Card Trick Extraordinary

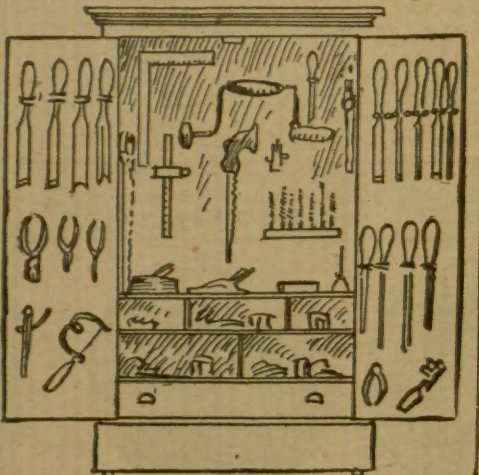
By the methods given here you can tell the name and position in the deck of any card thought of. After permitting every member of the company to shuffle, hand the pack of cards to someone and request him to mentally select some card and also to fix in his mind the position of same by counting 1, 2, 3, 4, from the bottom as far as and including the card thought of. While this is being done you either go into another room or permit yourself to be blindfolded, and assure the company that you will announce before you touch the pack the number at which the selected card will be found. Supposing the person choosing the card stops at 13 and supposing also that you announce that the position at which it will be found will be 24. All you have to do is secretly take away from the bottom of the pack 23 cards (one fewer than the number you said) and place them on the top. Then hand the pack to the other party and request him to begin at the number his card was in and count to the number you said (24). The 24th card will surely be the right one. All you have to observe is to take away a greater number of cards than the number your opponent gives you as the position his chosen card is in. Try this great trick, it cannot fail.



THE BOWLINE KNOT.

## The Best Knot

Probably the best and most practical knot in the whole list of sailor lore is the running bow-



THE INSIDE ARRANGEMENT.

line shown here. It is the only slip knot a sailor will use and its value to a landsman is quite as great, for it will never jam tight no matter how heavy a strain is put on the line, cannot slip apart and yet may be untied in a jiffy. Study the cut carefully and with a half hour's practice with a piece of line you should easily master it. Preserve the drawing for future reference.

## Can You Figure These Out?

Thousands of boys solved last month's problems correctly, and thousands tried and failed. The ones given below will surely test your knowledge of arithmetic. Don't be quitters, boys, don't give them up. In the Boys' Corner next month the correct answers will be published. Get it by all means.

- 1.—A man sold two houses at equal prices. On one he gained twenty-five per cent, and on the other he lost twenty-five per cent. Find the cost of each house if his loss by the transaction was \$480.
- 2.—A boat goes down stream 15 miles per hour and up stream 10 miles per hour. If it requires three and one third hours longer to come up than go down, how far down did it go?
- 3.—Fifteen persons engaged a coach, but before paying the bill five withdrew, by which each one's bill was increased 50 cents; what was the entire bill?

The answers to last month's problems are respectively: 1.—300 feet. 2.—Man 36 days, boy 45 days.

## The Geographical Puzzle

You will see at a glance that the picture at the upper right-right corner is strongly suggestive of Thanks-giving. To the left of it is the map of a country of Europe whose name also reminds one of something good to eat about now. What is the country? The illustration marked "b" is a large fresh water lake located in America, "d" is also a large American lake, "e" is a very populous island in the eastern part of this country. This department in the next number and if your subscription is about run out renew at once. Uncle John likes to receive letters from boys. Write to him on any subject.

FOR THE PUZZLE WORKER.

of COMFORT will give the answers. Watch for it and if your subscription is about run out renew at once.

Uncle John likes to receive letters from boys. Write to him on any subject.

Answer to October Puzzles

Here is a drawing which clearly illustrates how to make one perfect square out of two as required by last month's puzzle. After seeing it looks easy to solve.

PERFECT SQUARE

ing it looks easy to solve.

## November Closing

I wonder how many boys will guess the puzzle this month and how many will make the articles described. Winter is fast approaching and I am preparing a dandy set of articles for snowy weather, ice-boats, sleighs, bobs, etc. If you miss them you will always regret it. By all means get the big Christmas number. Good by till then and a very happy Christmas and bright New Year to all my boys, is the sincere wish of

UNCLE JOHN.

## The Old Sexton's Devotion

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

**L**UCY was one of the most wayward, willful little girls that one could imagine, but full of numerous charms, graces and pretty ways, which made her worst faults appear pleasant and characteristic of herself.

She had no thoughts of any other place except Elmsford; she knew no home beside old Jonathan Rainford's big, rambling house. She did not know—he never told her—that she was the child of a dead love of his, a woman who had found, too late, the value of the man she carelessly threw aside; a woman who was only too glad, when she lay deserted by her husband and dying, to send for her old lover and to beg that he would take care of her baby girl.

That was almost twenty years ago, and the grave, sedate old man had loyally kept his promise.

He was a strange, kindly old man, living his simple life in the house in which his forefathers had lived before him. And he had but one recreation—a recreation which almost amounted to a passion.

Whenever life rested more heavily upon him than usual, and all the better and truer things were swamped under a tide of bitter recollections, he would climb to the belfry of the old village church and lock himself in there and ring the bells. Years of practice had made him proficient, and many a belated rustic, toiling homewards, had been charmed to hear some old world tune slowly pealing out on the evening air. Someone had said once that it was the old man's mode of prayer and it was an ordinary expression, when the bells were heard: "There's old Jonathan praying again."

The sound of those bells had been the most inspiring music the girl had known and she had grown up to watch for and love the sound.

When Jonathan first learned that handsome Walter Howell loved the girl, and that she also had given her heart to him, it came as somewhat of a shock to the old man. He had been accustomed to look upon her as a mere child; he had scarcely a thought of any possible future for her. But he knew that Walter was a sturdy, true-hearted fellow, who would give to the wayward little beauty the protection she needed, and in a trembling voice, he gave them his blessing. He climbed to the old belfry that night and rang the bells softly for a long time, and came down comforted.

But shortly afterward there appeared another figure on the scene—a figure who lingered by the girl's side in the moonlight, whispering; a figure who was in the autumn woods through which she wandered; a figure that brought a new element into her life of which she had never dreamed; the figure of Pierre Cheron.

He was a wanderer—a Bohemian and something of an artist; a man who had visited many countries and knew much of men and the world. He spoke to the girl of a life of which she knew nothing. True, he had whispered the same lies into other ears many times, and some had believed him, and found it all out too late; but it was pleasant for him to tell it all over again, and to watch the color come and go on the fair, eager face. He taught her an impatience of her quiet life she had never felt before; he appeared so thoroughly to understand all her dim hopes and longings. So he succeeded in drawing her away from the peace she had known, and fed her soul with the vague promises which he never meant to fulfill.

This was the note which she left for the old man one summer evening, before she stole away to meet Pierre Cheron:

"Dear Daddy,—When you read this letter, curse me and blot me from your remembrance. Even now, I could not go with him—I could not leave all my old life behind me, in black ingratitude—but that I love him. When he looks into my eyes I have no strength or will; I am tired of all the peace—all the dullness; I want to go to the life he tells me of. Comfort Walter; he will find some other woman who is worthier of him and he will learn to forget me. Oh, Daddy—my dear Daddy, think kindly of me sometimes. Lucy."

Trembling and fearful, and governed by a stronger will than her own, she went to a fate of which she knew nothing. Cheron had promised to make her his wife and take her away with him to those wondrous lands of which he told her; he had fanned her natural vanity by telling her that her beauty and talents were lost and hidden in such a place as this, and that she should shine by his side in the company of lords and great ladies.

She stole quietly away to a place at which he had agreed to meet her, yet felt half reluctant, half inclined to return. But she saw him at last, standing beside the dog-cart, and waving his hat to her; and her scruples were gone.

"My darling," he said, "I had begun to think that you would disappoint me. Come, it is getting late." He took her hands as he spoke, and began to draw her wards the dog-cart. She trembled and was silent; but his influence was still strong upon her, and she went on unresistingly. Her foot was upon the step of the cart, when a burst of sound flooded the evening air—the sound of those familiar bells. She started back and covered her face with her hands. The man was beside her in an instant, and his arm about her; but she thrust him aside forcibly.

"Oh, no—no!" she sobbed—"I cannot go—I cannot go! The bells—the bells!" "They are calling to me—calling, as they have ever done, and drawing me back to peace and safety; telling of the dear days I have been glad to forget while with you. I cannot go—I cannot go!"

"What nonsense is this!" he cried in anger. "Do you think I am to be fooled in this manner?" The bells still rang out over the evening air.

"Stand back!" she cried. "I tell you I will not go. I have been mad or dreaming; I have forgotten all things. The bells have taught me remembrance."

He stretched out his arms suddenly and masterfully toward her, with an exclamation of impatience; but she eluded him quickly and fled away among the trees. He made a movement as though he would have followed her; then stopped, shrugged his shoulders, turned away, and hastily mounted the dog-cart, sullen, but alone and drove away.

As she hurried toward home again a man on horseback came riding toward her across a plantation; it was Walter Howell.

She would have been glad to avoid him at that moment, but he dismounted when he saw her and came toward her. Then all the pent-up shame and contrition in the girl's heart burst out, and she clung to him hopelessly, hiding her face on his broad breast and sobbing as though her heart was broken.

"My dear love," he murmured tenderly, holding the slight figure in his arms. "What has distressed you? Tell me—what is the matter?" "Nothing—nothing now, dear Walter," she said brokenly. "But I had a dream—a foolish fancy—that I had gone away from you; that I had left you; that I was not all you thought me—but shameful and unworthy."

"A silly dream, my dear," he said kissing her. "Why should it distress you? Forget it, sweet Lucy."

"Yes,—yes," she replied quickly, raising her eyes to his, "help me to forget it. Keep me always with you; believe only that I love you. When I am weak and wayward, stretch out your hands to help me, and love me."

They found the devoted old sexton in the belfry, beneath the bells he loved, lying there quietly, with a smile on his dead face; they said it was heart failure. And when the couple opened the door as they entered and found him there, the wind caught up some tiny scraps of paper, with writing on them, and whirled them out through the old stone window and scattered and lost them on the breeze.

# A YEAR TO PAY

WE WANT to tell you all about our liberal plan of furnishing homes for the people all over the country on credit. We want to explain to you how wonderfully convenient our credit service is, and how it gives you from ten to thirty months in which to pay for your purchases—how it enables you to buy a single article, or to furnish your home complete and to enjoy the full use of the furnishings while paying for them in small amounts from month to month as you earn the money. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit accommodation—no interest—no extra of any kind. Every married man, every wage earner, every farmer and every family of small income in the country should have this helpful credit service. YOU should have it. We tell all about the plan in our Big Fall Catalog. Write for it today.

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Do not spend a cent for anything in the line of home furnishings until you have received this catalog—you can't afford to. It offers the most artistic furnishings designed for the modern home at prices you cannot possibly equal in your home town or of any other mail order home furnishing institution in America. It is a large and beautifully illustrated volume, picturing a wonderfully extensive line of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Slaves, Refrigerators, Go-carts, Crockery, Sewing Machines, Clocks, Silverware, etc., etc., illustrated very elaborately in colors.

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## ROCKER 4.59

In American Quarter Sawn Oak.....

Massive frame beautifully carved, high back, broad ears on each side, very comfortable; seat has full set tempered steel springs. Upholstered in guaranteed Nantucket Leather, which has the wearing quality of genuine leather. A marvelous value.

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

we go to Him in secret prayer for guidance and for comfort and He shows us a way to escape the temptation and gives relief to our grief-stricken hearts. He bids us to cast our burdens at His feet.

Here in Alabama where I live the country is rugged as it is a narrow strip lying between the Gunters' mountain and the Tennessee river. Here it is all ridges and valleys running parallel with the river. Our country had a boom a few years ago and the village changed its name from Henryville to Columbus City, but that is about the only change which was made, so that often strangers when passing through ask how far it is to the city when they really are in the heart of it.

We only have one small store, a post-office, blacksmith shop and a few houses, so naturally this small group does not seem to deserve the name which it bears. We have a nice church just outside of what was to have been the city limits and have preaching twice a month, prayer meeting every Saturday night, and Sunday school Sunday mornings.

Now for a homely hint which may be new to some. Try rubbing your lamp chimneys with dry wood ashes. It produces a fine polish so that they give a much better light.

I should be pleased to hear from any of the sisters, but more especially those living on the coast. MOLLIE E. CHANDLER, Columbus City, Ala.

## DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been a frequent visitor to this corner and have been helped so much that I now turn to you in my greatest grief and sorrow.

My darling blue-eyed boy Raymond, thirteen months old, has been called home. This picture of him was taken when his temperature was one hundred and six, but he managed to smile, and was so good and sweet.

He was very sick with typhoid fever and, at last, I had to take him to a hospital in Richmond. They operated and he was there five weeks, then I brought him home; he seemed to have recovered completely. Two weeks after we came home he



Mrs. Harriet M. Klise, and son Raymond Leroy, thirteen months old, who died June 3, 1908.

was suddenly taken ill at midnight and died at 5 a. m. the next morning. Only the dear Father knows how very hard it was for me to give up my precious darling. But I know that God is good. "His will not mine be done." He giveth and he taketh away. Jesus bore his cross and we each must bear ours, and God knows we each have our share. How much easier it is to say these things than to do them, but I do not believe in darkening the lives of others with my sadness, so I try to bury my grief and be bright.

Now I can truly sympathize with all mothers who have lost children for I know whereof I speak, and how hard it is to see them pass from our loving, watchful care.

I am going to tell you a little story, and hope all the mothers who are inclined to punish hastily or too frequently will read and think of it.

FARDONED. "Here is Jones again. What can we do with him?" thus spoke the colonel of a regiment, one day when he read on the list of offenders the name of a man who had broken military rules and had been punished so often that there seemed to be no hope of his reform.

"Excuse me, sir," said the sergeant major, "there is one thing which has never been done with him yet."

"What is that, Sergeant Major?"

"He has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven! How can he be forgiven? His case is entered," said the colonel.

"True, sir, but he is not yet before you, you can cancel it."

"Bring Jones in," said the colonel. The soldier came in, he was a noble-looking fellow. The colonel looked him in the face and said:

"What have you to say to the charges against you?"

"Nothing, sir, only that I am sorry for what I have done."

"Well," said the colonel, "we have resolved to forgive you."

The poor soldier was like one thunderstruck on hearing this unexpected utterance; it touched his heart, he wept, left the room and was never known to offend again. Pardon conquered him. Mercy reformed him, and thus God seeks to conquer us. Wicked as we are, countless as are our transgressions, if like the soldier we would stand before our Maker and say, "I repent, I am sorry for my sins, I cast my soul on Jesus," he would reply, "You are forgiven," and that pardon once received would melt and win you. How can we sin against such pardoning love? Go then, precious soul, confess your sins to God, be pardoned and sin no more.

If we persevere we will win. A colored preacher when asked to define perseverance said:

"It means, firstly to take hold; secondly, to hold on; thirdly, to neber leave go."

Do I wear my welcome out? I hope not. I have a request to make. November 25th I will be twenty years old, and I would greatly appreciate letters of remembrance from any of this band. I would also be greatly pleased if anyone could send me the song containing these words:

"She's just like a rose  
With a broken stem." And  
"She has chosen her path,  
She must bear the blame."

I hope I will hear from many of you at this time and I wish you all much happiness.

MRS. HARRIET M. KLISE, Waynesboro, Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am sending to the sisters some of my well-tried recipes and am sure you will be pleased with them.

I do so hope the sisters will remember me with souvenir post cards. I live fifteen miles from Indianapolis and will gladly send cards from there in return. I hope to be remembered by many.

INDIA M. CATTERSON, Brownsburg, E. D. 1, Ind.

## Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

## Recipes For Mother's Good Things

Boil two pig's legs till meat falls from bone. Pare and quarter as many potatoes as you need. Cook all with an onion. Brown some flour and thicken the gravy.

## Mock Oysters

Chip some frozen beef with a sharp knife, as much as you think you need. Place in a deep dish. Add salt and pepper, a small lump of butter and pour boiling water on the meat. Let stand a few minutes and serve.

## Checker-board Cake

Light part.—One and one half cups of white sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup sweet milk, whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two teaspoonfuls baking powder in two cups of white flour.

Dark part.—One cup of brown sugar, one fourth cup of butter, one half cup sweet milk, yolks of four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder in two cups of white flour, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of cloves, one half nutmeg.

I mix the dry spices, baking powder and flour together. Now place a spoonful of dark in the center of your jelly pan, then a ring of white, then dark again, so on till pan is filled. Next pan put a light center, a dark ring, then light again, so on till pan is filled, then alternate layers.

## Sponge Cake

One cup of sugar, six teaspoonfuls of sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs whipped separately, one teaspoonful vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one and one half cups of flour.

## Maine Cracker Pudding

Scald one quart of sweet milk. When milk is cool, add three eggs well beaten, eight crackers rolled fine, two cups of seeded raisins, that have been soaked two hours in warm water, sugar and nutmeg to taste. Bake one hour in a moderate oven, stirring often while in oven.

## Mock Lemon Pie

Two thirds cup of sugar, two thirds cups of hot water, yolk of one egg, butter size of a hickory nut, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of extract of lemon, one tablespoonful of corn starch. Boil till thick, bake the crust, pour in the filling and set in oven, cover top with frosting. Watch carefully till frosting is a light brown. This is fine when perfectly cold.

## Large Custard Pie

Three eggs, one pint milk, one half cup sugar. Flavor to suit taste. Do not bake too long or too fast or custard will be watery.

## Pudding

Two cups sugar, two cups bread crumbs, two cups suet, two cups flour, two cups buttermilk, two pounds raisins, one pound currants, salt, soda and cinnamon.

## Loaf Cake

Two cups sugar, one half cup butter, beat to a cream, beat whites of five eggs and stir into sugar and butter. Add cup of sweet milk, three cups flour, two and one half teaspoonfuls of baking powder having been sifted with the flour.

## Ribbon Cake

Whites of five eggs, two cups sugar, three cups flour, two thirds cup sweet milk, three scant teaspoonfuls baking powder. Add red sugar to one half of dough and bake in four layers, two of each.

## Caramel Filling for Cake

One pint cream, one egg, one and one half cups sugar, lump of butter size of walnut. Cook until it begins to turn a little brown then take from the fire and place between layers of cake before it gets cold. I. M. C.

## White Layer Cake

Whites of five eggs, two cups sugar, one half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, two and one fourth cups flour, one teaspoonful lemon, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Filling.—Whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one cup sugar with just enough water to dissolve, boil till it hairs from spoon, pour over eggs and beat till cold.

## Chocolate Cream Pie

One cup milk, pinch salt, one and one half squares chocolate or five tablespoonfuls, two level cups flour, two eggs (yolks only), five tablespoonfuls sugar (level), one teaspoonful vanilla. Put milk, salt and chocolate in upper part double boiler, and when hot and smooth, stir in the flour, which has been mixed with enough cold milk to be thin enough to pour into the hot milk. Cook, stirring constantly, till thick; then let it cook eight or ten minutes, mix eggs and sugar together and pour the hot mixture over them, stirring thoroughly; put back on stove, cook one minute, when cool add vanilla.

## Meringue

Whites of two eggs, pinch salt, four level tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla. Mrs. J. C. S.

## Cement for Broken China

Into a thick solution of gum arabic stir plaster of Paris until the mixture assumes the consistency of cream; apply with a brush to the broken edges of china and join together. The whiteness of the cement adds to its value.

## Slicer Cake

One cup butter and lard, half of each, and two cups of sugar creamed together, add the whites of five eggs, one large cup of sweet milk with a scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Ten drops almond extract. Then add one quart sifted flour with a heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Spread in deep square tin greased and paper lined. Sprinkle with fine sugar and bake in a medium hot oven.

## DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am on the shut-in list for a short time with a broken collar bone. I have time I do not know what to do with. I got in the road of a rolling log from the mountain and the log got the best of me.

We live on a ranch and have lots of work to do. My husband and two boys, twelve and fourteen manage it all, both in doors and out. My husband is a good cook and we are bringing our boys up to understand this art, for here in (CONTINUED IN SUPPLEMENT PAGE 1.)

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

(that used to be a golden color once), and have fair skin, and I am fifteen years old.

I would like to correspond with any of the cousins, especially those out West on a ranch or "up north."

Tell Toby our pup "Dan," sends his best regards and wishes him success in life. Your niece,

JULIE G. ODOM.

Juliet, I am always glad to hear from the land of flowers and sunshine. I have a warm spot in my heart for you Southern girls. I am greatly interested in your letter, especially your account of your trip to the Gulf of Mexico, but one of the most interesting incidents in your

letter, and certainly the most exciting was your account of rowing on that Indian mound. I certainly would have liked to have seen you rowing a boat up the side of a miniature mountain. All that I can picture is either that the mound was pretty straight, or that you performed a miracle. I knew a man who tried to row a boat up Pike's Peak, but it appeared he had been spending ten nights in a barroom, and previous to that had spent ten years in a lunatic asylum. I'll bet you had to pull on the oars and strain your muscles to get that row boat on top of that mound. Another thing I am very much interested in and that is the clam chowder picnic. I am living within a few miles of the great clam chowder belt, and know everything about clams that is worth knowing. You say you had clam chowder for dinner, and the man had to fish for them. I certainly would like to see a man diving in the ocean for a bowl of clam chowder. I should also like to see the cook at the bottom of the sea making the clam chowder. —I am afraid he would have a pretty wet fire, and I am afraid your clam chowder had a pretty salty taste by the time it had been dived for and brought to the surface. I am very much interested in those Indians from the Everglades, the most interesting race of people in the world. I should very much like to see them in their short skirts and derby hats. I'll bet the mosquitoes have lots of fun under those short skirts. It is not very nice of people to keep their hats on in church, but if the Indians were asked to remove their hats, they might perhaps think they had to remove their skirts as well, and then there would be something doing.

Thank you, Juliet for your lovely letter. I enjoyed it immensely, especially the clam chowder.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given these sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend. If you already take the paper, all who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

## How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending twenty cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscription now. When you do this, it costs but ten cents to join the League, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for your name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but ten cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty-five cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

## League Sunshine and Mercy Work for November

(Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.)

Positively no appeals inserted without references from responsible persons. One reference must be from the local postmaster. Mrs. E. S. Mead, Topeka, K. D. 8, Kansas.

Helpless shut-in (widow), great sufferer, very needy. Sells lovely bookmarks, ten and fifteen cents. Please help this refined educated woman to help herself. Rebecca Whitfield, and her sister Emily of Finleyson, Ga., are both helpless, needy shut-ins. Worthy cases. Give them a silver shower. Annie Peavey, Peavey, Ala. Sweet, patient young sufferer. Send her sunshine, you'll not regret it. Thos. P. Day, Fauvel, Prov. Quebec, Canada. Needy shut-in. Send him a dime shower. Jas. F. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Shut-in seven years. Fine references. Very needy and worthy—give him a boost. W. B. Howards (40), Lake Joe, Fla. Unable to walk for five years, owing to rheumatism. Needs wheel chair and assistance. Family of small children depending upon him. Mrs. L. R. Underhill, Barlow, Ky. Twenty-three years a shut-in—wants quilt pieces and cheery letters. Mrs. J. R. Wallace, Cardiff, Md. shut-in. Wants good reading matter and cheery letters only. Fine correspondent. Luther J. Chadwick, Rosine, Miss. Sick for five years, needs hospital treatment, no means. Lena Hicks (14), Moark, Ark. Little shut-in, wants cheery letters. Joe Barker (17), Stanley, N. C. Shut-in for eighteen months, wants cheery letters. Emanuel W. Ritter, Woodlawn, Baltimore, R. D. 5, Md. Crippled, wants cheery letters only. Paul Fletcher, Box 352, Newport, N. H. Wants cheery letters only. John E. Runyon, Jr., Catlettsburg, Ky., shut-in twenty-one years. Send him some cheery letters and reading matter. Mrs. Pearl Guffey, Reno, Nevada, would like to take a girl of seven or eight to raise. Miss Edna Turner, Richmond, Ky. Lost her house by fire, would be glad of clothing. Ellen Kinney, Brockport, N. Y. Helpless widow shut-in. Graves your help. Mrs. Dorcas Arnold (83), West Kingston, R. I. Poor old lady is helpless, paralyzed. Send her some substantial aid. Percy M. Caudle (26), Randleman, N. C. Poor young man has consumption, very sick and has little girl depending on him. Pitiful case, who will help? Anna Hereford, Pedro, R. D. 1, Ohio, implores aid for her husband. He had cancer, leg has been amputated, she has had to neglect work to nurse him. They are in great need. Well recommended. Mrs. Todd, the leper, is free from suffering. God has taken her home.

This is a smaller list than usual as I've destroyed hundreds of appeals owing to lack of references. Names of people are not references. This work is done to help all you poor shut-ins and you must help us by strictly observing the reference rule. This action is necessary to protect the worthy sick and keep impostors from preying on the charitable. Delsia Simpson writes from a Kansas City hospital and says she's greatly improved. She's very grateful for help rendered her. Many sent dimes and small sums to me to forward to her and others. I presume this is done to give me a lot of extra trouble, and I wish you'd quit doing this right here and now. Send your money to those who need it not to me. What fool business to send a dime to Maine for a girl in Kansas City. The cost of time, stationery, and postage is twice as great as the sums forwarded and I personally have to stand the expense and I just can't and won't do it. Now be good, and don't add to my burdens by thoughtless acts.

Now dearies make the Thanksgivings of our poor shut-ins happy and bright. Remember me at your Thanksgiving dinners, and ask God to bless us in the work we are doing. Lovingly,

Uncle Charlie

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The best piano \$175  
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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## The Care of Guinea-fowls

**G**UINEA-FOWLS are becoming quite fashionable nowadays. The ordinary speckled variety are to be seen in the best markets of all the large cities, and are used extensively in restaurants and hotels, to take the place of game, which is yearly becoming more scarce. The pure white variety has become popular with people who have country homes in suburban districts, for the birds, with their white plumage and bright red heads, are ornamental and attractive, and improve the appearance of a lawn. Though small, they don't scratch, as do ordinary chickens, and so can be given the freedom of the garden at all seasons of the year; so the poultry man or woman who cares to add these birds to their stock will find them very profitable, especially if they happen to live near a settlement of summer homes.

They are naturally extremely shy and suspicious of strangers, but readily succumb to patient coaxing, and their confidence once gained, they become friendly and devoted, guarding the place with the watchful care of a good dog; in fact, so far as the poultry is concerned, they are more useful, for they seem to possess intuition of the hawk's approach, and their shrill cry frightens the chicken-thieves more effectually than a gun.

A trio of the ordinary speckled guinea fowls cost about two dollars; the pure white perhaps three—not more—and should be purchased in the fall or winter, so that they will have time to become perfectly familiar with their surroundings before nesting time. They need no special house, all that is necessary for their comfort being a roost high up in a shed. If left to themselves they will take to the trees, and in all probability will get frozen if the winters should be very severe, so the safest plan with new birds is to cover the front of a shed with two-inch wire netting, just tacking it up lightly, so that it can easily be removed at the end of two or three weeks, when they are accustomed to their new quarters.

While they are prisoners, feed the trio two or three times a day, about half a pint of mixed wheat and cracked corn night and morning, and at noon about half the quantity of grain, with a little chopped meat or ground bone alternating with vegetables. All this food should be cut quite small, or the guinea fowls will not eat it. Like other birds, they must have a constant supply of sharp grit and fresh water.

As a market commodity they have been growing in favor during the last five years, to take the place of game during the closed season.

Guinea-fowls commence laying when the first warm days come in April. As it is their natural instinct to be very secretive about laying, some patience and diplomacy are necessary to locate their nests. The usual spot selected is a hollow in the ground, by the root of a tree, or fence-post well screened by brush. Don't attempt to approach it while they are in sight. Go away, and return later armed with a long-handled spoon. The eggs are almost the color of the earth and often covered with fallen leaves, so it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Be very careful not to touch the nest with your hand. Guinea fowls seem able to scent the human hand about the nest; they can also count up to three. For that reason leave that number of eggs in the nest, removing the others with the spoon to insure that Mrs. Guinea's suspicion.

When you have fifteen stolen eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on one side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest-box inside (at one end) of another box, two and a half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of wire netting for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking-pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby guinea fowls are very little, box is quit easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate guinea-eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nest-boxes, and even when they are on the grass run, you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks and crevices in or around the sides, for they are such mites and have such capacities for getting through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knot-hole or some depression in the ground has escaped your vigilance and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient. It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated three or four times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may search all day with little success.

## Bill of Fare for Baby Guineas

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours, then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed, 7 a. m.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 a. m.—Millet seed.

Third feed, 11:30 a. m.—Chopped onion-tops, half a cup; corn meal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a cup; a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumbly.

Fourth feed, 2 p. m.—Pinhead oats, crushed a little finer than it is when bought.

Fifth feed, 5 p. m.—Liver that has been half-boiled; cracked wheat and corn, equal parts. These bills of fare can be varied with pot cheese, custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread crumbs moistened with milk, hard-boiled eggs—but every day they must have meat (more than chicks need), and pepper or mustard-seed crushed and fed in soft food. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the run, and, of course, water in a drinking fountain that will allow only the beak to get wet.

## Correspondence

H. L.—Will you tell me how to grow bulbs in the house for Easter flowering? I know this question does not belong to poultry, but I saw a place you had written about bulbs and house-plants in some other paper, and I think that perhaps you will help me, as I am an old subscriber to COMFORT, and an interested reader of the poultry column.

A.—You are quite right. I am willing and glad to give our subscribers any help in my power, no matter what the subject, so long as I know enough about it to make my advice serviceable. Daffodils, narcissus, snowdrops, crocuses, hyacinths, and Chinese lilies are all good for house culture, and can be grown in earth, moss or water, though I think that bulbs in earth is the best material to use. For several years I planted bulbs in August or September for Christmas

flowering, and in October or November for Easter. The principal points about culture are: First, to get good sound bulbs. It is better always to send to well-established seedsmen and pay a fair price, than to buy cheap bulbs which may have been out of the ground so long that they have lost vitality. If earth is used, put a few pieces of broken crock or cinders at the bottom of a six-inch pot. Lay them in flat, for there is no necessity to have drainage, as in the case of other plants. Fill the pot loosely with rich fibrous earth. I make these by cutting away the under part of coarse sods, and mixing with it clean sharp sand; and if you collect the sand from a river bottom, be sure and wash it through several waters before mixing it with the soil. Press the bulb into the center of the earth until it is about half an inch below the surface. Water very thoroughly, to insure the earth being saturated with moisture.

Four or five snowdrops or crocus bulbs can be put into one six-inch pot, but it is much better for the small plants, to buy what florists call "dishes," which are really pots, from two to three inches high, and round or square in shape. Stand the pots containing the bulbs in a shallow box which has a layer of moss from two to three inches deep at the bottom. Then set the box in a dark cupboard, where an even, moderate temperature can be maintained. Look at them occasionally and water slightly if it seems necessary. For they must be kept just moist. In about six or eight weeks the pots will be full of roots, and should then be brought into the light, to encourage top-growth. At first a north window—and slightly shaded—is best, but after a few days, when the leaves are two or three inches high, remove to brighter light, where they can get some sun. The secret of having bright-colored flowers is in keeping the bulbs in the dark until the roots are thoroughly developed; for if put immediately into a light window after potting, they will develop top growth more rapidly than root-growth; the result being that the plant is never sufficiently fed, and will appear sickly even if it develops flowers. I know a lady who makes fancy baskets and boxes of willow or bark during the summer, fills them with bulbs early in the fall, and at Easter sells them for two or three dollars each.

M. H.—Has been losing little chicks. Chicks seem hungry, but can't swallow. Crops are filled with frothy water, and they eventually die. Some of the hens have sore mouths, on which she has used alum and coal tar. One hen was examined after death, and found to have enlarged liver covered with spots. M. H.'s neighbor has had hens and chicks affected in the same way.

A.—Judging from the method of feeding which you outline in your letter, it proves that you have been in the habit of using a great deal of hard food, boiled buckwheat, corn bread, corn meal and milk, or starchy and clogging foods. So I think the trouble has been acute indigestion in the old birds, which has caused their eggs to be wanting in vitality. You know, unless the egg contains the right ingredients, it can't develop a healthy chick, and if a hen is given food which forms fat only, it is impossible for her eggs to hold the necessary ingredients for bone and fiber, and the chicks hatched from such eggs will surely be weak constitutionally, and when they in turn are fed in the same way, it is really a hopeless task to try and rear them. As all your old birds are undoubtedly in a poor condition, I should advise you to gradually kill off, and either buy new hens early in the spring, or eggs for hatching from some farm where you know the fowls to be healthy. For your old hens, feed a morning mash of equal parts of oats and corn and bran three times a week, and chopped, steamed clover hay mixed with ground corn and oats, four mornings in the week; whole winter oats at noon, and corn for supper. If the birds are in yards, see that they have plenty of corn food and grit.

A. L. G.—Please help my poor little chicks. I was careless about the mother hen, and the chicks have become infested with lice. I tried Dr. Williams' lice-killer, but it did me no good, so I greased the heads. The day after, it rained, and though their coop was tight and dry, they ran out as soon as the rain stopped, and got very wet. The next morning one was dead, four sleepy and hardly able to stand, and the whole clutch sick. At the back of their heads, just above the wings, they had a hard, foul crust, which was worse than any rotten eggs I bathed it off with warm water, and dusted starch on the sore places, as the down had all come off, and they looked as if they had been scalded. Their joints were stiff, and they wanted to sleep all the time. They ate well, but were wild for water. Their crops were stuffed so I gave them nutmilk, and indigestion, and carbolic in the drinking water. I have raised a number of chickens, but I never saw anything like this before.

A.—Truly such a condition is puzzling, especially as I gathered from your letter that the entire clutch was affected exactly in the same way. I can suggest, is that the grease that you put on their heads ran down and lodged on their shoulders, where in all probability there was a collection of the insect powder, and that the grease dissolved and brought into action some ingredient of the powder, which caused the trouble. It is not safe to use insect powder of any sort on very young chicks. For the future, powder the hen before you set her—twice during the time of incubation, the last application about the sixteenth day. Use a perfectly clean box or coop, which has been painted with kerosene oil, and when the hatch comes off, move the family to a clean, disinfected brood-coop. Then put a small box-run in front of the coop, with a good layer of sweepings from the hay-mow, or dig up a little soil near the coop for the chicks to scratch in. Exercise and dry food, given in small quantities, and about every two hours during the first nine days of their lives, will prevent any possibility of stuffed crops. It is better to prevent indigestion than to try dosing baby creatures.

C. B. G.—I have had nice-looking hens all summer, but now they seem to be losing their feathers and have stopped laying. What is it called? I never had chickens until this year, so don't know much about them.

A.—You needn't worry. It is nothing but the annual moult, which all birds have. Feed well, and add a teaspoonful of oil meal to every quart of mash. In a few weeks your hens will have a new coat of feathers and be laying as well as ever.

O. J.—Can you tell me how many squab a pair of pigeons will raise in a year, and at what age squabs are marketable?

A.—Homer A.—Homer pigeons are the best breed for squab-raising, as the squabs are larger and have a better appearance for market. A conservative estimate is five pair of squab from each pair of Homers, that is, when the birds are well housed and fed. Squabs are marketable when about four weeks old, or just before they are ready to leave the nest. Each pair of mature pigeons must have two nests, as the hen-bird lays and commences to set on the second clutch before the first.

## The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Mrs. J. E. C.—As you do not say if you are tall or short, or if your face is broad or narrow, I cannot give very good advice as to hairdressing. A pompadour is becoming to nearly everyone. Try waving your hair on hair pins, and it will go up more easily. You say your skin is sunburnt or sandy. If the latter, drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. It will whiten your face and bring the roses. For bust developer see Mrs. Cinderella.

L. M. C.—Thin your thick lips by rubbing them with this: Melt one ounce of cold cream, add one gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips, let macerate over fire hours, then strain through cheese cloth.

Lizzie.—Do not use tannin now. Massage your lips with cold cream or skin food.

Dutch D.—See reply to L. M. C. Rub lightly so as not to cause an irritation.

Old Subscriber.—Use this to restore gray hair to original color:

## Restorer for Grey Hair

Sulphate of iron, one dram; sulphur, one half dram; tincture of labrador, one ounce; extract of rosemary, four drams; extract of thyme, four drams; rose-spirits, one ounce; glycerine, one ounce, elderflower water, one pint.

Apply daily until color is restored.

Mrs. A. R. S.—You certainly are in trouble and as you have used massage and tonics and are treating your hair in a sensible manner, and no good results have appeared, why not use anole root? See answers to Pearl M. The curling fluid is not harmful especially, but why not let these things alone until your hair is in a good condition?

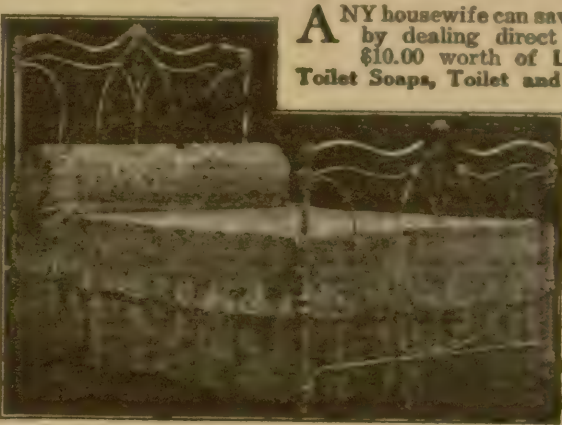
Blue-eyed.—See reply to Pearl M.

Baby Navajo.—See latter part of reply to Nancy L. H. Stop using the comb you mention and try this:

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## Tonic to Increase Growth of Hair

Forty grains of resorcin, one ounce of water, one ounce each of witchhazel and alcohol.

Apply to scalp every night.

Mrs. R. A. R.—Instead of Peroxide use lotion given Mrs. Mame S.

D. W. W.—Reduce abdomen and hips by standing erect with arms stretched out straight in front of you. Now bend, keeping your knees perfectly rigid, until your finger tips touch the floor. Repeat this exercise for fifteen minutes, night and morning. You won't be able to touch the floor the first few days, but later you will.

Dora, Gladys.—Try treatment given to Merritt, only you can eat salted cracker, if you get hungry. You should weigh about one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Tell your sister to drink milk, sipping it slowly. It will make her gain.

Mrs. A. M. S., New Mexico.—Do not reduce. It is just a phase of your condition. Be patient and it will pass away.

Honey Dew.—Answering your question No. 1, it does not enlarge pores. Answering question No. 2, I advise using the following for enlarged pores: Place in a half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elderflower water and add two tablespoonfuls of castor oil. Shake well and slowly add one half ounce simple tincture of benzoin. Fill bottle with elderflower water. This contracts enlarged pores and bleaches the face.

A Reader.—A red nose is caused either by impeded circulation or indigestion. Tight collars, cuffs, shoes, belts, etc., will cause a red nose. Find out which causes yours and remove it. For a greasy nose try wiping every little while with a cloth dipped in alcohol, after which powder.

Zelma.—I advise you to consult a nose, eye and ear specialist (a good one). You may have an obstruction in your nose and it would have to be cut out. I had this done once and have never suffered from so-called catarrh since. The Milk Diet would do no good. What a pretty name you have.

Vivian L.—You might try vigorous massage with aromatic vinegar. It might reduce your ankles, but I won't guarantee it.

Brown-eyed, Kansas.—You should weigh about one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Take the Milk Diet and you will gain. No, you can't do anything with your hip, except pad it.

Miss Josie.—Hot water does not plump. It merely purifies the blood and gives one a clear skin. As you can't get the toilet vinegar use this:

## Astringent to Reduce Bust

Rub the breasts every night with this: Aristol, two grams; white vaseline, thirty grams; essence of peppermint, ten drops. Then cover with compresses wet with two grams of alum; acetate of lead, thirty grams; distilled water, four hundred grams. This treatment takes several months. I do not recommend it.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## Prize Beauty Contest Postponed

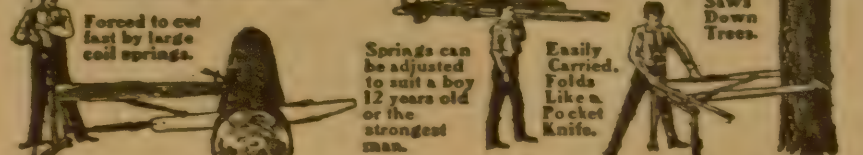
We are obliged to postpone awarding Prize in Beauty Contest announced in May COMFORT. Not enough photographs having been sent in for a competition, we will announce a different offer later.

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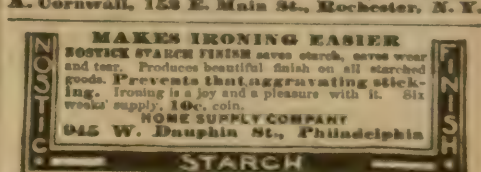
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# A SPECKLED BIRD

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Buelah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-zealous, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Egbert Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Egbert. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Egbert. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert." Marcia. They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Egbert. Two years later Marcia is suddenly killed. "Father," Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Egbert and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy solist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and a gasp follow. Egbert recognizes in a cash box the solist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at Fourteenth St. Noel and Egbert drive to a department store. Egbert makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type. A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Herriott offers to Egbert the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Egbert realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship. Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Egbert's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. Her father, warm and kind, resigns the senatorship. Egbert questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother!" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. He cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Egbert's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one can not avoid. Egbert goes to work. Herriott finds her in the old Greco-Roman theater at Aix-les-Bains and he realizes an undisguised annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Egbert break her heart over his selfishness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgives everything. Egbert and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation and Egbert fronts the world with calm defiance. She learns from a newspaper clipping the cause of her father's resignation.

Father Temple tries to dissuade Mr. Herriott from his proposed Polar trip. Egbert receives and reads a letter from Mrs. St. Clair concerning Mr. Herriott's future plans. Egbert hears footsteps, and her father's voice, "Egbert will be home soon." Herriott is glad to talk in her absence. Judge Kent knows the deplorable matter to which he refers. Duncan Keith dying craves an oath from Herriott, that he take a box to his boy when he is twenty-one—the proof of his innocence is in it. Judge Kent knows it will disgrace him and break Egbert's heart. She listens numb with shame, she will secure it at any cost. She meets Noel and begs him not to leave her. If he goes it breaks her heart. If he must go will he take her with him. They can be married at night. They board the train. There is only one proof that will convince her she is first in his heart. Give to her the box of papers that will incriminate her father. He refuses and she admits her object in marrying. She cannot get possession of what she purchases. She has no papers and he no wife.

## CHAPTER XXI. (CONTINUED.)

HE had grown ghastly pale, and her lips fluttered. In the brief silence a sick child's breath cried rolled through the adjoining sleeper, then the train thundered into a tunnel.

"Mr. Herriott I am so utterly miserable cruel words even from you, no longer have power to wound me. I—" She laughed, nervously, and sat upright.

"My worse than useless appeal to your mercy reminds me of a picture of the Deluge I once saw, when I was a happy child. A drowning woman clung to the edge of an open window in the ark, begging succor, and Noah leaned out and pried off her grasping hands, smiting her back into hungry waves. I shall obey your wishes, Mr. Herriott, in but one step you have suggested. I do not believe in the validity of divorces. Vows made to God can never be cancelled by civil processes. A consecrated minister is not a mere notary public to attest signatures to a deed. My marriage is forever sacred as my baptism; my covenant in His sight, in His holy name stands always—'till death us do part.' You shall be as free as you wish. You need never see me again, but so long as I live I intend to hold myself your wife."

"Will you do me the kindness to hand me your ring?"

She drew it from her finger and held it toward him. He turned it slowly, smiling bitterly. "You have not seen the inscription, 'Till death us do part.' The sight of it must be an unpleasant reminder, and I hope and ask that you will never wear it. As a worthless symbol of what no longer exists allow me to throw it away."

"Just as you please; only remember you have no right to do so, it is mine. If it were cast into the ocean, I should never cease to feel its sacred clasp on my finger."

He laid it on the seat beside her, and she replaced it on her hand. He looked at this watch.

"It will soon be daylight. I am going into the smoking car. Perhaps you can rest. Shall I send the porter?"

"No, I could not sleep."

He went out, closing the door carefully. With a smothered groan she sank back, and beat her palms against each other. Humiliated, sorely wounded, yet indignant—almost hopeless, but defiant—she stubbornly refused to despair until she had exhausted every means at her command.

After a while she knelt down and prayed God's help in her mission to save her father. She never knew that the door had glided noiselessly half way in its groove and that Mr. Herriott stood there to ask if she needed anything. He saw the figure bowed in prayer, and stole away as softly as he came. The strain was telling upon her quivering nerves. Hysterical aching in her throat, parched and dry, was almost intolerable, and the wailing carnations so burdened the air that when she rose her head swam.

After an hour she struggled to her feet. If she had some water it might cool her throat. From her satchel she took a cup, opened the door, and, supporting herself by one hand on the wall of the car, she walked down the narrow pas-

sage, where she knew the water-tank stood near the porter's seat. Before she reached it she saw Mr. Herriott leaning sideways against the glass door opening on the platform. Just then the brakeman raised his lantern, and the flash showed a hopelessly sad face sternly set under the close-fitting traveling cap. As she turned back, he saw her and advanced.

"What do you wish?"

"She held out the cup."

"Some water, please."

She reeled, clutched at the wall, and for an instant everything spun round. He placed her in the porter's folding chair, and when he held the cup to her mouth saw that her teeth chattered. She drank spasmodically, and a long shuddering sigh drifted across her white lips.

"You must lie down and rest. The porter will arrange your berth."

She shook her head and rose.

"You cannot walk alone; lean on me."

"Yes, I can help myself now. I was thirsty and dizzy."

She drew back, but he put his arm around her, holding her firmly against him, and placed her on the seat in the drawing-room. She pointed to the carnations.

"The perfume is overpowering. I can't reach them. Please take them out."

Lifting an arm he snapped the string.

"Like every other souvenir and symbol of tonight, they are simply sickening."

Raising the window he threw the flowers into a river across which the locomotive was cautiously feeling its way. He opened his own satchel, leaning against hers on the opposite seat, took out a silver flask, and poured some ruby, aromatic liquid into the cup.

"You are sadly spent; take this."

"No, I do not need anything more."

"You must. It is merely a mild cocktail."

"No, Mr. Herriott, I prefer not."

"A few hours ago did you swear to obey me?"

Drunk it.

She hid her face in her hand and shivered.

"Egbert, try to control yourself."

"Please don't take any trouble on my account."

## COMFORT'S Wonderful Word Square PUZZLE

We don't know the answer. Can you tell us?



### COMFORT'S Wonderful Word-Square Puzzle

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just leave me alone with my torturing forebodings. No one but God can help me now. The sight of me is painful to you, and I shrink from annoying you. Mr. Herriott, please leave me to myself."

He sat down beside her, the cup in his hand.

"Tonight you have made me suffer more than you will ever understand—you have hurt me beyond all possibility of healing—and, perhaps, in the terribly sudden overthrow of my beautiful hopes you had called into existence, I may have seemed harsh. If so, you must pardon any desperate words my torture wrung from me. Poor child, you have sorrows enough without any additions from my hand. I cannot trust myself to talk to you; my temper is sometimes beyond control, and you have bruised my heart so sorely I am not sure of self-command. Poor little girl! Do me the favor to drink this, because I ask it."

He held the cup to her lips and she drank. He took a pillow from the opposite seat and put it behind her head.

"If you need anything you have only to open the door and I shall come."

"Mr. Herriott, there is but one thing I shall ever ask you to do for me. The ring you placed on my finger I took off at your request. Here it is. With your own hand put it back where it belongs, and it will be there when I die."

Sue held out her hand with the ring in her palm. He looked at her intently, and his lips tightened.

"Repeat a mockery? A shameful farce!"

He lifted the glittering circle, tossed it up twice, struggling with the impulse to hurl it through the window, then suddenly slipped it on her finger, dropped her hand, and, picking up his satchel, left her.

Would the night never end? If Duncan Keith refused to sell? She thought of quiet, lovely olive-clad plains in Sicily, with pergolas cool in green shadows of vines, where they might retreat from disgraceful publicity. Mr. Herriott scorned, repudiated her, and henceforth she could devote herself entirely to tender care of her father. Ambition and hope were dead, but was there any anesthetic to still the burning stings of memory? She went to the opposite seat and rested her head against the open window. A thin, yellow, fading old moon hung like a specter in the sky where the morning star lighted the way for the coming new day, and the dew-sprinkled air swept in, spiced with waves of aroma from a blooming vineyard.

Hamlets, meadows, fields, bridges, the looming shadow of a wooded mountain fled past as the train rocked, hummed, and flew on. Looking up at the quiet heavens, Egbert lifted her hands and heart in passionate appeal.

"Dear God, have mercy upon us! If I did wrong, forgive my sin. Help me now to save my poor unfortunate father, and I will strive to be a better Christian all the remainder of my days."

At eight o'clock a waiter brought her breakfast. Later, when Mr. Herriott came in, it was evident he had mastered himself; the fury of white heat had chilled to cold steel. He was very pale, and an unusual rigidity locked his features.

"You must be very tired of this close place, and I am glad we shall change cars. It is a fine day, and the scenery along the route will interest you. Here is our train. Give me your wrap and satchel."

The change was into a parlor car with fresh, linen-covered revolving chairs, and wide windows framing lovely spring pastorals—sheep on a green hillside, cattle knee deep in rock-bedded crystal streams, and everywhere the busy bird world nest building.

Egbert drew a deep breath of relief, and, as Mr. Herriott pushed a hassock under her feet, she looked up at him.

"Thank you. Will you be so kind as to tell me when we shall reach the place where your ward lives?"

"I think the train has about made up lost time, and we are due at Woodbury at half-past six. It is not on the trunk line, and we take a narrow gauge just beyond Carville."

Both wound their watches, and then, liberally supplied with magazines and papers, settled comfortably in adjoining seats. She was the only woman in the car, and a dozen men were scattered about, a few playing cards, some dozing, others absorbed in newspapers.

Mr. Herriott sat in front of his companion, his chair turned half around and toward the window. After a time he took from his satchel a folded chart and note-book. Spreading the

knees, trotted it, patted it, but with no quieting success, and, when the engine blew long and loud for a bridge crossing, the frightened child screamed distressingly.

The officer rose.

"I am sorry to annoy the passengers, but the nurse has been taken so ill she cannot hold her head up, and as the boy cries to go to her, I was obliged to bring him in here. He never saw me until last night. I was on a cruise when his poor mother died."

Once more he essayed to whistle, and swayed to and fro with a rocking motion, but finally desperate, he turned to a young man in a neighboring chair, who was smiling over a cartoon in "Puck."

"Sir, would you do me the great kindness to hold him just a moment, while I get something from my nurse?"

"All right, I will try; but I happen to be a bachelor, and I never held a baby in my life. Come on, little man. Some day you surely will make a star screamer in opera. Now for it, sonny."

He held out his arms, but, as the father attempted to transfer the boy, the sight of another strange face increased his terror; the little hands grasped the officer's beard, and the baby shrieked in protest.

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Egbert rose and crossed the car.

"He is accustomed to women; perhaps I can quiet him. Will you allow me to try?"

"O, thank you, madam!"

She took one little hand, caressed it, toyed with the fingers, and cooed as only women can. After a moment the child ceased crying, and when very gently she took it and laid it up against her shoulder the little creature nestled close to her. His suspicion, however, was not entirely allayed. Suddenly he lifted his head, stared curiously into her face, and when she laid her cheek on his, wet with tears, he seemed reassured, and clung to her, his lips touching her throat.

The young man leaned over and whispered to a friend in the chair before him.

"He shows good taste in picking his nurse. Is not she a beauty? I have been watching that handsome couple, and things are not serene in their camp. I was near him in the smoker, and his face looked like a brownstone statue with live wild-cat eyes."

Egbert walked slowly up and down the aisle, humming low and very softly Luchien's "Schlummerlied." Now and then the child sobbed faintly.

The officer came back with a bottle of milk, but, as he hurried forward, Egbert shook her head. After a little while the exhausted baby slept soundly.

"Madam, I cannot thank you sufficiently for your goodness. I will relieve you now, and I trust the passengers will excuse the annoyance."

"Let me keep him a while; he still sobs now and then, and if moved might wake. A good nap will quiet his nerves."

"It is too great a tax on you, madam."

"When I am tired, I shall bring him to you."

"In a half hour we get home, and since you are so very kind, I will help the nurse arrange luggage for our station."

Egbert went back to her own chair, and holding the little creature with her right arm softly patted him with her left hand. At every motion the wedding ring flashed like a dancing demon in Mr. Herriott's watching eyes.

"Poor little chap. Did you mesmerize him?"

"I think there is telepathy in great trouble. He feels intuitively that someone else is suffering torture, and a fellow feeling drew him to me."

She avoided looking at him, and her eyes followed the evolutions of a flock of white geese holding regatta in a pond close to the railway track.

After some moments, she cautiously and tenderly laid her muslin-clad burden in her lap, and smoothed out the long lace-ruffled robe. With a start one little hand was thrown up, but she caught and held it. He was a handsome boy, and when she untied the lace cap, too tight at his throat, his fluffy yellow locks enhanced his beauty.

The sight of the baby fingers clinging to the hand where the gold band shone renewed the struggle Mr. Herriott was trying to crush.

Leaning toward her, he said: "Last night, at your request, I stifled my repugnance, and did what I deeply regret. Today I must ask you for the only favor you can ever grant me. Give me back my ring."

There was an angry pant in his voice that made the words a demand rather than request.

"Mr. Herriott, I am sorry to refuse any wish of yours, but I cannot."

"I want it."

She looked steadily at him.

"So do I. When I die it will be where you placed it; but in the coffin human covenants end, and I will order it sent to you by those who lay me in the grave. My ring is the badge of my loyalty—not yours. You are as free as you wish to be, but when I meet my God He will know I kept my marriage vows—always."

"And the supreme vow was to love me!"

From the fury in his eyes she did not flinch.

"Yes, I intended to keep all. I thought I might learn to love you; and that you would

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be patient with me. I wanted to love you, and, as God hears me, I meant to spend my life trying to love you."

Unable to restrain words he was unwilling to utter, he sprang up and took refuge on the front platform.

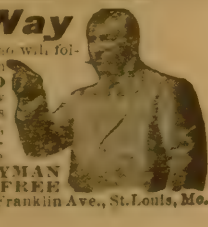
A prolonged whistle of the engine announced the next stop, and the baby awoke with a startled cry, just as his father entered, followed by the nurse, a middle-aged woman who looked too ill to stand. Egbert rose and laid the child in her arms.

"Madam, I am deeply grateful for your courtesy and goodness. I intended handing my card

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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# The Message of the Flame

## A Thanksgiving Story

Written for Comfort by Fred F. Fitch

**P**HEBE ANN'S tender heart was strained nearly to bursting, but she bravely forced back the rising tears and placed her hand tenderly upon the bowed head of the grief-stricken man, patting and stroking the thick hair lovingly.

"There, Stillman," she said soothingly, repressing with effort the catch in her voice, "don't take it so hard."

The young man, hopeless and dejection written in every line of his bowed and huddled form, in the bent head clasped between the trembling hands, and in the care-lined face that he raised to her, threw out his hands in a gesture of despair.

"How else can I take it?" he demanded bitterly. "Everyone's hand is against us—God's, man's, and the devil's. First comes the drought, and the crops fail; then sickness, and the stock dies; then the timber burns, and our last source of revenue is taken from us; and now comes the mortgage—due tomorrow, and not even the interest money at hand. How would I take it, but hard?" he demanded again, rising hastily and pacing the floor impatiently, even wildly.

"There's father and mother, old and feeble, asking only for a roof to shelter them and a few crumbs to feed them in their declining years, and I," stretching out his sinewy arms in passionate evidence, "strong, able and hearty—I have to stand idly by and see sorrow and poverty settle upon them in their last days—Everyone is against us," he repeated bitterly.

"Don't say that," the girl cried reproachfully. "Don't say that everyone is against you. I can't do much, but you know that I—," and she fell into a passion of sobbing, unable to finish.

The young man's face softened. "Forgive me, Phebe Ann," he said tenderly, drawing her to him, and gently forcing the little hands from her tear-stained face. "I didn't realize what I was saying—There, don't cry. I know you're the best little girl in the world, and I love you, Phebe Ann. I've never told you so before, because I didn't think I had the right, we being so poor and things going against us so, but now, even though calamity is upon us, I can't keep quiet any longer. I know I'm selfish, but in my trouble I want someone to love and cheer me."

The girl smiled up at him happily. "Dear Stillman," she said, her eyes shining through her tears, "I'm glad you've told me this. I'm not afraid of poverty—I'm not afraid of anything that may happen—if I have you. Ever since your dear father saved me from the poor-farm and brought me here to live, I've loved you. Yes, even when I was only a little mite of an orphan baby. I haven't forgotten how good you have always been to me, nor the kindnesses you did me when you were prosperous, and now I'm proud to know that I can help you. I'll work and dig, and together we'll make a home for the old folks and ourselves."

Then, with all the skill at her command she gently led his thoughts away from the impending disaster, and through her tender ministrations he soon became absorbed in hopeful contemplation of the bright future that she outlined. She called attention to his youth, his strength, his energy, and to her own loving intentions.

"Why, Stillman," she said, laughingly, "the world is at our feet. With the lith, industry, and determination, there is nothing that we cannot accomplish."

"Yes, Phebe Ann," he agreed hopefully, "but I cannot condemn you to the life of drudgery that you are so willing to embrace. No," he said determinedly, in reply to her protestations. "I've told you that I love you—although perhaps I shouldn't have done so—and we'll be married some day—just as soon as circumstances will permit. But it won't be until I've made a home for you." His face darkened gloomily. "I've got to go away—to the city, I expect. There's nothing here. If it were summer there'd be a little work to do for the neighbors, but now there's nothing. There's no use thinking about staying here. The farm's all run down and the buildings are falling to pieces—And for years this was the best farm in the township," he commented bitterly. "Well, you can't do anything without money. Perhaps if things hadn't gone against us—but there's no use talking about that. I've got a little money saved, Phebe Ann—enough to keep you and the old folks through the winter, and I'll go to the city and earn the money to start again."

He walked to the window and stood for some time gazing sadly out across the familiar fields, now whitened by a sifting snow, the first of the winter. She joined him there, slipping her hand into his and pressing his big fingers encouragingly. His arm stole gently around her, and they stood there silently, in subdued happiness and loving communion.

"Well," he said finally, turning reluctantly away, "let's go in to supper. I shall not tell them until after tomorrow. I'll not spoil their Thanksgiving day, although God knows they've got little enough to be thankful for."

She placed her fingers on his lips chidingly. "You mustn't talk so Stillman," she rebuked him gently. "They've got you—and that's a great deal," she added lovingly.

"And you," he supplemented tenderly, "and that's a great deal more."

In his mother's eyes shone a light of pride and tenderness when the two entered the sitting-room, which in the winter served also as a dining-room. And, after placing a few sticks upon the fire, the son crossed to his mother, arranging the cushion at her back and disposing of the shawl about her shoulders with loving care. The girl meantime bustled about arranging the table for supper, while the old folks babbled childishly, cheered by the presence of the younger ones.

The parents, too old to realize distinctly the full significance of the changes about them, and ignorant of the many disasters that had befallen them, drowsed away the days in cheerful confidence in the security of their position. And the son and Phebe Ann shielded them tenderly from the truth, bending to their slightest whim and plotting constantly to keep them within doors, lest they should stumble upon the empty granary and desolated stable, and a realization of the poverty that confronted them.

These were the considerations that cut so deep and soared the young man's overtender conscience, for he had morosely taken to himself much of the blame for the series of calamities that, through no fault of his, had fallen upon them. But, as he chafed inconsequently this Thanksgiving eve, he covered his sorrow with a smiling countenance and gave no sign of the struggle that raged within him.

"Yes, father," he replied to the old man's observation. "It is good to have snow for Thanksgiving—seems more reasonable. Yes, everything is as right as a drum. I've fed and bedded all the stock, and all the chores are done," thinking bitterly of the time of the few tasks that remained for his willing hands to do.

And when the supper dishes were cleared away and the old people had betaken themselves peacefully to bed, he and Phebe Ann sat long discussing the future, so dark in some spots and so bright in others, moderating their voices to soft whispers, so that the old folks might not be disturbed or catch the drift of the conversation.

And when the house had settled into quietness for the night, Stillman tossed wakefully, revolving his plans, and dreading the plunge into the

unexplored depths before him; yet welcoming relief from the depression that had fallen upon him and all about him, and dreaming of wealth and conquest, and ultimate happiness with dear Phebe Ann.

So thinking, he finally dropped into a restless uneasy slumber. How long he slept, he could not tell, but he awoke suddenly and found himself sitting up in bed, his ears strained and his senses alert. He sat thus for some minutes, scarcely breathing, his keen senses tensioned to catch the faintest movement—of what, he could not say. Nor could he have told what he had expected to see or hear.

There was not the slightest sound to break the heavy silence, yet he felt some presence in the room, close beside him. He struck a light and with the sudden flare gazed apprehensively about. But there was nothing to be seen, and after a time he again laid back and tried to sleep. Then, once more he sensed the mysterious presence, he opened his eyes, and something seemed to say, "Get up—get up," something seemed to say. For a time he resisted. Then, to dispel the hallucination, he arose and striking several matches, one after another, searched the room carefully, even tiptoeing out into the silent hall and listening there. He neither found nor heard anything, however, and soon groped his stumbling way back into the room.

Then, when the last match had flickered out, he again felt that uncanny presence. It seemed as though someone walked beside him, so close as to almost brush his side, but when he swept the darkness with his outstretched arms, he encountered nothing. Yet the dreadful presence remained. Nothing was there, yet something walked beside him. The thought was appalling, and in sudden terror he shrunk back against the wall, thinking to thus ward off the fearful thing. He could feel his scalp bristle, and a chill crept along his spine. Then came the impression, as of speech, although no word was uttered.

"Look out the window—Look out the window," it said, and, dragging his stricken limbs across the room, the young man obeyed. Peering through the frost-encrusted panes, his eyes searched the darkness and fell at last upon a flickering light, dancing about the barnyard. With sudden quick relief his fears fell from him, and he could have laughed aloud in reaction from his terror. It was some neighbor probably, upon whose household sudden illness had fallen, or at the worst, a midnight marauder.

Dressing quickly, he slipped silently down the stairs, stopping for an instant to snatch up his shotgun and satisfy himself that it was properly primed and loaded. Then he crept quietly past his slumbering parents' door, through the kitchen, and out into the open.

It had stopped snowing, but overhead thick clouds still loomed. There was but a faint reflected light from the snow covered earth, and although the mysterious light still danced and flickered, he could not distinguish the bearer. Then, as he advanced the light retreated before him.

Convinced now that he had some night prowler to deal with, he cocked the gun and hastened forward. But still he could distinguish no human form—nothing but the dancing light before him, always at the same distance. He stopped and the light stopped. He advanced and the light advanced. And again he felt the cold chill of terror and the presence of someone near him.

Then, piqued by the mystery, he suddenly cast all fears aside and strode determinedly toward the swaying flame ahead. He knew now that it was no lantern or other light of human agency, but he was resolved to run it to earth, be it natural or supernatural. So, he trailed it across the snowclad fields, stopping now and then to listen intently for any sound. But silence reigned supreme, and the light stopped always when he did.

Finally, approaching a rock pile in the center of the pasture, the ghostly radiance faltered and hovered uncertainly over the rocky mound. This time Stillman pressed resolutely on and when he was nearly upon the dancing flame, with a loud report it disappeared, seemingly into the heart of the rock pile.

Skirting the mound cautiously, the young man searched carefully for some explanation of the mystery, but found nothing to reward his efforts. Then, for the first time, it occurred to him that he had been the victim of some illusion or hallucination. Yet, he could have sworn that he had seen and followed the light—and still, common sense and reason were opposed to such improbabilities. He finally succeeded in convincing himself that it was all a hideous nightmare, and, somewhat sheepishly he made his way back to the house and crept softly up-stairs and into bed.

He awoke the next morning much confused. At first he found it difficult to decide whether his experience had been an actuality or merely a dream, but as he struggled back to wakefulness, the scattered halfburnt matches and the shotgun beside the bed convinced him that the adventure had been real. Determined then to investigate further, he arose and dressed, and after a brief toilet, went out into the barnyard, where he easily located his tracks in the light covering of snow.

Even then, his belief was shaken, for his were the only tracks, and obviously, the light could not have traveled without human assistance. He knew now, without question, that his midnight trip had not been a dream, but the absence of other signs convinced him that the light had been an illusion or a figment of his excited imagination. Yet, as he neared the rock pile his pulse quickened.

The foundation of this rock pile had been laid long before his recollection, and his grandfather, in clearing the land of the rocks that constantly worked through the surface, added his donation. And in later years Stillman and his father had from time to time contributed to this monument, erected to the family industry. The pinnacle of the pile was a large flat stone that he himself had placed there some few months before. And as he reached the mound he was startled to see that this stone was split in twain.

Hastily scrambling up the pile, he found that the capstone was indeed shattered and broken, but stranger still—it was scorched and blackened, as by an intense heat or a bolt of lightning. Here then, was tangible proof that the ball of light had not been an illusion. It had led him to this spot and then disappeared into the rocks. What did it mean?

Convinced now that some peculiar significance attached to this strange occurrence and determined to investigate further, he attacked the rock pile eagerly, and step by step traced the mark of the flame down through its center. Finally, when he had nearly reached the bottom and his search gave promise of being fruitless, he paused for breath and casually contemplated the rocks strewn all about him. Reaction from his labors seized him, and for an instant his disgust overwhelmed him.

"Well, I am a fool," he remarked aloud. "But I've gone this far, and I might as well finish the job."

So saying, he stooped again and cast aside the last layer of rocks. Then he straightened suddenly and rubbed his eyes in amazement. There, nestled in a hollow scooped in the ground, was a rusty iron kettle, its metal cover tied on with

blackened and rotting rope. For an instant he hesitated, and then grasped the handle of the kettle and swung it from the cavity.

He noticed that it was very heavy, but even then he had no suspicion of the nature of its contents. Curiosity was his only incentive. The cover was wedged into the kettle solidly, probably by the weight of the rocks that had been piled upon it, and it was several minutes before he succeeded in prying it loose. It came away suddenly, throwing him from his balance and causing him to stumble backwards over the strewn rocks. Quickly recovering himself, he stooped to examine the contents of the kettle. Then his heart leaped and he caught his breath sharply.

The kettle was brimming with yellow gold pieces.

For a full minute he stood transfixed, unable to move or speak. His eyes went staring and his lips dry. Then he sank weakly upon the nearest rock and gripped his whirling head. This then was the message of the flame. Some supernatural power had led him to this treasure. He was rich and the farm was saved. His good fortune overcame him, and weak tears trickled slowly down his cheeks.

Then, through the mist he saw protruding from the center of the kettle a corner of parchment. He reached for it mechanically and smoothed it upon his knee. Then he read it slowly and wonderingly.

"Last will and testament of Josiah Bragg Shaw."

Phebe Ann's grandfather! Again his head whirled, and finally from the chaos of his thoughts came a glimmering of light. He suddenly remembered the stories about the old man's miserly habits. It had been suspected that he had a hidden hoard, but upon his sudden death nothing had been found. Stillman also recalled that this very pasture had once been the miser's property. He was undoubtedly the founder of the rock pile, in which he had hidden his miser's hoard. His children had died in abject poverty, ignorant of this buried gold. And from the import of the document in his hand the young man understood that this wealth reverted now to Phebe Ann. The orphan girl was wealthy.

For an instant he hesitated. He had found the treasure, he reasoned, and it rightfully belonged to him. He had only to destroy the paper and no one would be the wiser. Who could tell what effect this great wealth would have upon Phebe Ann? Perhaps she would appropriate it to her own selfish uses and forget those who had befriended her. He eyed the paper askance, made as if to rend it apart, and then stopped, reddening in his eloquent self-shame. To think that he had doubted her, the girl he loved. He took up the heavy kettle and returned thoughtfully to the house.

When Phebe Ann saw his white face framed in the doorway of the kitchen where she was at work, her first thought was that he had in some way injured himself and feared to alarm his parents. Then, when she had joined him, in answer to his mysterious signal, he closed the door softly after her, and secured it against interruption. Not until then, did he speak.

"Phebe Ann," he said hoarsely, "I've a surprise for you. It's good news for you—but bad news for me. Can you stand to hear it? It is hard to tell."

She looked at him, wide-eyed and wondering. "Dear Stillman," she said, after a moment's thought, "any news that's bad news to you can-

not be good news to me. I don't want to hear it."

"But you must hear it," he cried, beside himself with doubt and anxiety. "Phebe Ann, you're rich," he blurted suddenly. And then he rapidly told her the story of his find. She listened, her face gone white and her lips trembling from the sudden shock. When he had finished her thoughts found tremulous voice.

"Why," she asked wonderingly. "Why, Stillman, did you say that it was bad news to you?"

"Because," he answered despairingly, "you are rich and I am poor—a homeless vagrant after today, and you will not marry such as me."

Her eyes flashed. "Give me the paper," she demanded. "There—" She tore the will to shreds and scattered the fragments upon the ground.

Then the color returned to her cheeks, her eyes shone with a soft light, and a wonderful smile played about her lips. Her arms stole gently about his neck and she brought his face down close to hers.

"There, dear," she whispered, "the money is yours—ours together. The old folks need never know. We'll pay the mortgage and start anew—you and I—and the old folks."

"God bless you, Phebe Ann," he said brokenly. "Nay," she replied gently, "this is Thanksgiving day, Stillman, and the thanks belong to Him."

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### A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

to your husband. Permit me to lay it on his chair."

"I was glad to have your pretty boy. It was a welcome incident in a very weary day. Good morning, sir."

Mr. Herriott did not return until the second call for luncheon sounded through the train. He took her hat from the brass hook and held it toward her.

"I dare say you are sufficiently weary to welcome luncheon."

"Thank you, but I want absolutely nothing. I hope you will go without me."

He went out, but not to the dining car. An hour later, when he came back, she had crossed the aisle to a vacant chair, raised the window, and, with an arm on the broad sill, rested her head there. She did not notice his entrance, and, resuming his seat he opened a magazine.

Above the line of brass lattice that held packages, hats, and umbrellas ran a panel of mirrors, and in the section over his head was reflected the face and figure directly opposite. For the next hour he held the magazine open, but his eyes never left the mirror. Twice she looked at her watch without raising her head, and from the tense, strained fixedness of her features he knew she was nerving herself for the ordeal at Woodbury; the final effort in her father's behalf, which he felt assured would prove futile. Conflicting emotions shook him, but nothing availed to abate the rage of his disappointment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Cut This Out





## How Our Wireless Telegraphy Worked Out

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY BROTHER JACK.

**J**ACK and I are twins—twins in spirit as well as in form. From the time when Aunt Nabby Brown first declared that we were as alike as two peas in a pod, and predicted all sorts of dilemmas in consequence, the good people of our family have been tried and perplexed by our close likeness to each other. In fact they are never quite sure which is the other.

The early resemblance did not cease with our outward appearance. Our tastes and our characters were as alike as our persons, and the bond of sympathy between us was perfect. If one of us was in trouble the other knew it instantly and suffered also. This bond increased with our growth and, long before we reached manhood, neither distance nor absence could affect it.

Our first long separation came when Jack entered the Custom House at H—, a town fifteen miles distant, although we thought it might as well have been fifty hundred. But we had a system of weird, wireless telegraphy of our own, none the less effective to us because others could not understand its workings. Every evening we spent an hour in silent communication with each other.

I remained at home striving to fill Jack's place and my own while his wages were divided between us. Six months had passed when, all of one dark, gloomy day, I experienced a strange oppression and unrest, which I could account for in but one way—some great danger menaced Jack! Before night I went to the village and called him up on the telephone, then tried to laugh off my fears. He was well, had never been better, and would see us all next Sunday.

I went to my room after tea, but not to rest. The gloomy forebodings which shadowed my mind would give me no respite. I took a chair by the open fire and opened a book, but I did not read. Queer shapes fashioned themselves under the forestick, and I watched in fascination as they succeeded each other with grotesque rapidity. Suddenly as I sat gazing into the fire I heard an agonized cry for help. It was Jack's dear voice calling me. I was like one paralyzed, incapable of speech or motion. I grew cold and numb as I listened to that wild, uncanny call for aid which I could not give. I realized my inaction and cursed my impotency. It was the first time in our lives that one twin had failed to respond to the other, and I felt like a traitor—aye, worse, for I was failing my other self. For one brief moment I lost consciousness, then I found myself standing beside the chair in which still sat my earthly body, and fully realizing the fact that I was as far as air to go where I would. My limbs were as light as the air around me, and my thought was the law of action. I glanced at the poor inert body with compassion, I pitied while I cursed its inaction.

Another instant I was rushing through space toward the Custom House at H—. The weird calls grew startlingly distinct, my own name repeated again and again with reproachful accent, then they ceased with a pitiful cry of despair. I reached the place and entered the room where Jack lay upon the floor, at the feet of a villainous looking man, who bent above him with a long knife in his hand.

Hope and despair filled my very soul—I thought that Jack was murdered! With the realization came another thought—I was powerless to punish the one who had done the deed. How I longed for the strength and nerve of that motionless body within our home! I could have strangled the brute who killed Jack, but those without the natural body can do no physical harm to those still within it.

I bent over Jack and saw that the blood was oozing from a wound in his side, while red drops fell from that awful knife. The man stepped back and looked at his work, then he turned toward the safe in the corner and took my place before him and stared at him with a concentrated gaze that compelled a return pointing an accusing finger at the motionless heap on the floor. It did not occur to me that if Jack was really dead I should surely meet his spirit in the ether around me! I never once thought that the very fact of his absence from my side was proof positive that his spirit was still within his motionless but still living body. If I had, this story might have had a different ending. My one idea was that somehow—somehow, I must avenge his death!

Soon the man started, fell back into a chair, and pantingly returned me gaze for gaze. Never have I seen such abject terror as that which was reflected from his pallid face; I hope that I may never see the like again.

Once he raised the knife and struck a savage blow at my heart—or the place where my heart should have been. Empty air offering no resistance, and he dropped the knife at my feet with a choking cry of surprise, horror and despair. His face gradually became ashen, and that look of awful terror grew and deepened in his wild eyes, as I silently gazed at him in exultation, for I knew that my revenge was sure and speedy. He could not turn away from me, he could not harm me with his human hands.

I gloated over him in my new, strange power, I felt no throbs of pity as his breath came in labored gasps broken by inarticulate cries for mercy, and I laughed when his breath ceased altogether and his face grew white and cold. Even then his wide eyes still stared at me in horror.

The next instant there came a walling cry and shadowy forms surrounded me, reaching at me with vapory hands, and among them was the spirit of the robber, released from a life of earthly crime to endure an eternity of anguish. Then I awoke in my own room, shivering with cold and fright, but again in my mortal body. The fire had died to ashes and a drenching rain was beating against the windows. I arose mechanically to prepare for bed, then came the sickening remembrance of my dream—for such I thought it then. Jack was in peril—perhaps dead!

I started up with a cry and dashed down the stairs to give the bitter truth to the others, then I seized hat and coat and rushed from the house. The night express was coming, I could hear it in the distance. I reached the station in time to grasp the railing of the rear car and swing myself to the steps, then I paced the length of the train impatiently until my destination was reached.

Before the wheels had ceased to revolve at H— I leaped to the platform and rushed toward the Custom House. That place seemed to be the destination of men and a great crowd stood around the door. For a moment I felt sick and faint, shrinking from what I might see, then made my way through the crowd in frantic haste, only to find my worst fears realized.

Then I learned how the crime had been discovered. A watchman, in making his rounds, had noticed something wrong with the lights at the Custom House, had entered, and given the alarm. Gentle hands raised poor Jack, the doctor summoned in haste found that life still lingered in his body; and, after a long struggle, the boy recovered.

The robber was stone dead, with a look of horror upon his still, white face that made the bravest shudder. One man after another looked and turned hastily away from the wild eyes.

Way was made for me as I came in, and soon I knelt at Jack's side and drew his dear head to my shoulder, while we waited for the ambulance to take him to the hospital. Before long father and my other brother joined me, having come on the next train.

"Do you believe in ghosts, sir?" demanded the chief of police, as he looked into the staring eyes of the dead man. "I do from this moment. There is something that cannot be explained. That man was frightened to death—look?"

The crowd looked and uttered exclamations of wonder, for this was what they saw. Those wide eyes held a faithful picture of what none of them had seen and none of them could understand. It was surely Jack who lay upon the floor, while

above him, with accusing finger and angry mien, stood the shadowy form of myself, and the faces and forms seemed identical!

I made no explanation. Why should I? Men are slow to believe what they do not see—would they have believed that? I think not, therefore I was silent. Jack and I alone know the solution to the mystery that made a commotion at the time. Now I have shared the secret with you and it is a secret no longer. But—do you believe it?

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The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

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### Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department with our April number. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 20-cent subscriptions, or one 3-year 50-cent subscription, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two yearly 20-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 20-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Harry Jay Adams, who got his mail at Billings twelve years ago, in dark complexioned, about thirty-five years old, write Mrs. Amanda Anderson, Kenmare, R. D. 3, N. Dak.

Kemp, Frank, brother of Lewis, last seen seven years ago at Findlay, was at Columbus, Ohio, inmate of an orphan institution. Communicate with Mrs. Wm. Burdette, Box 29, Forest, E. D. 5, Ohio.

Baldwin, Emma. Teacher and ordained Methodist preacher, last known to be in Missouri. Write Claude E. Regan, Laurel, Florida.

Smyth, Jerry. Last heard of in New Orleans, La., write to Mrs. Annie Lyle, Ellenburg, Wash., or James M. Smyth, Clay City, Ky.

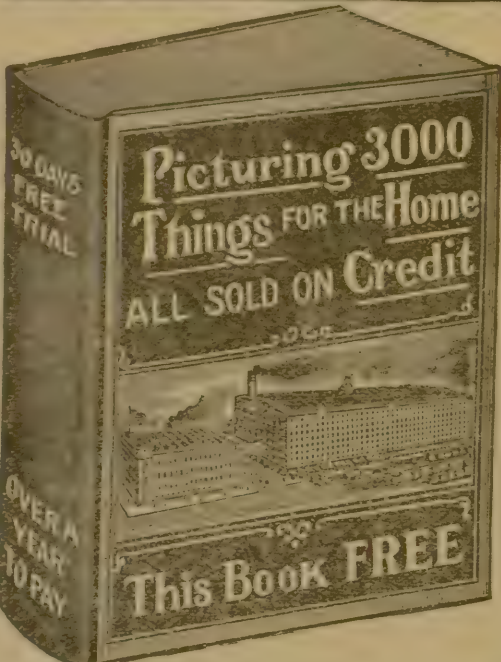
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MUSIC BY NEIL MORET

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with various note values and rests. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a traditional, handwritten style.

A handwritten musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, one for the treble clef and one for the bass clef. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The notation is in ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the first staff, and 'The Rose Tree' is written below the second staff. The score is a simple, folk-style melody.

you, on - ly you, Fond and true and your own for - ev - er - more I'll be. . . Hear then the song I sing with lips a - flame. . . I am your own your Hi - a -  
free I will be And to thee ev - 'ry thought of mine will e'er in - cline. . . Heed then the vows I pledge to thee this night. . .

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree." It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the bass staff.

Entered according to act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1903, by WHALEY ROYCE & CO. LTD., at the Department of Agriculture.

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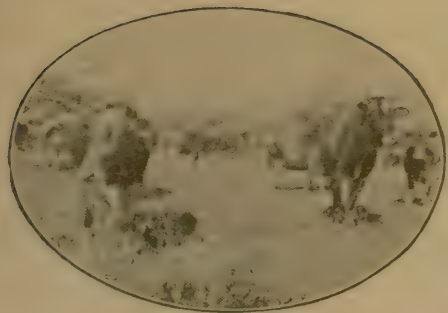
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IN THE PASTURE.

THE story of COMFORT, its birth, its wonderful growth and triumphant success, properly includes a brief description of its home, its environment, and especially a sketch of its enthusiastic and energetic founder and publisher whose genius constructed and has guided it through a remarkable career, and whose high-minded, charitable and sympathetic nature has animated its character and ever appealed to the noblest instincts of its multitude of readers.

COMFORT was founded by Mr. William Howard Gannett, its present publisher, in November, 1888, at Augusta, the beautiful and famous capital of the good old State of Maine which has produced so many great men of world-wide or national reputation that it has become a proverb that "Maine's best crop is her men." What a record for a State! The sons of Maine are justly proud of such a reputation. Our limited space permits us to name only a very few of Maine's illustrious sons, such as Commodore Preble of the old navy; General O. O. Howard, the one-armed hero of the civil war and first chief of the Freedmen's Bureau and known as "the christian soldier"; General J. L. Chamberlain, commander at Little Round Top, the turning point of the great three-days' battle of Gettysburg; Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President during Lincoln's first term; William Pitt Fessenden, who gave the casting vote in the United States Senate which decided the fate of President Andrew Johnson's great impeachment trial; Thomas B. Reed, the greatest speaker of the National House of Representatives; United States Senator William P. Frye, whom President McKinley appointed chairman of the commission which negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain; John S. C. Abbott, the historian; Melville W. Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Henry W. Longfellow, the poet laureate of America.

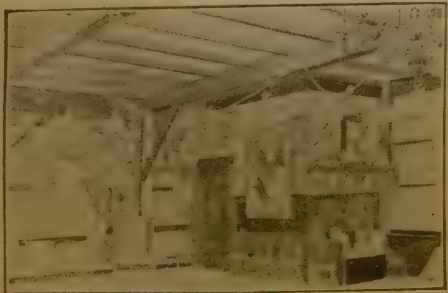
Maine statesmen have always stood high in the councils of the Nation, and Maine has exerted an influence in national politics and legislation largely out of proportion to her relative importance as a State in point of population and wealth.

The sturdy character of the sons of Maine may perhaps be due in part to the influence of the prohibitory liquor law which Maine adopted more than half a century ago. Now her example is being followed in the wave of legislation for the prohibition of liquor which is sweeping over this country, north and south, east and west.

The limited scope of this article precludes even an outline of the glorious annals of Maine extending back into the old days of the French and Indian wars between Canada and the British-American colonies, when Maine, as the frontier colony of New England, with her territory claimed by both the great warring powers and at that time possessed in part by both, became the battleground of these most cruel and savage wars of conquest and extermination, in which her sturdy pioneers in defense of their new homes, fought the French and Indians with a desperate courage, and suffered with a sublime fortitude unsurpassed in history.

Attracted by her valuable sea fisheries, both French and British colonists settled on her coast at a very early date, and in 1607, thirteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, the British colonists near the mouth of the Kennebec river, Maine, forty miles below Augusta, launched the schooner "Virginia of Sagadahoc," the first vessel ever built on the American continent. This remarkable vessel crossed the Atlantic carrying back to England a part of the colonists who built her. Maine has always been famous for her shipbuilding, and today, only ten miles up the river from the spot where the first vessel in America was launched, stands the city of Bath, whose chief industry is shipbuilding. Here the splendid battleship Georgia and many other fine ships of the new navy were built.

Maine is a beautiful State. Her wonderful hundred-harbored seacoast two hundred and thirty miles in extent measuring in a straight line between extremities, but so deeply indented by bays, harbors and coves that following round the shore line it measures twenty-five hundred miles, and fringed and protected to seaward by its thousand beautiful islands with deep water between them and the mainland, forms a yachtsman's and summer tourist's paradise of such charming loveliness as is equaled only by the picturesqueness of her forest-clad hills rising in the interior to the dignity of mountains, interlaced with deep clear rivers and innumerable sparkling streams, and interspersed with the more than a thousand lakes and ponds whose crystal waters cover one seventh of the area of the State and furnish rare sport for the fisherman and enormous water power which turns the wheels of many and



A CORNER OF MUSEUM IN OLD BARN.

# THE STORY OF COMFORT

## A Sketch of Its Home and Its Founder and Publisher, and the Interesting History of the Inception and Growth of a Great and Successful Popular Enterprise

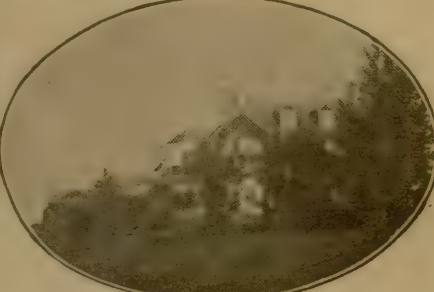
varied industries, among the most important of which is the manufacture of paper of all kinds from the spruce trees, which are floated down the rivers from the northern forests to the mills. Maine is one of the foremost states in the manufacture of paper, and it is no small advantage to COMFORT, using only a little less than two hundred tons of paper a month, to be located in the very heart of the paper-making industry.

Maine is a good place to live in and to do business, as is evidenced by the many manufacturers who are prospering in so many lines of industry here. Although the winters are cold, the air is clear, bright and exhilarating and conducive to health and work, while the perfect summer climate attracts a hundred thousand tourists to Maine each summer to spend their vacations and recuperate their health.

Although in Maine millionaires are less common paupers are less numerous than in some of the states, and the wealth of the State is more evenly distributed among the people. The climate, natural environment and social conditions in Maine exert a healthy influence on mind and body.

COMFORT's publisher is the son of Joseph Farley Gannett and was born in Augusta, February 10, 1864. On both his father's and mother's side his ancestry is among the oldest in New England and in each generation includes men conspicuous for their ability and enterprise, leaders in their respective communities and prominent in public affairs.

His grandfather, Major Barzillai Gannett, a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1785, moved to Gardiner, Maine, where he became a man of great influence, holding various town and county offices, was a State senator and in 1807 a member of Congress. His great-grandfather, Joseph Gannett, was a captain in the Revolution. Through his mother, Mary E. Patterson, he is descended from the Pattersons and Howards, literally two of the first families of this city, whose progenitors were distinguished characters among the very earliest settlers of Augusta, Maine. His maternal grandfather, Captain Samuel Patterson, commanded one of the old-time clipper ships engaged in foreign commerce in the early days of the American merchant marine. Captain James Howard, Mr. Gannett's great-grandfather on his mother's side, was the first settler and founder of Augusta, and as commander of the old Indian fort (shown in our



HOME OF COMFORT'S PUBLISHER.

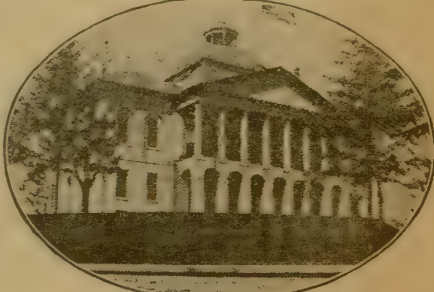
cut) in the Revolutionary war he entertained Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold when the latter halted his army at Augusta on the ill-fated expedition against Quebec. Captain Howard, the leading citizen, the successful business man, rounded out his official career by holding the office of judge.

Mr. Gannett's uncle, Hon. Joseph W. Patterson, was a leading citizen and four times mayor of Augusta, and his great-uncle, Joseph Tinkham, was harbor master of New York city. Mr. Gannett is related to the late Dr. George Gannett of Boston, founder of the Gannett Institution for the liberal education of women, to the Rev. W. C. Gannett, to Kate Gannett Wells, the talented writer, and to Henry C. Gannett of Washington, D. C., now chief topographer of the United States topographic survey. His youngest brother, Samuel S. Gannett, also holds a high position in the United States topographic survey.

Mr. Gannett is a member of the Society of the Mayflower Descendants, and his pedigree discloses a double claim to this honor in that he is descended in two distinct lines from two of the pilgrim passengers of that famous ship for whom this association is named, to wit, from Peter Brown as well as from Mary Chilton who, famed as the first to set foot on Plymouth Rock, became the wife John Winslow, brother of Gov. Edward Winslow.

Mr. Gannett is a self-educated and a self-made man. The straightened circumstances of his father rendered it necessary for him to leave school at eight years of age and go to work to assist in the support of the family of fourteen children of which he was the twelfth. Since that time, with his physical strength, moral character and mental talents as his only heritage, he has made his way in the world unaided. Self-reliant, cheerful, hopeful, ambitious, courageous, sympathetic, kind and charitable in the highest sense, he has attained an uncommon measure of success and won a host of admiring friends. Of keen intellect, quick perception and natural refinement, by self-education he has attained the qualities of a cultivated gentleman. As a boy he clerked in a toy and novelty store. As a young man, in part-

nership with W. W. Morse, he purchased the stock and carried on the same business some years. In 1888, Mr. Gannett began the publication of COMFORT with comparatively small capital and of course in a small way at first. Mr. Gannett's publishing business grew so rapidly under his progressive management that in 1890 the circulation of COMFORT had reached the million mark, and the paper was being printed on one of the largest well-perfecting presses in the world, built to order especially for COMFORT. In 1891, the business had outgrown the building and plant which Mr. Gannett had bought and fitted up on Willow street on land originally owned by his great-grandfather, Captain Howard, and so for its accommodation he built a large brick block adjoining the first building, and later on a large fireproof addition to the latter building. Soon COMFORT's circulation reached 1,250,000, the largest in the world, and has been maintained at that figure ever since. The unprecedented success of this publication is not the result of luck or chance. It is due to Mr. Gannett's enterprise and keen business foresight. COMFORT was designed to circulate among the plain people and Mr. Gannett seems to have an intuitive knowledge of their wants and how to touch a responsive chord in their hearts wherein he has laid the foundation of his achievements. He has originated and boldly put into practice new ideas and new methods which others have imitated. Many have followed where he has led. For instance, he originated the idea of printing parts of his paper in colors and determined to do so although at that time there was no color press in the world that could print his paper in a month. So in 1892 he commissioned Roe & Co., at a cost of \$50,000, to design and build especially for him the first well-perfecting color press in place and doing service. While Mr. Gannett still uses a part of the lower floor of this old barn for storage of hay, grain and farming tools, he has partitioned off a part of the first story and made it into a private museum of colonial relics and family heirlooms. The out in the lower left-hand corner of this page shows a corner of the museum with relics from the old Indian fort decorating the walls. Mr. Gannett has made the second story of the barn into a private amusement hall with polished floor and stage for private theatricals, and here and at his house, assisted by his wife and eldest daughter, it is his delight to entertain his many friends. Governors, State and Federal officials and members of the legislature whom he has entertained here during sessions of the legislature are always charmed with the delightful hospitality of Mr. Gannett and his family.



THE CAPITOL OF MAINE.

In the family group which occupies the center of this page we present to you Mr. and Mrs. Gannett, their son, who ably assists his father in the management of COMFORT and has the honor of being a member of the city government of Augusta, and their two charming daughters, one of whom, the elder, is her mother's main reliance in matters domestic and social, and the younger is still in school.

Mr. Gannett owns and resides on a one-hundred-and-sixty-acre farm in the suburbs of Augusta. He is a true lover of nature, and so he indulges in farming as a pastime and for health and recreation. The picture to the left of the family group gives you a glimpse of his beautiful but modest home embowered in trees and ornamental shrubs which he planted and cultivated himself. His farm was once the property of Mr. Gannett's great-uncle, William Howard, and the house which Mr. Gannett built stands on the crest of Seton Howard hill overlooking the city and commanding a superb view in all directions. It was a place of great natural beauty which has been much enhanced by Mr. Gannett's careful cultivation and artistic landscape gardening. He has a fine stable for his cows and horses, besides the spacious old barn shown in the picture to the right of the family group. This immense barn is an interesting old relic. It has withstood the storms of a hundred winters, and yet its great hewn pumpkin-pine timbers running



MR. W. H. GANNETT AND FAMILY.

more than fifty feet without a knot are as sound as the day it was built, and even some of the original shingles on the sides are still in place and doing service. While Mr. Gannett still uses a part of the lower floor of this old barn for storage of hay, grain and farming tools, he has partitioned off a part of the first story and made it into a private museum of colonial relics and family heirlooms. The out in the lower left-hand corner of this page shows a corner of the museum with relics from the old Indian fort decorating the walls. Mr. Gannett has made the second story of the barn into a private amusement hall with polished floor and stage for private theatricals, and here and at his house, assisted by his wife and eldest daughter, it is his delight to entertain his many friends. Governors, State and Federal officials and members of the legislature whom he has entertained here during sessions of the legislature are always charmed with the delightful hospitality of Mr. Gannett and his family.



ONE OF THE 12 MAIL CARS REQUIRED TO CARRY AN ISSUE OF COMFORT.

Although the building up of COMFORT has been his life work, his pride and his ambition, he has also found time for the successful pursuit of other avocations and civic and social duties.

Mr. Gannett for two successive terms (1903-5) represented the city of Augusta in the legislature of Maine.

He is a deacon of his church and chairman of its executive committee. He is a member of various civic, fraternal and charitable associations.

He is a trustee of the Kennebec Savings Bank and president of the Augusta City Hall Association.

Although Mr. Gannett is enthusiastic in the success of his undertakings in public and business life, and enjoys the

honor and tokens of high respect bestowed upon by his neighbors and fellow citizens, it is in his home and with his family that he finds real happiness, where his boundless devotion to his wife and children is fully reciprocated.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE BLAINE MANSION.

navigation on the Kennebec river about forty miles from the sea, is the capital of Maine, the county seat of Kennebec county, and is the commercial, industrial and financial metropolis of central Maine.

Among its public institutions may be mentioned the State Insane Hospital, the County Jail and the United States Military Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers with its three thousand inmates and employees. Conspicuous among its public buildings are the State House, Court House, Public Library and Post-office.

Above and to the left of the family group as the picture of the State House, as we call it in Maine, set in most place would be called the capitol. It is in the legislature, which assembles here that Maine's great statesmen have begun their public careers.

Across the street from the State House is the residence of the late James G. Blaine, whose distinguished career as speaker of the National House of Representatives, U.S. senator, twice secretary of state under Presidents Garfield and Harrison, and almost successful candidate for the presidency, is still fresh in the minds of the people. The Blaine family still own and occupy the old home. Above and to the right of the family group is a picture of the Blaine mansion taken by a member of COMFORT's staff in the fall of 1904, just at the moment that President Roosevelt was coming out of the house to address the people of Augusta from the doorsteps. If you study the picture carefully you can make out the figure of the President.

Besides its public institutions, interesting public buildings and beautiful private residences, Augusta has many thriving industries, large and small, which make it a busy and prosperous place. Among the most important should be mentioned the large cotton mill, the two large wood-working mills, the large shoe factory and the large wood-pulp and paper mill.

Just below and to the right of the family group is the six story building owned by the Augusta Trust Company, whose



THE HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD BARN.

elegantly appointed banking rooms occupy the entire first floor. It is one of the strongest and most progressive banks in the state. It has a number of branches in other parts of the state, but this is its home office. Besides its local business and the business which it conducts through its branches, it does an extensive and ever-increasing banking-by-mail business for which it offers special facilities to depositors in any part of the country. And this brings us again to COMFORT, because our publisher does his banking business with the Augusta Trust Company, and takes pleasure in referring to this bank or to any of its officers for information as to its standing and responsibility, financial or otherwise.

Just below and to the left of the family group you see the Augusta Post-office as it looks when COMFORT's truck-teams are delivering a small part of the monthly edition of COMFORT.

COMFORT occupies a set of buildings constructed and especially fitted for its use, five stories high and containing more than an acre of floor space,—to be exact, the total floor space exceeds an acre by 2469 square feet. In these buildings it has not only the largest and most improved presses for printing its paper, but also the latest and most up-to-date card stencil subscription list system all in a fire-proof building, and the most improved machinery for printing the wrappers each month, and for other kinds of work con-



WHERE COMFORT DOES ITS BANKING.

nected with the publication of a great periodical. Though using the best labor-saving machinery obtainable in all departments, COMFORT employs two hundred and fifty men and women during the busy season, besides its editorial and staff writers.

The present edition of COMFORT weighs about 385,000 pounds, and the postage on it at the publisher's rate of one cent a pound for this one month will amount to \$3,850.00. You will also notice one of Uncle Sam's mail cars standing on a siding, being loaded exclusively with COM-



CAMP COMFORT.

FORT sorted in sacks according to states and counties. This is a sight that may be seen every month in Augusta as it takes a dozen mail cars to carry this one month's edition of COMFORT. You can readily understand that it costs us many thousands of dollars to get out a month's edition of COMFORT and mail it, and you wonder how we can afford to do it twelve times a year at the low subscription rate of twenty cents a year, or twenty-five cents for two years' renewal. We could not afford to do it if we did not have such an enormous subscription list, or if we did not use the most improved labor-saving machinery, or if we did not buy our paper by the ton. Paper making is one of the great industries, not only of Maine, but of Augusta. So you see, no publisher can be more favorably located with reference to his supply of raw material. As the cost of living in Augusta is less than in the larger cities we are enabled to employ good, intelligent native help at reasonable and fair wages; and as Augusta is a healthy and pleasant place to live in, we have no difficulty in keeping them with us by fair treatment.

We hope that this little history of COMFORT and brief sketch of its publisher and its surroundings in its home city may interest our readers and that they will enjoy this anniversary souvenir COMFORT, as it has cost our publisher a lot of extra expense and given us all a lot of extra hard work to get it out.

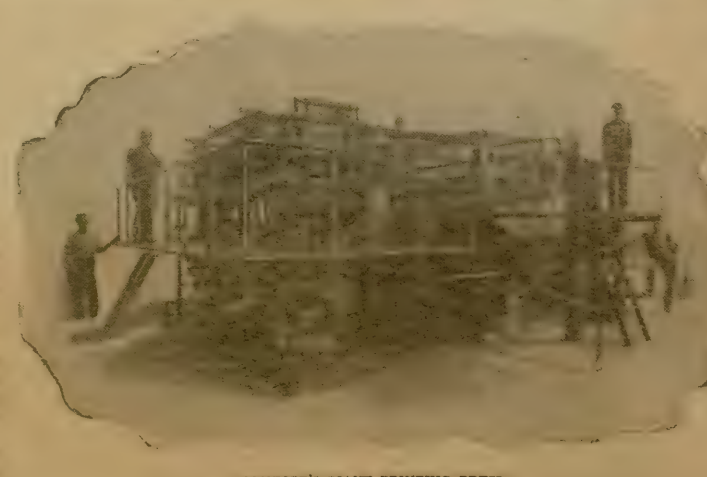
This, our anniversary jubilee number celebrates only the beginning of our jubilee year, which we intend to keep on celebrating right through the next eleven months by putting out each month a better, bigger, brighter COMFORT, and we hope that our good subscribers will appreciate our efforts, and will show their appreciation by renewing their own subscription promptly, and by each getting us at least one new subscriber this present jubilee month. It is but a small thing for each of you to do, but if you will all do it, it will be a great thing for all hands concerned, as it will enable us to give you a still better COMFORT the coming year.

Every newspaper or magazine worthy the name tries to be either amusing, entertaining or instructive, or all three combined as COMFORT is. But it is our belief that a newspaper or magazine should also aim at something higher,—try to be something more. Not only should it give the news, the facts, the exact truth on all great subjects, but it should point the morals to be drawn from the truth. It should continually exert an elevating influence over its readers by inspiring higher hopes and nobler aspirations, and by pointing and leading the way to a better life. It should have some definite mission, and labor steadfastly toward the goal of some great and noble endeavor. This is what we are trying our best to do with COMFORT, and, as we hope, with a fair measure of success. The great and worthy charitable work of COMFORT's League of Cousins and COMFORT's Wheel-Chair Club certainly must command your respect and approval, and should receive your cordial support.

Our jubilee year opens bright and full of promise both for COMFORT and for its great family of readers. We are pleased to note that the farmers, who constitute the great bulk of COMFORT's subscribers, the "bold yeomanry" on whose prosperity the welfare of all classes depends, have again met with remarkable success in harvesting unusually large crops which command high prices in an active market, which, following a succession of like prosperous years, makes their position most enviable. Our agricultural friends have the ready means and can afford to provide themselves and their families liberally, not only with the necessities, but with those luxuries which make life worth living, among the most important of which is a bright, progressive, up-to-date all-round family magazine—such as COMFORT.

We congratulate you all that the disastrous results of the panic of a year ago are past, and that at this Thanksgiving season we have cause to give thanks that the dawn of returning prosperity is shedding its rosy glow, like the rainbow of promise, over the length and breadth of this, the best country on earth—God's country.

With thanks for your loyal support,  
COMFORT'S Editor.



COMFORT'S GIANT PRINTING PRESS.



THE OLD INDIAN FORT IN 1764.



# Virgie's Inheritance

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

LADY LINTON'S letter was handed to her by the butler just as she was sitting down to lunch. She broke the seal absently, and began to read in a listless, preoccupied way, when all at once she uttered a startled exclamation, and the paper dropped from her nerveless fingers upon the table.

"Why, mamma, what is it? You are as pale as a ghost. Is Cousin William worse or dead?" exclaimed Lillian, regarding her mother with mingled curiosity and astonishment.

"No, but the strangest thing in the world has happened."

"It must be something strange to disturb your equanimity like this; but what is it?" inquired the girl, eagerly.

"Your Uncle William is going to be married!" "You cannot mean it, mamma?—at last!" cried Lillian, amazed; then she added, with a gay laugh: "The dear old bachelor! Well, you will have your wish, after all. You have wanted him to marry for the last dozen years."

"Yes; and—I am glad—I am delighted!" replied Lady Linton, slowly, but with strange exultation in her voice, while her eyes gleamed with almost ferocious triumph.

"Well, I am astonished. I had given Uncle Will up as a hardened case," Lillian said, growing more and more surprised, as she considered the matter; "but do tell me who is the happy woman?"

"A niece of Lord Norton who has just died; you know we read of his death last week, and I have been wondering why your uncle did not write. This accounts for it," replied Lady Linton. Then taking up his letter, she continued: "I will read you what he says. The epistle is very brief, and does not sound like him at all, but I suppose we must excuse it under the circumstances."

"You will doubtless be surprised by the contents of this letter," he writes, "and as I have much on my mind, I will simply state bare facts, leaving details until my return. You already know of my having taken my cousin's place as temporary amanuensis to Lord Norton. I was engaged to complete the manuscript for him the week before his death, which occurred on the ninth. But, during my visits to him, I met a niece of his, who, I may say is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. By his lordship's will she becomes the heiress to all his possessions, which consist of his fine estate called Englewood, here in Chester, besides a large amount of personal property. To make a long story short, however, I am going to make this lady my wife, and as I am too old to waste any time upon forms or so-called etiquette, we intend to be married immediately—that is, within the month—about the twenty-first, I think, after which we shall repair to Heathdale, where we shall quietly remain for the present. The wedding will be strictly private on account of his lordship's recent death and in compliance with the request of his niece. I will, however, notify you further of my plans before the twenty-first."

The epistle closed abruptly and rather formally, and Lady Linton's face was crimson as she concluded the reading of it.

"It is the most unheard of thing in the world!" she said, excitedly. "A private wedding, indeed—not even his own sister invited, and it is all so sudden that it fairly takes my breath away."

"They might at least have asked us to go to Englewood to witness the ceremony," Lillian observed, thoughtfully. "The letter doesn't sound a bit like Uncle Will."

"I suppose he is so taken up with his bride-elect that he has not much time or thought for anyone else; but he might have told us something about her; he did not even mention her name: I suppose, however, we are to infer that she is a Miss Norton. I wonder whether she is young or old?" Lady Linton said, in an injured tone, and looking both perplexed and annoyed.

"He says she is beautiful, mamma."

"Of course; one's betrothed is always beautiful to the man who is to be married. They are going directly to Heathdale," she added, musingly. "There ought to be someone there to receive them, and the house needs preparation for the occasion. I think, Lillian, that, notwithstanding I have been rather shabbily treated in this affair, I shall go down to Heathdale and give them the best welcome possible at so short a notice. I can at least brighten things up and arrange for a small dinner-party and reception in honor of the bride."

"Perhaps they would prefer not to meet anyone just yet, mamma," Lillian suggested.

"I cannot help it. Such a home-coming as that would be too dismal, and not at all in keeping with the dignity of the family. I shall take matters into my own hands and conduct the affair as I think best. We will go to Heathdale the last of the week."

Her ladyship fell into a profound reverie after announcing this decision, while Lillian took up the morning paper and began to read.

Lady Linton was deeply hurt by the way that her brother had written of his approaching marriage, and more so at having been ignored in all the arrangements; yet in spite of all this she was secretly jubilant over the fact that Sir William was about to bring a mistress to Heathdale. It would relieve her of a great burden, of all further plotting and intrigue regarding the enemy whom she had encountered only that day. Virginia Alexander might do her worst now—once let the twenty-first of December pass and she need fear her no more. She might succeed in securing an acknowledgment from Sir William that Virgie was his lawful child and a settlement of a portion of his property upon her; but there would be no longer any fear of the long parted husband and wife coming to an understanding with each other—she, at least, would never come to Heathdale to queen it as mistress.

She had heard of Lord Norton. He was reputed to be very old, very eccentric, and very literary; but she had not known of what his family consisted. She did not know, even now, farther than that he had a niece, but in her present mood, with that bitter hatred against Virginia Alexander ranking in her heart and the fear that her own past transgression was liable to be exposed if she was ever allowed to enter Heathdale, she was prepared to welcome Lord Norton's heiress in the most cordial manner, and her spirits rose high as air at the prospect of a new sister-in-law.

"Mamma," said Lillian, suddenly looking up from her paper and breaking in upon these musings. "Uncle Will's engagement is announced here."

"What! in the paper? Well, I must say they are rushing things."

She held out her hand for the sheet, an evil smile on her thin lips, as she imagined something of the chagrin and disappointment that Mrs. Alexander would experience upon reading an account of Sir William Heath's approaching marriage.

There was quite an extended paragraph regarding it, considerable being said about the late Lord Norton and his recent death; mention being made of his having left the whole of his large property to a niece; while the fact that Sir William Heath was contemplating matrimony with the beautiful heiress gave rise to some conjecture, since the distinguished baronet having for so many years resisted Cupid's most ardent endeavors to lead him to Hymen's altar, his friends and well-wishers had begun to fear that he was hopelessly invulnerable.

"Mamma, what will become of us when Uncle Will brings his wife home?" Lillian asked, somewhat anxiously, as Lady Linton laid down the paper.

The same question had been agitating her ladyship's mind. They could not well go to Linton Grange, for Percy was making extensive improvements in view of his own approaching marriage; they had no home of their own—in fact they were wholly dependent upon Sir William, and Lady Linton felt that no place but Heathdale would ever be like home to her.

"We will not borrow trouble about that, Lillian," she answered; "this Miss Norton may be very young and inexperienced; in that case she would need some older person, like myself, to advise and assist her; so I imagine that we shall still be welcome in your uncle's household."

That evening, at a dinner party, Lady Linton was besieged by numerous friends with questions regarding her brother's engagement.

She looked wise, and appeared as if she had been in the secret for some time but had not been allowed to divulge anything.

It was true, she admitted, that the marriage was rather a sudden one; but of course it could not have occurred before, because of Lord Norton's critical condition, and there was no reason now why it should not take place, except for etiquette's sake, and her brother did not propose to defer their happiness simply to observe a law of fashion. They would not, however,

## Eleven Wheel Chairs Given by COMFORT

Five Chairs Given in October. COMFORT'S Publisher Gives One as a Jubilee Present to Celebrate COMFORT'S Birthday

AUGUSTA, MAINE, NOV. 1, 1908.

### MY DEAR READERS:

It gives me great pleasure on this twenty-first anniversary of the day that I commenced the publication of COMFORT to be able to send a cordial greeting to some six million readers in the million and a quarter homes into which COMFORT enters each month as a welcome and expected guest or old and valued friend, and to thank you for the hearty support which you have given me in my efforts, and especially for your generous aid of COMFORT'S great Wheel Chair Beneficence, which as you all know from my previous communications lies so close to my heart.

I am happy to announce the substantial success of this Great Charity Work.

Including those previously announced COMFORT had bestowed seven invalid wheel chairs up to the first of October, five of which had been earned by subscriptions sent in to COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Club and the other two by COMFORT'S League of Cousins, a most excellent organization of benevolent young people who under Uncle Charlie's guidance are doing a world of good in all directions. Since our October number went to press we have sent out four more wheel chairs, earned by subscriptions received to credit of the Wheel Chair Club, to the following named worthy sufferers: J. R. Reed, Gainesville, Georgia; Emily Whitfield, Seville, R. D. 1, Ga.; Mrs. Chas. W. Potts, Emerald, Wis.; Mrs. Ira Tillotson, Mendon, Mich.

This makes Ten Wheel Chairs Given to relieve the distress of worthy destitute shut-ins in the last few months through the united efforts of COMFORT and its benevolent subscribers.

Certainly this is something to be proud of. Like all great movements it took some time for it to get well under way. It moved slowly at first, but the best of it is, it is continually gaining, and this last month has been the most successful of all, which promises well for the future.

As I have told you before, a wheel chair is a large and expensive premium for me to give for a club of 750 subscriptions, but I am more than pleased to do my part, and so I send out the chairs just a little ahead of the subscriptions, trusting that the lacking subscriptions will come in before the close of the month, and so they do.

But this month I am doing more than that, I want to do something individually to celebrate COMFORT'S Jubilee, and so I have sent and given at my own personal expense a wheel chair to Mr. H. S. Knight of Prosperity, R. D. No. 4, S. Carolina. He is a worthy shut-in himself and has a helpless wife. This is my own personal gift and will not be charged to the Wheel Chair Club subscriptions, although, of course, I want it to go in COMFORT'S name, as it is through COMFORT that we are all working and by united efforts are able to accomplish such splendid results.

By this action on my part you will appreciate my sincere earnestness in this cause and will feel the more interest and courage to labor yourselves to help it along.

Don't be discouraged. Keep right on working. This great work is coming, gaining, growing. Every subscription you send in for this purpose counts one and helps to win a wheel chair for a poor worthy shut-in and to encourage others to take hold and work too, as they see the actual results of your work. I have received clubs of all sizes for the Wheel Chair Club, ranging from one to twenty-five, accompanied by some of the most touching letters; some of them from wheel-chair invalids or cripples, who seem to be especially active in getting subscriptions for the Club to help other unfortunate, as they say, they know how to sympathize. Each month I print a few samples of these letters.

For lack of space I only print two this month. One of them from L. Belcher Clark, a wheel-chair invalid boy is especially pathetic and interesting. If an invalid boy can do this, get nine subscriptions, what ought the able-bodied ones to do?

But I want to tell you that a lawyer by the name of W. B. Sloan of Gainesville, Georgia, has just sent me a club of 253 subscriptions for the Wheel Chair Club. He asked the privilege of naming the person to whom the chair should be sent, and as he sent in the entire 253 himself I was pleased to grant his request, although I usually leave it to Uncle Charlie to name the recipient. This only shows what can be done by one person who works with a will.

I should be pleased to accord the same privilege of naming the beneficiary to anyone who may send in a club of 250 subscriptions, either all at one time or at different times. In this way, if there is a shut-in in your neighborhood you and your neighbors can earn him a wheel chair through COMFORT'S subscriptions. Let us all take hold with a will and do what we can for the shut-ins, be it little or much—it all counts.

I have taken so much space already that I am not going to say much more, only to tell you that COMFORT has had a successful year and the outlook is bright for the coming year. I want you all to help me, and I promise you to do my best to keep on giving you a better paper month by month. Stay with me. Watch out and see. Again thanking you, and with Jubilee greetings,

Sincerely yours, W. H. GANNETT, PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

### No Longer a Shut-In. Thanks to COMFORT'S Publisher and Readers

Dear Uncle Charlie, and COMFORT Cousins, and all the united band of workers, who are so faithfully endeavoring to relieve the suffering, cheer the faint, raise the fallen, encourage the weary, and minister to the poor:

You have certainly taken for your example the life of Christ. My heart swells with thankful feelings beyond description for the long and for the lovely wheel chair presented to me by COMFORT'S publisher and its readers. You cannot realize what a comfort and help this chair is to me. The chair I received is all that could be desired, and permits my weary suffering body to rest comfortably.

When I am cold, and my circulation sluggish, I can be wheeled into the open air, and soon the warm glow of the stimulating atmosphere strengthens my whole body. Without this chair I would still remain a prisoner within the four dismal walls of my lonely room.

I have been a shut-in from early childhood, and am now thirty-four years of age.

Once more, please understand, my heart is overflowing with love and gratitude to you, and may our Father in Heaven bless everyone of you.

Your humble servant, MISS ROSETTA LEE, Dunn, R. D. 2, N. C.

appear in society at present, she affirmed, but remain quietly at Heathdale, perhaps until another season, while there would only be an informal reception of their oldest friends, at their home-coming, and to arrange for this she was herself going to Heathdale.

She appeared to be very much elated over the marriage, spoke eloquently of the bride-elect, of her grace, beauty, and intelligence; for she was far too proud to allow it to be known that she had been taken as much by surprise as society at large by the announcement of the event.

To Mrs. Farnum alone she acknowledged it; for that lady called the next day, and had asked her point-blank some questions which she could not answer, and she had been obliged to confess that she "did not know."

"Well, Miriam," said her friend, "it is rather hard on you, I own, not to be consulted, or even asked to the wedding, but your heart will be set at rest on one subject—you need not fear that Alexander woman any more after the twenty-first."

"No," she may do her worst then. I have lived in daily terror lest she should meet William and everything would be explained. What do you think, Mrs. Farnum?" asked Lady Linton, suddenly. "She has got that diary?"

"What diary?"

"That one I gave to you to keep for me, the summer I was on the Continent—the diary you lost."

"Miriam Linton! how came she by it?" cried Mrs. Farnum, aghast.

"She says her maid was in the railway carriage with you when you left London that afternoon after I had met you at the Hotel, and you dropped it in the coach."

"Well, I am at least glad to know how I lost it," returned her friend, in a relieved tone. "It has been a most annoying mystery to me all these years. Does she know what there is in it?"

"I do not know," Lady Linton said, growing pale. "I met her yesterday on Oxford street, when she told me she had it, and would return it soon. If she has not opened the package I am all right; if she has, and ever sees fit to betray me to Sir William, it will be a sad day for me."

"You were very foolish ever to commit to paper anything concerning that American escapade."

"I suppose I was, but I always keep a diary; there are many things of importance that I like to remember accurately, and a diary is so convenient to refer to—it has saved me many mistakes."

"It would have been far better if you had destroyed that year's notes, as I advised you," returned Mrs. Farnum.

"But it was full of important data, and I never dreamed that anything could happen to it—it was very careless of you to lose it," said her ladyship, complacently.

"I know it was, and I have suffered a great deal of anxiety on account of it; for, of course, with all those names and dates, I am implicated almost as much as yourself. Why don't you go around to her lodgings and get it at once?—your mind will be at rest then. If the seal has never been broken, you are as safe as if it had never been lost."

"True; I believe I will," Lady Linton answered, brightening.

She followed the advice of her friend the very next day, and, calling at Mrs. Alexander's lodgings, was shown at once up to her private parlor.

There was no one there when she entered, but presently Virgie came in, looking charming in her morning robe of mauve cashmere, with blue silk facings, and greeted her ladyship politely, although with some reserve.

"You wished to see mamma," she said, "but I am obliged to receive you as she is not in just

## WRITE TO THIS WOMAN

If You Want to Stop a Man From Drink.

She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used.



Mrs. Margaret Anderson Who Cured Her Husband of Drinking.

The remedy can be given to the patient unnoticed so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She is anxious to help others so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who have a dear one who drinks to drop her a line today.

She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell, (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home, here is her address—Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 535 Home Avenue, Hillburn, New York—or to make it easier for you, simply write your name and full address plainly, in the coupon below and send it to her.

### MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON.

535 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Dear Madam: Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name .....

Address .....

**STOVES** Buy from factory. Save middlemen's Dealers' jobs! profit. Its. Sent on 30 Days' Approval Test. Highest quality guaranteed under \$20,000 Bank Bond. Hundreds of kinds. Save \$5 to \$40 on your purchase. We pay freight. Write today for Big New Stove Book No. 501. KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mrs. Kalamazoo, Mich.

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in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$33 per month and expenses \$4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. WM. R. WARNER MED. CO., London, Ont., Canada.

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With your Name or Address on Them. Beautiful embossed floral cards with rich sparkling tinsel. Latest cut. Free. KING & CO., 200 Broadway, New York, Dept. 39.

have. I shall leave town tomorrow, and would like it before I go."

Virgie promised to deliver the message, and her ladyship took her leave, with a heart lighter than she had known for years, for the burden of a great dread had been rolled from it.

But she did not receive the package before leaving for Heathdale, as she had confidently expected.

She had arranged to go on the fifteenth, taking Lillian with her, and although she waited until the last minute, hoping for the appearance of her long-lost diary, she was obliged to depart without it.

She did not worry over it very much, however, for she told herself that if it had been kept all these years with the seal unbroken, there was not much danger of its being disturbed at this late day.

Just as she was about to enter the carriage there arrived a telegram from her brother. It contained just two lines:

"I shall leave Englewood Wednesday noon; arrive at Heathdale on the 7.30 express. Meet us there if you like."

TO BE CONTINUED.

If you would at once read the full and complete story, "Virgie's Inheritance," we are prepared to supply it in book form in a splendid edition in colored paper binding.

This offer enables you to read the entire story without waiting for the monthly installments to appear, besides furnishing another book for your library or reading table.

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# THREE SHORT WORDS

## THAT IS ALL YOU NEED.

Just say "I WANT IT" and it will be sent right to you, no matter in what part of America you live. Everything Prepaid. You don't need to give any references, don't need to tell any history, don't need to write a long letter or tell one single word about your trouble unless you wish. Just say "I WANT IT"—three short words—and give your name and address, so we will know where to send it. That is all. We want to send it to you if you need it and will use it. We are glad to send it to you, glad to give you a chance to try it, to show you what it is, to let you see what it will do. We are glad to depend on you to pay for it if it benefits your health, if it makes you physically a better man or woman. If it does not, you don't pay a penny and we cannot ask for a cent. We leave it all to you, but you must write for it, must say the "three short words" so we will know you want it and send it to you. If you don't care to write a letter, use the coupon printed on this page. It tells us you want it and we will send it.

## DON'T PAY A CENT

UNTIL YOU KNOW, until you see, until you feel, UNTIL YOU ARE SURE. We cannot ask a penny from you until you know we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitae-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. We Match Our Remedy Against Your Ailment. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger and healthier, from using it for one month, or you don't pay for it. YOU DON'T PAY FOR PROMISES, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—not a penny! You Are To Be The Judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does better, whether health is returning to your body.

IF YOU CANNOT SEE IT if you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—that ends the matter and you pay nothing. How can you refuse to try it when you alone have the entire "say so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are ailing and need help? What excuse have you? Read our trial offer, read what Vitae-Ore is, read what it does, and do not delay another day before writing for a One Dollar Package on Trial.

## Bad Complication of Diseases.

WESTPORT, TENN.—I write to let you know what Vitae-Ore has done for me. I was all run-down; had Stomach and Heart Trouble, Liver Complaint and Rheumatism. I was so weak that I could hardly walk and could not work at all. I had such pain in my breast and side that I could hardly lie down at night. I weighed 128 pounds when I got sick, but fell off so that I weighed only 110 pounds. I was under the doctors' treatment for some time, but he did not do me any good. I just grew worse all the time until I commenced taking Vitae-Ore. I had read the thirty-day trial offer in my paper and it was so fair that I sent for a dollar package on trial. The first package helped me some and I sent for more medicine. I kept on using it until I had used five packages. Vitae-Ore has cured me. I now weigh as much as I ever did, can work all day and feel that I am in better health than I have been for years. W. C. PARISH.

## Old People Should Use It.

There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. Old age, like youth, makes demands upon the blood for nourishment of the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion deprive the blood of the nutriment which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but fortunate indeed is the elderly man and woman who can sleep soundly throughout the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory.

Vitae-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutriment. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age and by its general upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

## This is Our 30-Day Trial Offer!

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full-sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on a 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a word from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vitae-Ore is, and write today for a \$1.00 Package On Trial.

## WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

For Both Internal and External Use.

## AN AID TO Nature.

Nothing is more wonderful than the economy of nature, the natural forces that work in the body, day and night, waking or sleeping, to recuperate from exhaustion, to eliminate what has filled its purpose, to supplant decayed tissues with healthy material, to supply new strength and energy for that which has been expended. It is the same vital force that is at work in all forms of life in the whole universe, both vegetable or animal, and no better term can be applied to it than "the economy of nature," for it is truly "management without loss or waste." And it is an economy which is not parsimony, for nature gives generously for all the normal duties of life, when her great generosity is not abused.

But it is an economy, which like all other economies, must have all its workings in perfect harmony, and is of little value when there is a leak somewhere, when there is a drain which unnaturally depletes the resources. Its usefulness is impaired when some organ refuses to perform its share of the work and does not properly co-operate in the great natural mechanism which so ably controls life, health and all vital energy.

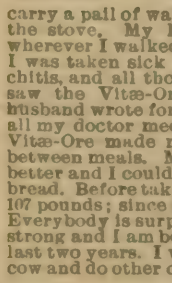
It is when this condition presents itself, when nature, by some abnormal manifestation, is proclaiming her need of assistance, that Vitae-Ore steps into the breach as an aid to nature, to assist her in her work of recuperation, to help whip recalcitrant forces and organs into line, to provide nature with materials she demands and tools she needs in her reconstructive work. As all know, if we bruise the skin on any part of the body, nature immediately starts her healing processes, but if blood is poor and vitality low, if the proper materials for nature's work are not in the body, the wound heals slowly and complications may ensue—help nature, and the work is speedily accomplished. Nature is a perfect mechanic and a most wonderful artisan, the like of which all man's inventive genius has been unable to successfully counterfeit, but like all mechanics, she needs proper materials for her work or she cannot perform it.

As an aid to nature (and no matter what means are used, we are only assisting nature), Vitae-Ore is an ideal creation. It contains substances which, when the body is in ill health, are needed by nature for her work of recuperation, and in supplying such materials it promotes health in those organs upon which health in the entire body is dependent. Whenever there exists an abnormal symptom, Vitae-Ore assists nature to remedy the disturbance which causes it. It is a vitalizing, tonic, healing, corrective and strengthening force that arouses nature to correct action in vital functions. It acts always in a natural way, by assisting nature to properly perform functions which are always properly performed in good health, thus establishing good health.

Many ills and diseases known by various names may be traced to one single disturbing influence, and it is by the removal of these controlling causes that Vitae-Ore cures so many seemingly diversified conditions. It cures the cause more than the disease, the origin more than the symptom. It assists in re-establishing order, the lack of which is responsible for ill-health, and when this is encompassed, disease vanishes. It is a rational method, the getting down to the root of the trouble, which should appeal to all rational people.

## Was Nothing But SKIN AND BONES.

NEEDMORE, N. C.—I was taken sick with a Cold two years ago and had some kind of a wheeze at the pit of my stomach. I thought perhaps I was going to have Consumption; I never was so sick before in my life. I tried everything and finally was examined by the best doctors. Some told me I had Stomach Trouble, then Asthma; I thought my time was short. Every Spring and Fall I would have these attacks. My husband paid out over \$100.00 for different medicines. I felt as though I was nothing but skin and bones. I could not even carry a pail of water or stoop to put wood in the stove. My husband had to assist me wherever I walked, I was so very weak. Then I was taken sick with La Grippe and Bronchitis, and all thought I was going to die. I saw the Vitae-Ore advertisement and my husband wrote for it. When it came I stopped all my doctor medicines. The second dose of Vitae-Ore made me so hungry I had to eat between meals. My appetite continued to get better and I could eat meat, onions and corn bread. Before taking Vitae-Ore I only weighed 107 pounds; since taking it I gained 25 pounds. Everybody is surprised to see me so stout and strong and I am better than I have been in the last two years. I work in the garden, milk my cow and do other chores. Mrs. A. H. WELCH.



## Rheumatism Cured AT 80 YEARS.

MENOMINEE, MICH.—About two years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder, which caused me considerable pain in my neck, and my arms were badly swollen even to the ends of my fingers. The pain passed to my other shoulder, and I suffered so terribly I could hardly turn over in bed and could not put on my clothes without great difficulty. The Vitae-Ore advertisement attracted my attention and I decided to give it a trial. Before I had used an entire package I felt much improved, but to make the cure entirely sure I used another package. Vitae-Ore cured me, even though I am 80 years old. O. F. BUELL.

## Re-affirmed 4 Years Later.

MENOMINEE, MICH., May 3, 1908. I still recommend Vitae-Ore with great pleasure and think it is the greatest preventive of sickness and disease. It would be a great blessing if everybody would give it a trial. I know it has helped me wonderfully; gave me an appetite, vigor and strength. I am now 84 years old, feel well and enjoy working every day. People say it is wonderful at my age and I give the credit to Vitae-Ore. O. F. BUELL.

## Prepare For Winter!

Now is the time for you to look TO YOUR BODY, to put it in shape for the winter. It is the time when roofs are shingled and windows are made tight, to keep out winter winds and winter's cold. Every wise housekeeper looks to the security of his dwelling place, and the wise "body-keeper" looks to the security of the body, the dwelling place of vitality.

You must make repairs in the body wherever repairs are needed. If the KIDNEYS are not acting right, it means a leak that must be STOPPED. If the STOMACH and BOWELS are not doing their work properly, it means that the "drains" must be cleaned and repaired. If the LIVER is slack it needs to be tightened. If the BLOOD is weak it must be strengthened. The body must be PREPARED TO RESIST winter ills and you must MAKE IT READY or suffer the PENALTY OF NEGLECT.

If your body needs repairs in any part YOU NEED Vitae-Ore, the great repairer whose light shines brighter every day.

Vitae-Ore is an all-the-year-around remedy, like a star in the heavens, throwing light into the dark corners of disease at all seasons, but at the approach of Winter it SHINES MOST BRIGHTLY. When mighty winds sweep the country and bring snow and blizzard north of Dixie, and cold, drenching rains to the southland, with Rheumatism, Catarrh and a long train of winter ills in their wake, Vitae-Ore proves A FRIEND IN NEED—a blessing on farm or ranch and in town home.

The verdict of the people is that NO OTHER MEDICINE prepares the body for the WINTER FIGHT with sickness as does Vitae-Ore. NONE OTHER WINS THE FIGHT as easily and economically. There is NONE OTHER that contains the LIFE ELEMENTS embodied in this remedy, elements which BUILD UP THE BODY, which repair and fortify in every section, which make the blood rich, strong and healthy, full of FORCE and well able to withstand winter rigors.

## Make Vitae-Ore Your Doctor For 30 Days

IF YOU SUFFER FROM Rheumatism, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, if there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your Sleep, your Appetite, your Digestion, Nerves or Vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE! Send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments, and start the treatment immediately. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS:

THEO. NOEL CO., Comfort Dept. CHICAGO, ILL.  
Vitae-Ore Building.

## Use this Coupon

If You Don't Wish to Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL CO., Vitae-Ore Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.  
Gentlemen—I have read your advertisement in COMFORT and want you to send me a full-sized ONE DOLLAR PACKAGE of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay \$1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

Street or Rural Route \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



## A Vagabond's Thanksgiving

Written for Comfort by James B. Hawley

As the door closed softly, the District Attorney swung about to face the intruder.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly.

"A job sir," was the reply.

As only one of his long experience with the "under-world" could, the man at the desk saw at a glance and passed judgment on his applicant's unkempt looks. Every detail from the worn shoes, the ragged coat to the too closely cropped head and shaven chin was noted and the impressions left were unfavorable. "I have nothing for you," he said in dismissal.

Perhaps something of his true reason showed in his expression for, without a word, the vagabond retreated to the door. Then with his hand upon the knob he said hoarsely, hesitatingly, "I see you know I've been in the jug but I thought you might believe a jail bird would like to try again to be decent."

There was a despair in the tone of this speech that quickened the prosecutor's interest. He half laughed as he asked, "Why did you come to me?"

For a moment the vagabond seemed at a loss to reply. At length he said, "I guess I came to you because I imagined that a man whom she loved would be charitable too."

"She! Whom do you mean?"

A grimy finger pointed to the photograph that alone decorated the top of the big desk.

"But you can't know her," the District Attorney exclaimed.

"She visited the jail last week," the other said, "and I was one of the men she talked with. Some of her words struck home and—and—Oh, well, she made me want to play the game straight. And," he went on, "I figured that as it was Thanksgiving eve and the night before your wedding day that you might give me a chance."

From the moment it had been called to his attention, the lawyer's eyes had not strayed from the woman's photograph and as he watched it something of the charity and tenderness lurking in the eyes of even the printed girl was transmitted to his own. He reached for a scrap of paper on which he hurriedly wrote.

"Do you know anything about horses?" he asked abruptly.

"Ah, do I?" was the quick, eager reply. "Why I know all about them. I've ridden them, driven them, groomed them even. And I've raised them too. In '89 in the Grand Prix, my horse—"

He stopped quickly. "Yes I know about horses." The words came more quietly, less joyously.

"Then give this to my groom—he'll put you to work," said the other, handing him the note he had written; and he stopped the happy man, hurrying out, with the question, "By-the-way, were you not once a gentleman?"

The vagabond turned on his heel and faced the window. In his steely gray eyes there came a far-away look as they rested on the clouds that scurried with fantastic changes across the field of blue. Gradually they took shape and formed themselves into what seemed to him to be the picture of a great, noble house surrounded by gardens and trees of exquisite beauty. And before the doorway stood an old man, supporting with one arm a sobbing woman and menacing with the other a reeling figure that skulked down the roadway to the gate. Then the scene vanished and the vagabond replied to his companion: "No, sir," he said, "I have never been a gentleman." An instant later he was gone.

Just as he passed out the lower door a beautiful touring car flashed by and above its whirr and the noise of the horn he could hear a woman's coarse laugh and the inane snigger of the half drunken youth who was trying to kiss her. A lonelier commented upon the scene in this wise, "It's a good thing the girl Mr. Stryker marries tomorrow is a better sort than her brother."

In a city of even the size of R—the marriage of the rich District Attorney to a beautiful girl was a happening of special import. All that day packages had arrived at Miss Ellwood's home, containing gifts of no small value and beautiful besides, but it was not till after sundown that there arrived the most valuable and beautiful of them all. This was a diamond pendant, imported from Paris as Mr. Stryker's offering to his future bride. So fine was it, indeed, that Miss Ellwood begged her fiancé not to leave it with her as she felt afraid to have so beautiful a jewel in the house. To please her he acquiesced and taking the pendant home deposited in the top drawer of a huge chest standing in the corner of his library. This room looked out from the side of the house and on the gardens. Just back of these gardens stood the servants' cottage and a room here had been assigned to Brantford, the new under groom.

A restless conscience and quiet sleep do not often go well together. So it was with Brantford. Fatigued though he was, he tossed about on the narrow cot, fighting with himself, trying to shut out old scenes and thoughts. At last in despair of ever sleeping, he arose and moved to the window. Although the last of November, snow had not yet fallen and the air still was mild. Tempted by the moonlight that threw a weird light over the garden, he stole quietly down the stairs and out into the open.

For perhaps half an hour he paced softly up and down in the shadow of the cottage. He was about to reenter when a sound like the breaking of a twig caused him to halt and in the dim light he could just discern the figure of a man stealthily entering through the library window. His first impulse was to cry out for the other servants but before he could do so a feeling, indefinable swept over him and he was powerless to call.

He permitted the man to get well within the room before he hurried across the moon-lit space. Then he too entered though the open window and it was done in a manner that showed he knew how to enter through windows and give no sound. He waited in darkness for the intruder to make the first move.

Quickly he was rewarded for his patience. He could feel rather than hear the man stealing to the far end of the room. There was no hesitancy in the fellow's actions; he seemed perfectly familiar with his surroundings and when finally he opened the built-in chest that held Miss Ellwood's jewels.

Still Brantford did not act. Two things he must know: What were the spoils? Who was the robber? Both questions were soon to be answered.

With a tiny click the lantern was closed and all was dark once more. Then the faintest of rasping noises made him aware that one of the heavy drawers was being opened. As he waited for the light to shine again, Brantford felt his way carefully across the room and so good was the progress he made that when it did shine he found himself within arm's reach of the burglar.

He was startled at his position but he need not have been for so complete was the robber's absorption in gazing at his spoils that a dozen men might have been behind him and he not known it. For those in his hand, nestled snugly in a velvet case, lay the diamond pendant. The huge stone, dropped at the end of a fine gold chain studded here and there with smaller diamonds, sparkled, seemed to burn even with a thousand different lights as the wavering rays of the lamp held in a trembling hand fell upon it.

In moments like these how quickly do our thoughts travel. In the short space of time that elapsed a dozen contrary ideas raced through Brantford's mind. Should he give the alarm and rouse the house? Or should he endeavor to capture the robber alone and thus get all the

credit for saving his master's property? Or—he shuddered at this last mad impulse. Before him there was a man whom he could easily overpower and relieve of that fortune he held so timidly in a shaking hand. Then away—away as only he knew how to fly—and with him he could take the pendant. The temptation was too strong. Gone were his new desires; gone were his new determinations. Like a savage beast creeping upon its prey, he made a step forward.

But his move came too late! Some little noise or maybe it was a presentiment of evil warned the lawyer in his room above and now he could be heard crying: "Who's there?"

Startled from his useful admiration of the jewel, the robber turned quickly towards the voice and as he wheeled, jewel, case and all fell to the parquet floor with a clatter loud enough it seemed, to wake the dead. Then Brantford heard the alarm bell ring in the servants' cottage across the way.

But something he had seen as his companion turned had changed the course of Brantford's ideas and actions. The face the burglar-eyed had shone upon in that brief second was the face of Harry Ellwood, the brother of the girl who spoken kindly to him in the jail.

His mind was made up. He knew or cared not why then but he felt that at all costs her brother must be saved. Accordingly he acted. Quick as thought he grabbed the boy now rushing toward the window and hissed in his ear, "It's no use—you can't get away there—the servants are coming! Grab me by the throat and yell! For God's sake, man, yell!"

He struck him a savage blow that made the boy cry out from the very pain. Again he struck him; this time a blow in the temple and the light body fell senseless to the floor. Then he snatched up the lantern and rushed towards the window straight into the arms of the entering servants.

He made no struggle, said no word until Mr. Stryker had entered the now well lighted library. He gave a contemptuous wave of his hand toward the body of the boy as he said, "The kid got me, Mr. District Attorney. The luck was against me. I thought it would be clever to rob the law itself but—Bah, I wish I'd killed him now."

A moment later the police arrived and took Brantford away.

On Thanksgiving day the jailers marveled at the composure of the prisoner in 66 and even greater would have been their surprise could they have heard his muttered words, "Ah, this is the happiest Thanksgiving I have ever spent."

That night when his keeper made the last round he found the cell empty. On the cot was a scrap of paper addressed to Mr. Harry Ellwood and on one side were scrawled the words, "Your sister gave me an inspiration to do right—you know how I have repaid her."

Of the note the jailer could make nothing, but before him was something that he could well understand. One of the heavy iron bars had been absolutely forced from its sockets in the stone and he spoke truthfully as he muttered: "My, but he was a strong man."

## Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

### Tell a Friend About It.

If you have neighbors who are ailing in any way, show them the Vitis-Ore advertisement on page 21 of this paper. They can try it without a penny risk and you will be doing them a big favor when it helps them.

**\$18 to \$30. A WEEK SURE.** Farmers "Ever-Ready" Tool Kit does it. Send \$1.00 for kit and 25¢ for catalog. Kit includes: 1. Vitis-Ore. 2. Ever-Ready. 3. 1000 ft. of 1/8" wire. 4. 1000 ft. of 1/4" wire. 5. 1000 ft. of 3/8" wire. 6. 1000 ft. of 1/2" wire. 7. 1000 ft. of 3/4" wire. 8. 1000 ft. of 1" wire. 9. 1000 ft. of 1 1/4" wire. 10. 1000 ft. of 1 1/2" wire. 11. 1000 ft. of 1 3/4" wire. 12. 1000 ft. of 2" wire. 13. 1000 ft. of 2 1/4" wire. 14. 1000 ft. of 2 1/2" wire. 15. 1000 ft. of 2 3/4" wire. 16. 1000 ft. of 3" wire. 17. 1000 ft. of 3 1/4" wire. 18. 1000 ft. of 3 1/2" wire. 19. 1000 ft. of 3 3/4" wire. 20. 1000 ft. of 4" wire. 21. 1000 ft. of 4 1/4" wire. 22. 1000 ft. of 4 1/2" wire. 23. 1000 ft. of 4 3/4" wire. 24. 1000 ft. of 5" wire. 25. 1000 ft. of 5 1/4" wire. 26. 1000 ft. of 5 1/2" wire. 27. 1000 ft. of 5 3/4" wire. 28. 1000 ft. of 6" wire. 29. 1000 ft. of 6 1/4" wire. 30. 1000 ft. of 6 1/2" wire. 31. 1000 ft. of 6 3/4" wire. 32. 1000 ft. of 7" wire. 33. 1000 ft. of 7 1/4" wire. 34. 1000 ft. of 7 1/2" wire. 35. 1000 ft. of 7 3/4" wire. 36. 1000 ft. of 8" wire. 37. 1000 ft. of 8 1/4" wire. 38. 1000 ft. of 8 1/2" 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See our famous No. 12s. We have to offer **FREE**,  
 following: One \$25 Stem Wrist and one  
 engraved, Full Jeweled Watch, one Quar-  
 terly Ground 43 Razor. All we ask is  
 \$2. D. by express and allow us full examin-  
 ation. Watches and Razor described above  
 pay the express agent \$4.95 (less than  
 they pay the whole lot, otherwise refuse  
 Return this ad. Right if we must send  
 GREAT GOLD TOILET SET, one  
 WINSTONSALE, N. C.

**FREE** **WARRANTED**  
**5 YRS**

MADE IN U.S.A.



# COMFORT'S Grand Jubilee Anniversary Prizes

## 538 CASH PRIZES—We Shall Give—538 CASH PRIZES

538 Cash Prizes to Our Subscription-club Canvassers as **SPECIAL EXTRA PREMIUMS** in Various Sums Consisting of

**One Capital Grand Prize of \$250.00**

**And 33 Other Grand Prizes Ranging From**

**\$125.00 to \$5.00**

**And of 504 Other**

**SPECIAL, EXTRA, COMBINATION, CUMULATIVE AND PROGRESSIVELY COMPOUND CASH PRIZES**

*Varying from \$1.00 to a Possible Cumulative*

**MONTHLY PRIZE OF \$300.00**

*and Offering the UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITY for a canvasser to Win the SPLENDID SUM of*

**\$1,300.00 IN SEVEN PRIZES**

*All in the Short Space of Six Months, Besides the Regular Club Premiums.*

**MONTHLY SPECIAL CASH PRIZES**

large and small, will be paid each and every month during the next six months, and the 34 Grand Prizes Will Be Paid at the End of Six Months.

**PRIZES ON PRIZES, CASH ON CASH, MONTH AFTER MONTH, EACH MONTH, SIX MONTHS**

**Grand Prizes too, and all on Top of Regular Club Premiums**

**Greatest Combination of Special Cash Prizes and Regular Club Premiums**

No Lottery. No Blanks. You take no chance of losing or wasting your time while working and competing for these cash prizes, because the regular club premiums which you are sure to earn and receive as fast as you send in your subscription clubs will pay you well for all your time and trouble in getting subscriptions for COMFORT, even if you should fail to win one or more of these 538 Special Extra Cash Prizes.

**CASH PRIZES COME THICK AND FAST EVERY MONTH, 134 CASH PRIZES THE FIRST MONTH**

To the 134 persons sending us during the present month of November the largest numbers of one-year subscriptions to COMFORT we will pay the following prizes:

|                   |                |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| <b>1st Prize,</b> | <b>\$50.00</b> | <b>3rd Prize,</b> | <b>\$10.00</b> |
| <b>2nd Prize,</b> | <b>25.00</b>   | <b>4th Prize,</b> | <b>5.00</b>    |

**130 Prizes of \$1.00 each, \$130.00**

This contest for November opens with this announcement and closes at midnight, November 30, and these monthly prizes for November will be paid as early in December as we can count up and find out who the winners are. The first prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions during November, the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on.

**A SEPARATE PRIZE CONTEST EACH MONTH FOR A SEPARATE LIST OF PRIZES**

There will also be a separate subscription prize contest in each of the months of December, January, February, March and April, and each of these months we shall award and pay 34 monthly cash prizes to the 34 persons who during the particular months for which the prizes are awarded send us the largest numbers of yearly subscriptions. The monthly cash prizes for each of these five months will be the same in number and amount as follows:

|                       |                |                   |                |
|-----------------------|----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| <b>FOR EACH MONTH</b> |                |                   |                |
| <b>1st Prize,</b>     | <b>\$50.00</b> | <b>3rd Prize,</b> | <b>\$10.00</b> |
| <b>2nd Prize,</b>     | <b>25.00</b>   | <b>4th Prize,</b> | <b>5.00</b>    |

**30 Prizes of \$1.00 each, \$30.00**

Each separate monthly contest opens on the first day of that particular month and ends at midnight of the last day of the same month. Subscriptions mailed on the last day of a month will be counted in on the contest for that month, provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This gives an equal opportunity to everybody no matter how far off they live. The prizes for each month will be paid as early in the month following as we can count up and find out who the winners are. In the January number of COMFORT we shall print the names of the 134 November prize-winners, and each succeeding month we shall publish the names of those to whom we have paid prizes during the previous month.

### GRAND PRIZES

To those who send us the largest number of yearly subscriptions during the six months commencing with this announcement and ending at midnight of April 30, 1909, we will pay the following grand prizes:

|                                      |                                 |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <b>Capital Grand Prize, \$250.00</b> | <b>4th Grand Prize, \$40.00</b> |
| <b>2nd Grand Prize, 125.00</b>       | <b>5th Grand Prize, 20.00</b>   |
| <b>3rd Grand Prize, 65.00</b>        | <b>6th Grand Prize, 10.00</b>   |

**28 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$140.00**

The Capital Grand Prize goes to the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions between now and the last day of next April, and the second prize is for the next largest number, and so on. These Grand Prizes come on top of the monthly cash prizes and regular club premiums, and therefore they are

### COMBINATION CUMULATIVE PRIZES

When you enter for the monthly prizes we also enter you for the Grand Prize Contest, and all the subscriptions which you send in any month count in the monthly prize contest of that month and also in the Grand Prize Contest. You can enter at any time in any of the six months and can drop out at any time, and we will pay you whatever monthly prizes you win while you are in, and will send you your regular club premiums, too, as fast as you send in the clubs. You may win a monthly prize one month, or two months, or every month, and may win a Grand Prize on top of them. As all the subscriptions in this contest count toward both sets of prizes, the Grand Prizes are sure to go to winners of monthly prizes.

### PROGRESSIVELY COMPOUNDED PRIZES GIVE

#### ASTONISHING RESULTS TO PRIZE WINNERS

You never heard of any such thing before. No, nor anybody else, because it is an entirely new proposition, just invented by us especially for our Jubilee Year Prize Offer. It is a very simple process, but it produces surprisingly large results by doubling up prizes for those who win month after month. This is it. If you win a prize any month it will be paid you immediately, and you will receive your regular club premiums too, as fast as the clubs come in. But that is not all. If you win a monthly prize the next month, that is for two months in succession, we will immediately pay you double the amount of your second month's prize. You need not win the same prize both months; any prize one month and any prize from \$1.00 to \$50.00 the next month will do the doubling act on the second month's prize. We will also double for you whatever monthly prize you win the third successive month; and likewise with the fourth, fifth and sixth months if you continue to win. Understand, that if you win one monthly prize, all monthly prizes won by you in consecutive months thereafter will be doubled for you.

This is how it works. Suppose you win \$10.00 one month and \$5.00 the next month. We pay you \$10.00 the first month and then pay you \$10.00 the second month instead of the \$5.00 which you won the second month. And suppose you win again, say \$10.00, the third month. We should double this by paying you \$20.00 for the third month. And so on, doubling all monthly prizes won by you in consecutive months thereafter.

### THIS IS A BIG THING

But if you win the SAME MONTHLY PRIZE three consecutive months, we will double your second month's prize and pay you THREE TIMES the amount of your third month's prize. See how this works. Suppose you win the \$10.00 monthly prize for three consecutive months, or as some say, three straight months,—what we mean is three months running. In that case we pay you \$10.00 for the first, \$20.00 for the second and \$30.00 for the third month, making \$60.00 in all for the three months. And likewise with the fourth, fifth and sixth months, if you continue to win the SAME monthly prize. Understand, that on the third successive month that you win the SAME MONTHLY PRIZE, and on all successive months thereafter that you win the same monthly prize, we pay you three times the monthly prize which you win. This rule applies to each and every one of the 34 monthly prizes, ranging from \$1.00 to \$50.00 each month. Even a \$1.00 monthly prize becomes \$2.00 the second and \$3.00 the third successive month that you win it, making \$6.00 for the three months, and keeps on at \$3.00 a month for the remaining three months if you continue to win it. There are 130 \$1.00 prizes the first month, and 30 \$1.00 monthly prizes each of the other five months, and it ought to be easy to win at least a \$1.00 prize each month, and if you do win only a \$1.00 prize each month, it will double and treble up to \$15.00 for the six months, and you would probably win a grand prize of at least \$5.00 more on top of that.

### BUT THIS IS THE BIGGEST OF ALL

Undoubtedly many of the smaller monthly prizes will be won easily and even doubled up or trebled without much effort, but we are going to make it worth a tremendous effort to win the first \$50.00 monthly prize and to keep on winning it month after month. So if the same person who wins the \$50.00 prize in November also wins the \$50.00 monthly prize each of the five succeeding months, we will pay him \$50.00 for November, double it to \$100.00 for December, make it \$150.00 for January, raise it to \$200.00 for February, raise it again to \$250.00 for March, and wind up by paying him \$300.00 for April, which adds up to \$1,050.00 for the six months; and of course, if you capture the first prize each month you cannot help winning the Capital Grand Prize of \$250.00 also, which added to the \$1,050.00 makes the splendid sum of \$1,300.00 which we should be more than pleased to pay you if you are industrious and persevering enough to win it. Now is not this worth trying for? It is enough to buy you a small farm, a little home in the village, set you up in business, pay off a mortgage, or start a bank account and make you a capitalist.

### \$100.00 MORE IN SPECIAL PRIZES FOR CHILDREN

We shall distribute One Hundred Dollars in prizes not less than one dollar each to such of the boy and girl canvassers under fifteen years of age entering this Great Prize Contest and not earning any prize as we deem worthy of reward for their diligence.

### \$100.00 MORE IN CONSOLATION PRIZES FOR LADIES

We shall distribute One Hundred Dollars in prizes of not less than one dollar each to such women canvassers entering this Great Prize Contest and not earning a prize as we think worthy of reward for their efforts.

### WE SHARE PROFITS WITH OUR CLUB-RAISERS

Are you surprised at the liberality of these prize offers? Do you wonder how we can afford to pay them? Well, there is an explanation. This month is the twenty-first anniversary of COMFORT'S birth. This is our Jubilee year which we are celebrating in this and in other ways. COMFORT has been very successful the past year in spite of the hard times, and we have the money already saved for this purpose. Its future is bright, and with the return of general prosperity, which has already begun throughout the country, we have every reason to believe that the coming year will be unusually prosperous for COMFORT, and we are willing to share our prosperity with those who help us. COMFORT already has a circulation of 1,250,000 copies a month, but we wish to increase it to 2,000,000 by next May and intend to make it an object for you to take hold and work for us.

Remember, the monthly prizes are paid every month. The November prizes will be paid early in December, and the names of the winners will appear in January COMFORT, and so on, month after month, until May, when the Grand Prizes will be awarded and paid.

### A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR

We shall keep a strict account of all subscriptions sent in to us by each and every person who enters this great subscription prize contest so that there shall be no mistake in awarding the prizes. Each and every prize must and shall surely be paid to somebody. It makes no difference to us who wins them. We shall take great care to see that those who win them get them, and you will all know because we shall publish the names of all the prize winners.

### CONDITIONS

The conditions of this contest are few and simple.

**FIRST.** Send in your subscription clubs, large or small, as you can and as often as you like. Name the regular club premium you want.  
**SECOND.** In mailing subscriptions intended for the prize competition, BE SURE to address them all to COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine. If you do not, we shall not know that they are for the prize contest.  
**THIRD.** Subscriptions mailed on the last day of a month will be counted into that month's contest, provided the postmark on the envelope shows it. This makes it fair for all, no matter how far off they live.  
**FOURTH.** The prizes will be awarded on the basis of one-year subscriptions, but either subscriptions will be accepted and counted in these prize contests as follows: 2 six-months' subscriptions equal one yearly subscription. One two-years' renewal at 25 cents equals one yearly subscription. One three-years' subscription equals two yearly subscriptions. SO SEND IN ANY KIND OF COMFORT SUBSCRIPTIONS OR RENEWALS AND THEY WILL ALL COUNT.

Read this announcement over again carefully and you will see in it four separate and distinct inducements for you to begin at once and keep on hustling to get subscribers for COMFORT each and every month for the next six months. 1. The valuable regular club premiums you are sure of. 2. The monthly cash prizes paid each month. 3. The compounding of monthly prizes for those who win a monthly prize two or more consecutive months. 4. The Grand Prizes to be paid in May to the winners of the six months' contest, not to mention the children's and ladies' consolation prizes.

### EVERYTHING TO WIN AND NOTHING TO LOSE

It costs you nothing to enter. You receive all your regular club premiums as fast as you can earn them, and if you work you may win any cash prize any or every month, may double or treble it month after month, and also win any one of the grand prizes, or may win the six \$50.00 prizes progressively compounded to \$1,050.00, and also the Capital Grand Prize of \$250.00. Think of the chance of earning \$1,300.00 and all your regular club premiums at spare moments in six months' time.

It is the chance of a lifetime, a lot of great chances combined. Don't let them slip past you. Enter now with a club of two or more and get in line for the prizes. Your own subscription or renewal will count one. You can renew 2 years for 25 cents, or if you have recently renewed or subscribed, you can extend your subscription and have it count one. Use the Prize Contest Entry Coupon at the foot of this page to enter this contest, or if you do not wish to mutilate this paper by cutting it out, copy it on to a sheet of paper. Get your friends to subscribe, renew or extend their subscriptions and help you to win a prize.

Don't think it is no use to try if you live in a small place. You may win a good prize just the same. Remember the one hundred consolation prizes for ladies and the one hundred prizes for children who enter but do not win. In awarding consolation prizes we shall have especial regard for those unsuccessful contestants who live in small places. If too busy yourself to solicit subscriptions, befriend any neighbor who is out of work or has spare time, by showing him or her this way of earning a good thing.

134 Prizes this month. The time is short this month because our November number is late, but it is short for all, and you have an equal chance. Enter now, so to win a prize this month and have a chance to double it next month. Select some premium advertised in this paper for a starter.

WRITE FOR OUR GREAT JUBILEE PREMIUM CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

### PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY COUPON

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta, Maine.  
I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ or \_\_\_\_\_ cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

| NAME | P. O. or R. F. D. | COUNTY | STATE | Pay Monthly SUB-<br>or RENEWAL for<br>2 Yrs. 1 Tr. 6 Mos. | AMOUNT |
|------|-------------------|--------|-------|---|--------|
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Send me as my Club Premium \_\_\_\_\_ (Date) \_\_\_\_\_ 190

Name \_\_\_\_\_ P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ Co. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**\$2.00 A DAY** earned at home writing; send stamp. Art College, Laporte, Ind.

**Electric Goods.** Big Cat. 3 cts. Fortune for agents. Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

**MONEY** Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL Co., 116 Nassau St., N.Y.

**\$90** A month and expenses to advertise and leave samples. I. B. Saunders Co., 127 Plymouth Pl., Chicago.

**35** Nice Post Cards, Xmas and others, all different. 10c 100 for 25c. A. B. Morgan, 3224 Vermont Ave., Chicago.

**TAPE-WORM EXPELLED** ALIVE, WITH HEAD COATED. BYRON FIELD & CO., 125 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

**EARN \$8** ADVERTISING OUR WASHINGTON FLUID. Agents: A. W. SCOTT, COHES, N.Y.

**PLAYS** Large List, Dialogues, Speakers, Hand Books, Dramas, Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Dept. Chicago.

**500 Cards Free** To Agents, canvassers and salesmen. Write for particulars to Hillman Co., 110 Broad St., Dept. L, Boston, Mass.

**BABY'S NAME!** Send 10 cts. for Book which gives you a choice of 1000 pretty names. Box 267, Chicago, Ill.

**WE PAY \$36 A WEEK** AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL REG. CO., DEPT. D, PARSONS, KANS.

**6 Tinted Post Cards 10c** Floral designs. All different. Finest. Highly colored. Year's contract. IMPERIAL REG. CO., DEPT. D, PARSONS, KANS.

**RHEUMATISM** PILES AND SORE FEET cured overnight. Sample free. Write today. NORWEGIAN CURE CO., Dept. 181, Rochester, N. Y.

**FITS** I have cured cases of 20 years' standing. Trial package free by mail. DR. S. PERKY, Dept. Park St., Chicago, Ill.

**6 CEMS OF ART 5c** (Exquisite Postals of Quality) & superb illustrated catalog. T. K. HAMILTON, 307 W. Ave., JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.

**25 Flower Post Cards 10c.** Roses, Daisies, Apple Blossoms, Forget-me-nots, Violets, etc. JAMES LEE, 72 E. Canal St., CHICAGO.

**BE OUR SELL CHRISTMAS MAKE BIG MONEY** POST CARDS are the easiest thing to sell because everybody wants them, and our agents easily earn big cash commissions and beautiful premiums. Agents' outfit, confidential prices and handsome Pocket Sample Case filled with samples of our best and fastest selling cards, all sent prepaid for only 10c. Send today. ELLIS AGENCY, DEPT. 12, 221 Lawrence Ave., CHICAGO.

**THIS ELEGANT GUARANTEED WATCH \$5.45** Stem wind, stem set, 21 selected jewels, finely balanced and perfectly adjusted movement, dustproof, patent regulator, enameled dial, jeweled compensation balance, double hunting case, genuine gold laid and beautifully engraved. Each watch thoroughly tested, tested and regulated before leaving factory. A binding written 20-year guarantee with every watch. Handsome Chain and Charm Free. Send us your name, postoffice and nearest express office, and state if lady's or gentleman's watch is wanted. Watch will be expressed C. O. D. \$5.45 and express charges. Examine it, test it, judge for yourself before paying exp. agent \$4.45 and exp. charges. If you don't want the watch the agent will return it at our expense. NATIONAL CONSOLIDATED WATCH CO., Dept. 235, Chicago, Ill.

**VIOLIN FREE** This is a fine, handsome, clear-toned, good-sized Violin of highly polished, beautiful wood, ebony-finished pegs, finger board and tail piece, one silver string, three gut strings, long bow of white horse hair, box of resin and fine self-instruction book. Send us your name and address for 24 packages QUAKER SHEET BLUING to sell at 10c each. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful Violin and outfit just exactly as represented. FRIEND SOAP CO., Dept. 972, Boston, Mass.

**COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER** In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty (20) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

**JUSTICE.**—We are of the opinion that you have no legal remedy for the matter you mention. Obligations of that nature come under the moral law, and are not governed by the statute or common law except in rare instances, or in some incidental way, such as a legal contract based on a promise to assume payment of such an obligation.

**Mrs. H. H.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the whole question hinges upon whether B. was of sound mind at the time he executed the deed. The certificate of the physician to this effect, and the fact that he had been discharged from the asylum as cured, if such were the fact, would indicate that he was; but, of course, this is a question of fact which we cannot pass upon. We do, however, think A. should carefully defend any action B. may bring to recover the property.

**DUSKY EYES.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you should insist and enforce your property rights from the other members of your family, but that you cannot commence any proceeding for your share of your mother's estate during her lifetime, unless she is incompetent to conduct her own business, or of unsound mind, in which event you might have a committee or guardian appointed to preserve her property if she is wasting it. If she is being unduly influenced and upon her death you find yourself cut off by will you should be able

to have her will set aside, but to do this it will be necessary to thoroughly prove the undue influence, or some other legal ground for invalidating it, by competent testimony, upon a contest of the will.

**Mrs. F. C. G.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that, unless in some way not contained in your statements this mill owner has an easement upon your farm, you can refuse to allow him to make repairs to his dam or water way upon your property, but that you cannot divest or cut your property from its course; we think your nephew can recover for such damage as he suffers from the negligence or improper conduct of this mill owner, beyond the privileges granted to him by his easement upon your nephew's property.

**M. E. E.**—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either a husband or wife, leaving no child or children or child or children of any deceased child, and leaving no will, the property would be divided between the surviving husband or wife and the decedent's father, mother, brothers or sisters, the father being preferred to the others; and that the surviving husband or wife would inherit all only in the event that the deceased left him or her surviving to issue, no father, mother, brother or sister.

**M. Z. H.**—Under the laws of the state from which you write we are of the opinion: (1) that a widow has a right of dower in the real estate of her husband dies with her, as it consists simply of a life estate and is not an absolute title to the property. During the husband's lifetime the wife usually releases her inchoate right of dower in his property by joining in the deed of conveyance with him, although she may release her dower by a separate instrument; (2) it is impossible for us to conjecture the meaning or intention of the person who got up the abstract of title you mention without having a copy of the abstract for examination. If the man who got up this abstract has not worked it so that you can understand it, you should ask him to explain it; such a question as this is not a legal question.

**E. E. H. R.**—We are of the opinion that such acts, as you state this postmaster committed, are against the rules of the post-office department. We, however, doubt that you will be able to have him removed, as the matter is too trivial; the proper place to make your complaint is the Post-office Department at Washington, D. C.

**Mrs. R. S.**—The relationship of the persons you mention is that of second cousins of the first and second degree.

**Mrs. F. C. S.**—Under the laws of the state you mention, we are of the opinion, that, if the man you mention left no will, his property would upon his death go to his widow and children if both survive him, but that if no children or issue of children survive him the estate would be divided between his widow and his other heirs. The real estate can be sold by all the heirs joining in the deed, provided they are all of age and of sound mind. The question as to who inherits a man's property always depends upon who he left behind to inherit and their relationship to him.

**L. J. P.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that you have no legal right to use the trade name you mention, nor to sell patented preparations, unless the patent has expired.

**A. R. T. T.**—Upon your statements and copies of paper submitted to us, we are of the opinion, that, unless in some way the drafts you mention have been kept out of the statute of limitations, the debt is long since barred, but that if for any reason you think it is a valid draft you should have the amount representative of your father's estate presented for payment through some bank. It would probably be more convenient for you to do this through a bank in your own locality.

**A. C.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion: (1) that to conduct the business you mention, in the place you, if your stepmother can prove that you are illegitimate and against the laws; (2) in describing the nature of the lien against your property, your spelling and writing are so bad that we are unable to understand just what the nature of it is. We think, however, that you should procure from the holder, such release or discharge as will be acceptable to the officer in charge of the office where the same is recorded, if the lien is one of record, you can find out what will be acceptable upon applying to him.

**Mrs. E. M.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that it will be necessary for you to have a search made of the records of the county in the state where your aunt's property was located to obtain the information you desire. Under the laws of that state, we think that any claim you may have had has long since been barred by the statute of limitations, unless in some way it has been kept out of the statute.

**M. E. L.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that under the laws of the state from which you write, if your stepmother can prove that your conduct to her was such as would amount to extreme cruelty on the part of your father in compelling her to live in the same family with you, then she can compel him to support her elsewhere.

**R. L. H.**—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of the man you mention leaving no will and leaving no lineal descendants, his property will descend to his widow if one survives him.

**S. A. N.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that your father could not at this late day recover the land he lost through a change in the Government survey.

**L. M.**—Upon your statements to us, we do not think you can recover the property you mention.

**M. O. H.**—You should submit your question to some local authority of the state in which you reside.

**H. M.**—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the amount you can obtain from your husband for your support will depend upon the evidence you produce upon the bearing of such an application. We can think of no way for you to obtain this without going to court, if your husband refuses to support you.

**O. E. C.**—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we do not think it necessary for you to have a general guardian appointed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

## Tools For A Factory

Given Away

**FREE**

IF YOU BUY CLOTH FROM US ACCORDING TO OUR SIMPLE EASY PLAN

We make you this exceptional offer because we want to start you in the Canvas Glove Business, show you how to develop it into a hale, hearty business, sell its goods and bring its profit to you; and last, but not least, make one dollar grow rapidly into two.

Never before in history of business has help like this been offered to ambitious men.

Here is brought to your home and placed in your very hands the accumulated wisdom, the priceless experience and proven plans of the glove business. Here is spread before you the vivid drawings and information, the actual working details needed in the glove business.

We are making you this offer, we want you to start a factory to become prosperous. We want to show you how this can be done on little capital (from \$50 to \$200) with the possibility of making thousands of dollars.

We do all this for you, start your factory, simply with the understanding that you buy supplies and goods from us so long as our prices are as low or lower than you can get elsewhere.

This is not a speculation in any sense of the word. It is a sound, permanent and highly profitable business. The money you do invest is spent entirely for the necessities of the business; there is no waste material, no dead stock—every yard of cloth can be turned back into cash at a moment's notice.

THE SECRETS OF THE GLOVE BUSINESS

This valuable book contains a great deal of information about the secrets of the glove business and how any one with a capital of from \$50 to \$200 can make money, right from the start. Send for it right now, today.

We will help you to succeed, help you in every little detail; help you to succeed.

Don't miss this opportunity even if you have to borrow the money to start with; in three months' time you should pay it back and have money to start in a manufacturing business. You can start a factory in any spare room at home or small store and enlarge it as the business requires.

Under our new plan we offer to give you free the necessary tools, such as dies, cutting table, mangle, cutting block, turning machine, cloth rack, rawhide maul, knife, patterns and equipment. Surely no such liberal offer was ever made. We do this because we want to prove to you that those in the Glove Business are successful and build up a large business. Those who have had the nerve to start and have thrown their brains and energy into the work get along well and have factories in two or three years.

Everybody uses canvas gloves and mittens—the farmer, the mechanic, doctor, lawyer and the merchant in all sections of the country.

Better write us today.

## WE WILL SEND FULL INFORMATION

about the business and how we will furnish the free tools and assist you to successfully start a factory. If you would like this information it will cost you only one cent (a postal card) to get it. This is simply an opportunity to go into the manufacturing business, which, with a reasonable amount of work and attention to business, should yield thousands of dollars a year in clean cash profits. We feel confident of your success or we would not furnish you tools free to work with.

We want to start a few of these factories, watch their interests, and give them our valuable assistance. We hope to make our profit from the cloth we sell, and if our prices are not as low or lower than others, we do not even ask you to buy from us. By this arrangement we'll get a small profit and a few people will get a large manufacturing business that in time should be a huge manufacturing plant employing many people.

The two brothers of The McCreery Manufacturing Company started only a few years ago absolutely broke, actually borrowed \$100.00 to start with. At first only had two girls working and have risen to be worth thousands of dollars, do an enormous business, own their own large factory and have valuable interests in others, all in a remarkably short time. If a factory will do this for us, it will do the same for you. Don't miss this offer. First come, first served. Write today for free book and full information about our free offer.

Write us today, start now, do not let the golden opportunity slip by.

THE MCCREERY MANUFACTURING CO., 810 Dorr St., Toledo, O.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money \$1.50  
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH  
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 24 in. 22-in. short stem  
size human hair switch to match. If you find it  
a bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell it  
and get your switch free. Extra shade a little  
more. Inclose 5c. postage. Free beauty book  
showing latest style of hair dressing—also high  
grade brushes, pompadours, wigs, etc.  
Anna Ayers, Dept. V44,  
17 Quincy St., Chicago

**OPIUM** or Morphine Habit Cured.  
Free trial treatment. We specially  
desire cases where other  
remedies failed. Confidential.  
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**PERFECTLY DEVELOPED BUST**  
I have the safe and true BUST  
SECRET for perfectly developing  
the Bust, making thin cheeks, neck and  
arms plump and beautiful. Write for  
information: I send it sealed, FREE.  
DELMAR ASSOCIATION, 24 E. 25d St., New York.

**WE BUY FURS AND HIDES**  
for spot cash. 10 to 50% more money for you to ship Raw Furs and Hides to us than to  
sell at home. Write for Price List, Market Report, Shipping Tags, and about our  
**HUNTERS' & TRAPPERS' GUIDE** \$4 Edition.  
450 pages, leather bound. Best thing on the subject ever written. Illustrating all Fur Animals. All  
about Trappers' Secrets, Decoy, Traps, Game Laws. How and where to trap, and to become a  
beautiful Robber. Our Magnetic Bait and Decoy attract animals to traps, \$1.00 per bottle. Ship your  
Hides and Furs to us and get highest prices. Address: Brown, Dept. 15 Minneapolis, Minn.

**BOYS and GIRLS** EARN ELEGANT WATCH AND CHAIN  
IN ONE DAY'S WORK  
SEND NO MONEY—Simply send your name  
and address, and we send you, charges paid by  
us, 12 Beautiful Pictures, 16 inches wide, 30 in.  
sharper, as 3 are, charges \$1.00 each  
for them. With them we send 12 boxes of our  
famous CLOVERINE BALVE (in handsome  
tin boxes), greatest remedy known for Cuts,  
Bones, Piles, Eczema, Catarrh, Glands, etc.

**MEN and WOMEN** EARN \$3.00 DAILY  
You sell the Cloverine at 50c per box and give  
one picture free. When sold return money and  
we send beautiful watch and chain for you and  
keep cash commission. Be first in your town.  
Every one buys two to three boxes after you  
show pictures. A doctor discovered Cloverine.  
Millions use it. Agents earn \$3.00 a day sure.  
Write quick. We send Cloverine and pictures  
at once. Address  
WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Tyrone, Pa. Dept. 100.



## 180 Piece Dinner Set FREE

To any lady who will send us her name at once we will send this beautifully decorated Set of Dishes for taking a few orders for our Soap, Extract, Tea, etc. In addition to these dishes we will send you this 5-Piece Cottage Toilet Set absolutely FREE, just to get you started. You will not be obliged to pay one cent or to sell any goods to obtain it. No money required in advance. We allow you time to deliver the Tea, Soap, Coffee, etc., & collect the money before paying us. You run no risk, as we pay the freight and will trust you with the Tea, Soap, Extract, etc. Liberal cash commissions paid.

KING MFG. CO.

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**CUT THIS OUT** and mail it to us, or send postal card. KING MFG. CO., 862 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Please mail your Catalogue and Free Agent's Outfit to

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Address

## 5-Piece Cottage Toilet Set FREE

This beautiful Toilet Set, with handsome spray of Red Roses, burnt in so they cannot rub or wash off sent absolutely FREE as an Extra Premium & in addition to the dishes you earn, just for answering this adv. promptly & getting started taking orders. It will not cost you a cent & you need not sell any goods to earn it.



# Uncle Charlie Tells the Story of His Life

I HAVE been requested by COMFORT's publisher to contribute a little article all about myself for the great Jubilee issue, and I was also requested to make it funny, a laugh in every word, and a scream in every line.

Now I strenuously object to talking about myself—you've probably noticed that modesty is my strong point, I always was a shrinking young thing. When the pie was passed, I never have more than three hands in the plate at one time. I never had a case of exaggerated ego. I hate people who talk about themselves. The only reason I talk about myself is that I never knew anyone else worth talking about. That being the case, I feel I can reveal a part of my life's story without further apology.

I was born of poor, but dishonest parents, in the year O before one was invented. I didn't know their failings when I selected them. You well remember, there were two monkeys went into the ark. I was the one with red whiskers, pink eyes, and a green tail. I started early in the monkey business, and I've been monkeying ever since. I don't remember much about my experience in the ark, except that one day there was a fearful racket between the sea and the elephant.

It appears the flea trod on the elephant's toe and broke the elephant's leg. The elephant and the flea then had a terrible fight, and during a fierce mix up, the flea pushed the elephant overboard. Just as the elephant was sinking, I grabbed his trunk, and it is still in my possession—fact, I'm sitting on the edge of it in my chicken coop writing to you at this very instant.

I used excellent discretion in the selection of my parents. I advertised for a father and mother in several papers, and got thousands of answers. I honestly did not know which to pick, so thinking there was safety in numbers, I selected two dozen of the most likely looking parents. You see, I wanted to make a good start, and start right. I was however, informed that the rules of the game only allowed one child to have one father and mother. I did considerable kicking, when I heard this, as I felt sure that if I had to get along with that small number of parents, both of them would have to work overtime to keep me out of trouble, and attend to my variegated wants. You can bet from the very first moment I took the starting mark for the human race. I kept them both on the hop. There was no alfalfa growing under their feet. In the selection of parents my one aim was to get hold of a male progenitor with no muscle. I was not fool enough to select a father with a fist like a steam hammer, and a muscle such as is possessed by Jim Jeffries or Bob Fitzsimmons—not I. I selected the mildest looking male that ever set a hoof on the paternal pike, and he had an arm no fatter than a toothpick, and about as big around as a stick of macaroni. Having made these preliminary preparations, I was ready to debut into this world of care and trouble, and directly I made my first appearance on life's stage, there was such a weight of extra trouble added to this world, that the whole universe began to sag in the middle, and got top heavy, and began to bust around the belt. They had to run the equator around it to keep it from going to pieces. A little while after I made my earthly debut, a sweet young thing, all in white, with a cap set daintily on her ratty pompadour, stuck a rubber arrangement in my mouth, attached to a milk bottle. I sized the bottle business up and said: "Say, I'm pretty easy, but you don't throw any of that cow build into me. Fetch me a Porter-house steak with French fried potatoes, a stack of buckwheats with syrup, a double helping of corn beef and cabbage, two plates of liver and bacon, three cups of black coffee, and a twenty-five cent cigar, and get a wiggle on, or you lose your job." Then I threw the bottle across the room, and smashed a chromo of George Washington, and asked for the sporting sheet of the newspaper. The nurse fell in a fit, my Maw fainted and Pop sized me up, disappeared, and came back in half an hour with a punching bag, dumb bells, and a set of Indian clubs, and went into training to develop muscle, and develop it he did in good shape. He had to hire two tailors to stay on the premises, to open out and extend his duds, so as to accommodate his muscle, which grew so fast, he had to hire two men in an automobile to chase it.

Soon they took me to church to be christened. I was too faithful to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion, and when the minister sprinkled me with water I yelled: "Quit throwing that water at me, I didn't come here to be drowned." I got a strange hold on his whiskers, that made him grunt in his shoes. He was an old gentleman, hard of hearing, and he couldn't have seen a pumpkin pie, if you had rubbed it against his nose. When Pop told him my name, which I had selected with great care, was to be Charles Noel, the minister said: "I christen thee Maria Samantha Jane." "Not on your life," I shrieked. "I'm not built for a name like that." Then Pop made a megaphone of a store pipe, and I got upholstered with my correct sponsorial and patronymic appellation.

A little later, I had a run in with the doctor. He said I was cutting my teeth. I told him I wasn't crazy enough to do anything so foolish. He again accused me of cutting my teeth, and I soaked him on the nasal protuberance, and he had me arrested, and I had to pay a fine, and put up a bond to keep the peace. I'd knocked off half of his nose, so I always kept the piece. But honestly only a lunatic would cut his teeth. How could a man eat if he cut his teeth?

When I was two years of age, they took me to an Episcopal church. They asked me how I liked the organ, and I told them I did not like it, as they had no monkeys with it. At the mature age of three I eloped with the hired girl, but Pop got on our trail, and I returned home singing, "No Wedding Bells for Me." The hired girl brought a suit against me for breach of promise, but as the suit didn't fit, I never wore it.

Later on, I went to school. One day I was chewing gum, and had my feet sprawling out in front of me. The teacher said: "Take that gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in." My father at this time was a very busy man. His principal business was trying to keep out of jail. I regret to say his efforts were only partly successful. He never had any luck at anything he attempted. I remember he built three windmills, but there was only enough wind to run one, so he had to tear the other two down. Then he went into potato culture. He planted forty acres of potatoes, but planted them the wrong side up, and they grew down instead of up, and a man in China got the whole crop. He was the unluckiest man that ever lived. He never made a hit at anything except the seat of my pants, and every time he struck in that direction he made a base hit. How I longed for my time at the stick; but he was both striker and umpire and never let me have my inning.

Meanwhile, I was growing up. I went to school for several years and acquired a remarkable education. I could shoot a spit ball, so that it would knock a boy's eye out at three hundred yards. I could manipulate a tack, so that everyone within half a mile would sit on it. I could put three hives of bees down a boy's back, and get into the next county before you could say "scat." Oh, I had a lead pipe cinch on the education business. I graduated with honors, and received the finest diploma for cussedness you ever clapped your optics on. They gave me a medal as big as a dime when I began to sing, and they presented me with one as big as a soap plate on condition that I stopped.

My education finished, I was started in business. First I went into the plumbing business in Florida. I said: "Wait till the snow and frost comes, and pipes bust, and I'll get rich." I waited ten years, but no frost. Then I got disheartened and quit. Next I took a cargo of palm leaf fans up to the North Pole. I was leaning up against the Pole looking for business when an Eskimo said: "Go home you jackass, it's stoves we want up here, not fans." Next I invested in a corn cure outfit, and I struck an old soldier's home, and talked corn cure all day, until I was exhausted. At night one of the old vets took me aside and said: "Say young man, we don't use corn cure here, every man in this institution has wooden legs." Next I went down to Alabama and started a poultry store in the black belt. I bought two car loads of chickens and offered them at five cents a pound. I felt sure my fortune was made, but not a single chicken did I sell. Finally a colored man walked in and said: "Boss, dar aint no use you trying to do no business aroun' heah. Nobody won't buy chickens heah till folks is educated to put locks on their hen coops. I still had the poultry cage so I started to raise chickens, and sell eggs. I bought the best incubators and filled them with eggs. I had a setting of one thousand eggs, and every darned chicken that peeped out of its shell was a rooster. Next I thought I'd butt into the milk business.

I bought some fine pasture land, and some fancy milk cows of a breeder one hundred miles away. When the cows were unloaded from the cars, every blessed one turned out to be a steer. I sized the bunch up and said: "Pretty good for beef—but milk, oh say, nothing doing." I was pretty well disheartened by now, but got a friend to stake me, and took a ship load of overcoats, pants and clothing to the South Sea Islands. When I got there the natives came aboard to see what I had to sell them, and I nearly dropped in a fit. They only wore a necklace and a smile. I landed back in New York, broke again. I got another start and opened a restaurant. Outside in big letters I had this sign exposed to view: "All you can eat for thirty cents." In came a man and said: "Boss, does that sign go?" I said, "It does." "All right," said the man. And then he sat at the table and began ordering and eating, and eating and ordering, for ten days and nights he ate and ate. After he had been eating for a week, I asked him to pay something on account. He handed me fifteen cents and said: "Take that on account, I'm about half way through now, I'll finish in another week." He ate up everything we had, and after he'd cleaned up the grub, he ate the cook, six waiters, three tables and a dozen chairs, and he was getting ready to chew me, when I beat it through the

door yelling, "Murder," as I went. The next thing I embarked in was a taxi-cab. A taxi-cab is an electric vehicle, and the taximeter inside registers the distance traveled, and tells how much the one who hires it must pay. The first fare I got I drove around for a week. We must have covered 1,500 to 2,000 miles. Finally when he got out, I got down to look at the taximeter, and found it registered thirty cents. After the first half mile it got out of whack and didn't work. That's where I shed tears of blood. Of my experience as an actor, I need not speak. You have heard of it too often for me to recount it here—sufficient to say my last stunt was "demonstrating" the efficiency of liver pills with a medicine show. One night I had to swallow sixty-four boxes of pills, and the proprietor of the show fired me, because I had the nerve to ask him for five cents on account to buy Jamaica ginger. Fortunately at this epoch in my career, I turned to literature, and Mr. Gannett was the first to encourage my budding genius. Then my connection with the dear blessed old COMFORT began, and I crawled into my chicken coop and started to acquire a family of 50,000 nephews and nieces, and a monthly audience of several millions of people. And now with my cares and troubles largely a matter of the past, I send out a wave of love and good wishes to every member of COMFORT's family.

In this brief but eventful history of my stormy career, most of you will accuse me of drawing largely on my imagination. I admit the soft impeachment, and am proud of the fact that I have an imagination to draw on. All that is beautiful in the world, all art, all literature all poetry, music and song, are the result of man's imaginative powers. Give the imagination free rein, encourage your children to be imaginative, and some day they may become great authors, great artists, and bring honor to you and joy and beauty to the world in which they live.

And now with a fervent God-speed to you all, I'll crawl back to the pages of C. L. O. C., and take up the many duties which fall to the happy lot of

Your affectionate relative and friend,

Uncle Charlie

The Truth About Uncle Charlie

Dear, good, kind-hearted, sympathetic, cheery and amusing Uncle Charlie. Who would ever suspect from reading his talks with COMFORT's Cousins so full of merriment and bubbling over with good-natured wit, so earnest in sympathetic feeling for suffering humanity, that he himself is a shut-in of the shut-ins? It is true, though I don't wonder that you can hardly believe it.

Always thoughtful of others, ever sympathizing with others, continually doing for others, absolutely unselfish, he never hints at his own misfortune nor appears to crave sympathy for himself.

You think you know your Uncle Charlie, and indeed you do know that side of his lovable character which appears in his monthly chats with you. But there is another side which you do not know, but which I want to tell you so that you may fully appreciate him as I do. Complying with my request, he has given you in this number of COMFORT a very funny sketch of his own life, all of which, except the last paragraph, as he frankly tells you, is drawn from his wonderful imagination. He does not claim it to be true. He has made it all up for your pleasure and amusement—just to make you laugh, because if he had told you the truth about himself, the true story of his life, it would make you sad, and he never can bear to make others sad. He is forever helping to bear other people's troubles, but never troubles others with his own.

His picture which appears in connection with his imaginary autobiography was taken years ago and shows him as he was then, in perfect health, before he met with the dreadful accident which crippled him for life and made him a shut-in.

The picture at the left of this article shows you the real Uncle Charlie as he is now, as he lives and works now, reading and answering the many letters of the cousins whom he loves so dearly.

You all knew he had a great kind heart, but you did not know the patience and fortitude with which he bears his own suffering and misfortune and the difficulties under which he labors cheerfully for COMFORT and for you all.

He does not know that I am to let you into his secret, and perhaps he would disapprove of the idea; but you have known him so long and love him so much, that I believe you have a right to know the whole truth about him and know him as he really is and love and respect him the more.

You have been moved to better deeds and higher hopes and nobler aspirations by his words, but in the future the inspiration of his example will give still greater influence to what he says to you.

Remember, that Uncle Charlie never asks anything of you for himself, but is always doing for others and only asking you to help him do it. When he thus appeals to you in the future you will respond with greater alacrity because you now know the difficulties which made it so hard for him to do his great work of leading you.

Do you wonder that his personality has drawn about him the greatest family of cousins, thirty-thousand strong, bound by the ties of brotherly love and devoted to the cause of benevolence and charity?

Truly, he is the greatest uncle in the world except our great and mighty Uncle Sam.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.



UNCLE CHARLIE, AS HE WAS.



UNCLE CHARLIE AS HE IS.

## Comfort's Home Lawyer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

C. S. B.—You should apply to the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

Miss A. S. P.—Upon your statements to us, we think P. should compel K. to come to an adjustment with him, even though it becomes necessary to bring an action for that purpose.

Anxious.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the other children you mention cannot make any trouble for their brother because you leave him a portion of your property by will. We do not think they are not entitled to any interest in your estate.

Mrs. E. W. W.—You should submit the deed you mention to a local authority. It is impossible for us to render an opinion without an examination of the deed.

Mrs. F. B.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that if the judgment of the court placed the custody of the child you mention with his grandparents, you should not try to kidnap him. If you so desire you might make another application to the court or appeal from the former judgment.

Virginia.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the young man you mention can be compelled to support himself.

R. F.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that, if you are in default in your payments for your house, the holder of the mortgage (if there be one) can commence proceedings at once to enforce the payment of the same.

I. N. O.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that the young woman you mention can compel her husband to support her lawfully, and should take measures to do so, and that she should also bring an action against him to compel him to keep his agreement with her in regard to the property.

## IS THIS A SAMPLE COPY?

Make sure by looking over on title page, the first page, and see if it is marked "SAMPLE COPY."

IF SO, it is sent you with my compliments, because you are not a subscriber and I want you to become one at once, and you will find our envelope folder special subscription blank wrapped in this paper for you to use.

I am sending only a limited number of sample copies this month to such persons as have been recommended to me as sufficiently refined and cultivated to appreciate COMFORT, the best all-round family monthly ever published for the money.

IF THIS IS MARKED "SAMPLE COPY" you are one of the FAVORED FEW TO RECEIVE IT FREE THIS TIME—THIS TIME ONLY, because I SHALL NOT REPEAT the favor.

If you do not subscribe at once, THIS IS THE LAST you will see of this highly interesting, entertaining and instructive magazine, which, as its name implies, brings sunshine and happiness each month into 1,250,000 good American homes. Every month it has something of especial interest to every member of the family.

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR ONE YEAR FOR 20 CENTS on the enclosed envelope folder subscription blank and you will receive COMFORT for 13 months more beginning with our Great Special Christmas number early in December.

Send in your own subscription first, NOW, and then enter our SPLENDID JUBILEE PRIZE CONTEST announced for the first time on page 24. It costs you nothing to enter. Read it. This is the first announcement of it. So you have as good a chance as anyone to win from one to seven prizes from \$1.00 to \$1,300.00, if you get a move on quick.

When you subscribe ask to have our GREAT JUBILEE PREMIUM CATALOGUE sent you free and postage prepaid by us.

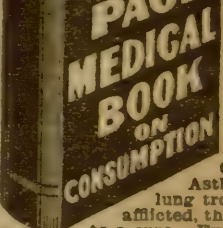
Thirteen months more for 20 cents if you subscribe now. Six months for 10 cents. Three years for 50 cents.

Very truly yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. Fill out enclosed subscription blank, WRAP YOUR MONEY IN PAPER, fold it in the envelope blank and see that the flaps are well stuck. Send at once.

## Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 2652 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

**Wanted.** 10,000 Railway Mail Clerks; City Carriers, Postoffice Clerks appointed yearly. Many Clerks at Washington and Customs Clerks. Salary \$600.00 to \$1600.00. Vacation No "Layoffs." Many examinations coming. Common education sufficient. 25 free scholarships. Franklin Institute, Dept. T. J., Rochester, N. Y.

**30 lbs. SUGAR Best 75c.**

with order, other groceries equally as cheap. Freight paid cash with order FREE. Grocery List, Jewelry Catalogue, etc. Deering Mercantile Co., Dept. F, Chicago, Ill.

**SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS**

Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box M-19, Danville, Virginia.

**8 HOLIDAY POST CARDS 10c**

Send us 10c and we will send you a Beautiful Colored Christmas and New Years Post Card. 24 cards for only 25 cents. The best value ever offered. KANSAS POST CARD CO., 441 W. 7th Ave., Topeka, Kansas.

**30 MAGNIFICENT HIGHLY COLORED POST CARDS 10c**

Beautiful flowers and girls printed in gold. A rare bargain. BLANCHÉ MFG. CO., Station 95, BOSTON, MASS., Dept. A.

**Xmas Cards** very beautiful and very cheap. 25 for 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalog free.

MODEL CARD CO., Dept. A, 5 W. Madison, Chicago.

**Agents \$36 a week; expenses paid; no experience or capital required; 30 days' credit; photo pillow tops 30c; enlarged portraits, bromides, paintings, frames, lowest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept. E, Ritz Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.**



and we will send you the watch a 4 guarantee and delivery. STANDARD JEWELRY CO., Dept. 20 CHICAGO, ILL.

**I'm Afraid to Come Home in the Dark**

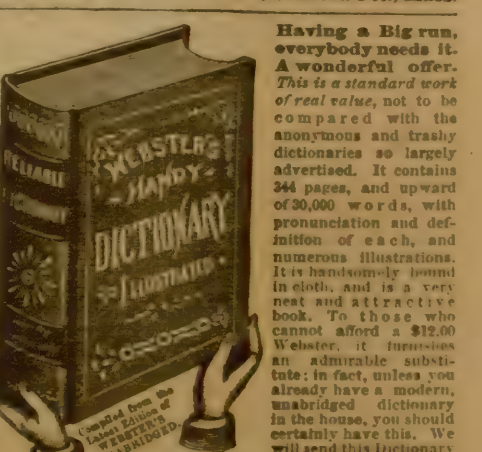
and 216 other Latest SONGS and MUSIC 10c. Love's Golden Dream; Sweetheart Day; Sunny Morn; Flower of Youth; Dreaming Bird; WING; 'Twas the Moon Can't Tell on You; I Think It Must Be Love; When I See Stripes and You; I Love My Life; Honey Boy; Bird on Nellie's Hair; I Love You; Whippoorwill; Slugs; Marquies; Somewhere; See Antonio; Obeyance; Love Me and the World is Mine; Waiting at the Church; Tangle Doodle Boy; Waltz Me Around Again; Waltz, etc.; 10 Pieces Piano MUSIC—Merry Widow Waltz, etc. New 10c blue, best collection ever offered. The 216 songs with Coupon good for GOLD PLATED WATCH CHAIN and ORNAM for 10 CENTS. Address J. COOK & CO., 56 Fifth Ave., CHICAGO.

**FREE TO YOU**

**LORD'S PRAYER BANGLE PIN**  
We mean what we say. We will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE THIS LOVELY BANGLE PIN with the entire Lord's Prayer engraved on it if you will send us 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing.  
**REED MFG. CO., 69 Roy St., PROVIDENCE, R.I.**



**ELECTRIC ENGINE FREE**  
With Battery Ready to Run  
Remarkable effective electric engine runs forward or backward, fast or slow, 200 to 3000 revolutions per minute. Speed and direction can be changed while engine is in motion. Send for 24 packages of Blaine to sell at 10c. each. Return our \$2.00 and we ship this engine and battery complete.  
**Blaine Mfg. Co., 307 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.**



Having a Big run, everybody needs it. A wonderful offer. This is a standard work of real value, not to be compared with the anonymous and trashy dictionaries so largely advertised. It contains 244 pages, and upward of 30,000 words, with pronunciation and definition of each, and numerous illustrations. It is handsomely bound in cloth, and is a very neat and attractive book. To those who cannot afford a \$12.00 Webster, it furnishes an admirable substitute; in fact, unless you already have a modern, unabridged dictionary in the house, you should certainly have this. We will send this Dictionary by mail postpaid.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only three six-months' 10-cent subscribers, or two yearly subscribers to this paper at 30 cents each, you get this great value free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



# TORTURING Backache!—

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean of December 7)

## FINDS NEW KIDNEY CURE

Dr. T. Frank Lynott, New York Specialist, Discovers Remarkable Remedy.

At last a perfect harmless and positive cure appears to have been found. Dr. T. Frank Lynott, formerly of the University City of New York and the famous Bellevue Hospital, New York City, but now a celebrated specialist in Chicago, has a very simple quick-acting formula which has already been approved by the best doctors.

Last night Dr. Lynott read a paper on the treatment of kidney troubles that proved a revelation to those present. Dr. Lynott was highly praised for his deeply interesting paper, but is liable to criticism for allowing his new treatment to be advertised, especially as he was advertising a free treatment on an introductory offer.

Dr. Lynott, however, explained that this free treatment offer was not so much for patients in the big cities as for the people in villages and country districts who had access only to country doctors. Many of these country doctors, Dr. Lynott explained, were not posted on up-to-date methods of cure, and in fact were jealous of the more educated physicians in cities; so to make quick work of introducing the treatment that the best doctors must recognize as the proper remedy for kidney trouble, he had decided to offer it free for the time being to people in the country. Dr. Lynott said that the free treatments would not be continued indefinitely.

That racking pain, those awful twists of muscles, that sharp digging soreness—digging right through the bones and flesh—all day long—half the night long—pain and misery unbearable—

### Then Suddenly—

such a relief, the back becomes straight and eased, the internal pains cease, the bones quit aching, the muscles stop twitching—health, strength, freedom from all torture—as if by magic.

That is what can and will be done for you, if YOU will only take the time and trouble to read this free offer carefully. It is YOUR loss if you don't get the free treatment—it is your own self you must blame if your torturing twisting, digging pains do not cease.

Now don't think that this is only an ordinary advertisement—it is a high grade scientific offer—a real free offer—especially for the readers of this paper, endorsed personally, and I do not want you to neglect this illness of yours one minute. I want you to get this free treatment and the free book, fully explaining your real illness.

For, in the first place, you must understand that those internal pains and aches (a backache that comes from an ordinary twist or exposure and lasts only a few hours is not meant by this, but the chronic aches and pains) are due to

## Kidney Trouble

Either Kidney Trouble itself, or Bladder Trouble, or Uric Acid leading to Rheumatism. All these diseases go back to the kidneys, and show themselves by internal pains, pains inside and by a racking of the back.



# Free Treatment!

## The Free Treatment

if you answer this advertisement the first time you see it and send your name. An introductory offer for those who really want to get well and who, when cured, will not hesitate to tell their friends. Don't miss this wonderfully liberal offer.



### DOCTOR T. FRANK LYNOTT,

whose picture appears here, will personally take charge of your case. He will give your case his personal attention, for he wants to take your case as an example for others. He wants to prove by you that his wonderful treatment is positively efficacious.

You may have heard of Dr. Lynott's high standing in his profession and especially of his deep knowledge of urinary diseases (Dr. Lynott received a special diploma for study of urinary diseases from New York University) so it may be considered fortunate in having been able to offer Dr. Lynott's services absolutely free to the readers of this paper.

Fill out and mail this certificate now, today.

Now we positively know that Dr. Lynott has THE remedy for kidney trouble that will do the work. This remedy—**for the sake of humanity—ought to be introduced AT ONCE into every community in the United States.** The easiest way to introduce it would be to establish one cure quickly, showing relief is instantaneous, how the cure is CERTAIN. So, a free treatment will be given to one person in each town. Just send your own name and address—that is all—and the free treatment will be promptly forwarded to you, also the free book explaining about backaches and all other symptoms of kidney trouble. Now remember that you are under no obligations—all you have to do is to send your name and YOU will get the free treatment. Then, after the treatment has helped you so much, you will, of course, be glad to tell all your friends about it—you are under no obligations to do so, but we know you will be glad to do it anyway. You would be grateful to us for the treatment and cure even if we had charged you half of a year's salary—it would be worth that much to you surely—but the treatment is absolutely free, prepaid. This is of course, strictly an introductory offer—so be the first in your town to write. If you are suffering with any symptoms of kidney trouble or if any member of your family is so afflicted, sign and mail the free trial certificate.

Any sick person who fails to write at once for this absolutely free treatment has no right to complain longer of illness. If you are seeking a cure answer this liberal offer.

### Here is a Table of the Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

#### READ OVER THESE SYMPTOMS

#### See Which of the Symptoms Are Yours

It is important to state in your reply to Dr. Lynott what your symptoms are. Just as soon as the doctor receives your reply, either in a letter or on the free certificate shown below, he will send you the free treatment. Now do not miss this opportunity. Just imagine how you will feel as soon as you get the treatment. You must feel relief at once. So do not delay, but write a letter today stating what the symptoms are. Send this certificate at once to Dr. Lynott, Occidental Building, Chicago.

- 1—Pain in the back.
- 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
- 3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
- 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
- 5—Prostatic Trouble.
- 6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
- 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
- 8—Constipation or liver trouble.
- 9—Pain or soreness under right ribs.
- 10—Swelling in any part of the body.
- 11—Palpitation or pain around the heart.
- 12—Pain in the hip joint.
- 13—Pain in the neck or head.
- 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
- 15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
- 16—Pain and swelling of the muscles.
- 17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
- 18—Acute or chronic Rheumatism.

## This Certificate

Is Good for the Free Treatment if you write at once and send your name.

## Send No Money

and remember that you are under no obligations whatever in sending your name and address. But when you do send your name and address we are under obligations to send you the free treatment as promised, and then, of course, as soon as you see the wonderful quick relief this free treatment gives you, you will be glad to recommend the treatment to your friends, who ought not to object to paying for the treatment when the worth of this wonderful treatment (sent free to you) has already been proved in your case. So, if you are wise, you will not delay, but will write at once for this wonderful free treatment. Write to

**Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT**  
2120 Occidental Building, Chicago, Illinois.

## FREE Treatment Certificate

What is Your Name?

State plainly, Mr. Mrs. or Miss.

What is Your Address?

What Symptoms Have You?

Give numbers from table above—that is all.

What is your age?

Married?

Just fill out the above—nothing to sign, you see. Just answer the questions and be sure to give your name and address. The FREE treatment will then be sent at once, prepaid. It will be up to you to say whether you want to recommend it, and you are under no obligations whatever. Cut out this certificate (or write a letter describing your symptoms) and mail to

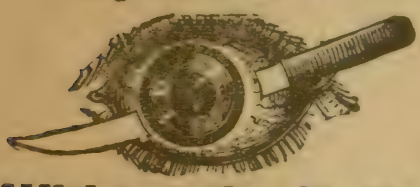
**Dr. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2120 Occidental Bldg., Chicago**







## Eyes Cured



## Without the Knife

Grateful Patrons Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Ulcers, Weak, Watery Eyes and All Eye Diseases—Send Your Name and Address with Two-Cent Stamp for Free Trial Bottle.

The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. I have repeatedly restored to sight persons nearly blind for years. Ulcers, wild hairs, granulated lids disappear almost instantly with the use of this magic remedy. Weak, watery eyes are cleared in a single night and quickly restored to perfect health. It has repeatedly cured where all other remedies and all doctors had failed. It is indeed a magic remedy and I am glad to give this free trial to any sufferer from sore eyes or any eye trouble.

Many have thrown away their glasses after using it a week. Preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, students, dressmakers and all who use their eyes under strain find with this Magic Lotion a safe, sure and quick relief. If you have sore eyes or any eye trouble, write me today. I am in earnest in making my offer of a free trial bottle of this lotion. I am glad to furnish proof in many well-proven and authentic cases where it has cured cataract after the doctors said that only a dangerous and expensive operation would save the sight. If you have eye trouble of any kind, you will make a serious mistake if you do not send for my great free offer of this Magic Eye Lotion. Address with full description of your trouble and a two-cent stamp, H. T. Schlegel Co., 2875 Home Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and you will receive by return mail, prepaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

## ELEGANT Thin Model OPEN WATCH

The popular 16-size for men and boys. An accurate timepiece, ruby jeweled lever movement, stem wind and pendant set, screw back and case. Solid Nickel Silver case. Warranted perfect.

\$3.75

THIN MODEL

STEM WIND

STEM SET

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL BUY IT. Let me send it by express for your examination and if you think it is the best bargain you ever saw, pay the express agent our special price \$3.75 and it is yours. A handsome Silk Pouch with gold plated chain sent free with every watch. Address: M. C. FARRER, R. 40, 325 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



## 50c. Box FREE

During this month I will send one Fifty Cent Box of Orange Lily absolutely free. It cured me after years of suffering from diseases peculiar to our sex. An applied treatment for Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors. One month's treatment one dollar. Mrs. E. W. FRETTE, Detroit, Mich.

## SOLO ACCORDION FREE!



Sweet toned deep voiced instrument, with which you can play popular music for concerts and dances. Frame very large, 10 keys, full set of reeds, 2 stops, double bellows, abraded case, nickel plated valves and trimmings. Send for 24 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10c each, return \$2.40 when sold and we send the accordion. Address: COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., DEPT 260, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

## Morphine

A painless home remedy for the Opium, Morphine, or Laudanum habit. Free trial sent on application.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, Suite 413, 1181 Broadway, New York.

## BROOKS' NEW CURE FOR RUPTURE

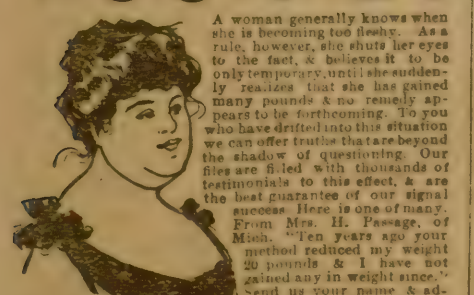
Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lymphol. No ties. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. SENT ON TRIAL. CATALOGUE FREE. C. E. BROOKS, 7702 Brooks' Bldg., MARSHALL, MICH.

## 50 PIECES

Silk and Satin Remnants for fancy work. Twelve yards fancy lace, one yard of Silk Ribbon, beautiful Gold Plated Ring and prize coupon. ALL post-paid, only 10 Cents. Address: SEVILLE LACE CO., Orange, New Jersey.

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME. Ventriloquists Double Throat. This is a new and wonderful discovery. Amuse and astonish your friends. Instant Fun and Profit. Each like a horse, also like a canary or imitate any bird or sound of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents or 4 for 25 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. 18, FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

## Too Fat



A woman generally knows when she is becoming too fleshy. As a rule, however, she shuts her eyes to the fact, & believes it to be only temporary, until she suddenly realizes that she has gained many pounds & no remedy appears to be forthcoming. To you who have drifted into this situation we can offer truths that are beyond the shadow of questioning. Our files are filled with thousands of testimonials to this effect, & are the best guarantee of our signal success. Here is one of many. From Mrs. H. Passage, of Mich.: "Ten years ago your method reduced my weight 20 pounds & I have not gained any in weight since." Send us your name & address & we will mail you a just to convince you how pleasant & effective this remedy is. Each box is mailed in a plain sealed wrapper, with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. It costs you nothing to try it. Address: HALL CHEMICAL CO., 477 Hall Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



## Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

A. J. R. Grenada, Ala.—It is not against the law to write short articles with a pencil otherwise, to sell to publishers. It is a disappointing business though, and we advise you not to try it.

J. H. W. McDonald's Mills, Miss.—There is no Berea in Ohio that we can find in the post-office directory. You mean Berea, Ky., we think. There is a well-known college there. Write to Dr. Wm. G. Frost, president college, Berea, Ky.

C. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Go to the Brooklyn Library and inquire for what books you want. If you can't find what you want there go over into Wall street and make a few inquiries. You are a good deal closer to sources of information than you are.

E. A. W., Street, Md.—Cartoonists and illustrators do not use special ink, paper or pencils, but the same kind other artists do. Small country papers do not use the methods of the big city papers in reproducing cuts. They buy the cuts ready-made. Mimography is a patent process of copying letters.

L. R. Sutton, W. Va.—Cleopatra was an Egyptian and she sailed down the river Nile to meet Anthony, the Roman general.

D. V. Rutland, Ill.—Write to Globe Novelty Co., No. 51 Wooster St., Royalty Novelty Works, No. 505 W. Broadway, New York City, and to Marshall Field Co., Chicago, Ill. They may not manufacture, but they can give you the information if you inclose postage for reply.

B. D. M., Lee, Ore.—Try booksellers in Portland, or write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill. Inquire also of them about picture of Mrs. Hayes. We think it is to be found in "The Republican Court."

M. M. S., Gaylord, Minn.—You will have to pass the required examinations of your county to become a teacher whether you received the proper equipment in a high school or otherwise. Call on your county superintendent and he will tell you what you need and what you must do to get it. If you don't know who he is, any teacher can tell you.

F. W. Freeman, S. C.—There is no place we know of which gives out embroidery to do except in cities where firms give work to people in their employ. A great deal of embroidery is done by machinery much cheaper than it can be done by hand. You are too far away from headquarters.

E. C. Myrtle, Miss.—Write to Editor Numismatist, Monroe, Mich., giving full description of the coins. We are not experts.

Subscriber, Mendocino, Cal.—We do not know anything about the institution, but as a rule educational institutions are reliable. They do not always accomplish as much as they promise, but that is due as much to lack of effort on the part of students as upon the educational advantages offered.

Paula, New Braunfels, Texas.—Newspapers containing the full testimony of the Thaw trial would be very expensive, if they could be had at all. Write to the various New York papers: World, Herald, Sun, American, and Times, and get their prices.

Mrs. F. N., Redding, Cal.—Your letter has been forwarded as requested. Would like to hear if you receive an answer.

C. S. R., Wake, Va.—Your pearls are too small to be of much value. Write to Tiffany & Co., New York City.

Janette Cunningham, Sycamore St., Danville, Va., would like to hear from any Christian Science readers of COMFORT. She wants to know more about it.

S. B. M., Cambridgeport, Mass.—We do not know the address, but you should be able to find it easily from druggists or grocery people in your town or in Boston. Have you made inquiries?

J. C. W., Whitecastle, La.—Inquire of the State Librarian, Baton Rouge, by mail. We imagine most of them are out of print. The librarian can tell you who published them. If they are out of print, you might get them from a second-hand dealer in New Orleans.

Subscriber, Victoria, Texas.—Any bookseller in your nearest city can supply you with an Italian dictionary. If you don't know any, write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill. Ask for a low priced one, because the large ones are expensive. Get your price before buying. (2) "Optical Illusion" not "delusion". Illusion pertains to the sight, delusion to the mind. (3) Can't tell you about the formula, but do not believe it will do you any harm.

B. D. M., La Junta, Colo.—Dictionaries are copyrighted, but only the manner, not the matter. You could use their definitions by changing the language to some extent. Most dictionaries give the definitions of other dictionaries in many instances, and acknowledge it by crediting the source. With your work we should say that its value would be increased by quoting other authorities in addition to your own definitions.

Mrs. M. R., Argillite, Ky.—Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy does not wish to be disturbed in her Boston home, and if you wrote to her she would not reply. Try it and see. The street number is not necessary. She is well known.

L. B. M., Mena, W. Va.—If you become a good telegraph operator and typewriter the telegraph people will not care where you learned or how. What is wanted are good men who know their business and can do it quick and right.

Mrs. S. H. T., Hazen, Ark.—Write to the Commissioner of Public Lands, Interior Dept., Washington, D. C., asking for all the information you want.

T. A. M., Petersburg, N. Dak.—Elmer is right. A flaw is a natural or original defect. Get out your dictionary for variations from that definition.

E. M. B., Grafton, Neb.—Try Priscilla, Boston, Mass. (2) Don't find P. L. C. in our list. Try People's Home Journal, New York City.

W. F. J., Cove, O.—To the best of our knowledge the material is ordinary quartz or no commercial value other than quartz usually has. Submit specimens to Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

E. W., Dallas, Wis.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and to A. G. Spaulding & Bros., No. 132 Nassau St., and R. H. Ingersoll & Bros., No. 65 Cortlandt St., New York City.

Z. G., Turtle Creek, Pa.—The only way to get such a position is to apply for it at all the places where there may be an opening. The best place to begin is right in Pittsburgh, where you have Sunday papers using the kind of material you wish to supply. Positions of this sort do not come easily and you will have harder work finding one than you will in conducting it after you get it, although it is no easy job if done properly.

G. T. M., Farmington, Mo.—Write to Brentano's New York City.

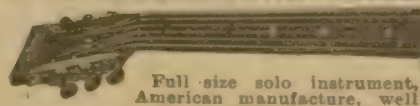
M. C. G., Readstown, Wis.—Try A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. If they haven't it, they can get it for you, if it is to be had.

C. T. H., Seakey, Tex.—See answer above to "G. T. M." and "M. C. G." We think some of the books you mention are printed by the authors and are not generally for sale. Ask about that.

F. H. J., Danforth, Me.—There should be such a school in Boston. We do not know the address of one. Write to Editor Woman's Department, Sunday Herald, Boston, Mass., inclosing postage, and you will probably get the information you wish.

W. E. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Go to the Public Library in your city and look up the name of Olin in the Cyclopaedia of American Biography, and for additional information read what the library may have on the subject of Vermont. The librarian will be glad to lend you all the assistance in his power.

## FREE SOLO GUITAR and INSTRUCTION BOOK



Full size solo instrument, American manufacture, well and carefully made, cherry finish and richly ornamented. All strung with six strings, gives clear, rich tone, easy to hold, durable and satisfactory as a \$10.00 guitar. With instrument we give Free a Self Instruction Book: by its aid anyone can easily learn to play. We guarantee satisfaction. Write for 30 packages Blaine to sell at 10 cents each. Every housewife can use Blaine washdays. Return our \$3.00 and we will send guitar and instruction book. BLAINE MFG. CO., 112 Mill Street (The Old Reliable Firm.) Concord Jct., Mass.

## BIG DOLL FREE



This great Big Doll, dressed in satin, lace and ribbon, with pointed toes, blonde hair, curling hair and lovely complexion. She closes her eyes when she lies down. She wears a beautiful stylish dress, big lace hat, lace trimmed underwear, pretty slippers, and stockings that take off. We also give with her a pretty set of Bamboo Doll's Furniture. This Doll and Furniture are just what every girl wants. Send us your name and address for 24 packages of BLAINE to sell at 10c, a package. When sold return our \$2.40 and we will send you this beautiful doll and furniture at once. Blaine Mfg. Co., 806 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

## 25 POST CARDS 10 CENTS

25 Post Cards, 10c. SILK FLOWERS. Beautiful colored Holly and Winter scenes, etc. in rich natural colors. Pretty Gilt, Border. Extending Love Scenes, Birthday and Holiday Greetings, Animals, Marine Landscapes, etc. MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 4, CHICAGO

## 15 Silk Embossed XMAS POST CARDS 10c

15 Silk Embossed Xmas Post Cards 10c. Beautiful colored Holly and Winter scenes, etc. in rich natural colors. Pretty Gilt, Border. Extending Love Scenes, Birthday and Holiday Greetings, Animals, Marine Landscapes, etc. MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 4, CHICAGO

## FREE SILVER PLATED BRACELET &amp; LOCK

Send only 10c for 2 mos. Trial Subscription to the Story Magazine. Address EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT. 228, CHICAGO.

## INVESTORS.

Sums of \$10.00 or more placed at 5 to 15 per cent interest. Correspondence Solicited. A. E. SWEET, 214 So. Main Ave., Scranton, Pa. Reference: T. J. Foster, President, International Correspondence Schools

## CANCER CURED

WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumor, Ovarian, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent free. Address Dr. W. O. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

## AUTOMATIC FREE

This Safety Automatic, Rapid Firing, Self-Cocking, Central Fire, S. & W. Model Revolver. Finest Nickel Plated, Rubber Handle, 45 or 38 caliber; send this ad to us and we will express you 100 Nickel Cigars C. O. D. \$4.00. Also allow examination. Revolver comes in 38 S. & W. CIGAR HOUSE, Winston-Salem, N.C.

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Dr. F. C. Caldwell, Specialist

Thousands have been benefited by the test treatment alone—many entirely cured, and even if the \$1.00 test box cures you, you are under no obligations to me, for where I said test treatment is waiting for you and only a limited number will be mailed, so don't put off sending until later. Send your applications to-day—better still, DO IT NOW.

## IMPORTANT TO ALL SUFFERERS

I want you to take immediate advantage of my liberal free offer. If you are sick, let me know all about your case—I have cured others—I feel I can cure you. Carefully read the coupon below, mark with a YES or NO each line, then write me a letter telling me fully in your own words THE TROUBLE WHICH IS MOST ANNOYING TO YOU. Then I will write you a letter of advice free of cost to you, diagnosing your case—do it now. Address your letter to

Dr. Caldwell, No. 88 Lake St., Dept. 109, Chicago

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| Have you severe pains?   | Any deposit or sediment?  |
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| Is your digestion good?  | <b>NOSE AND THROAT</b>  |
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| Are you constipated?   | <b>NERVOUS CONDITION</b>  |
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The only concise book on the dramatic elements of Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health and Disease. Contains 240 pages, fully illustrated. Gives advance instructions to every man and woman. Includes information you would hesitate to give a doctor: was reduced to 10c to introduce. Sent by mail. M. HILL PUB. CO. 129 O. East 28th St., N. Y. City.

## YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE?

No. But send two stamps (4 cent each) date of birth to the great Egyptian Astrologer for a life reading. He will explain, instruct and help you out of every difficulty. Write to: PROF. ESME BYAM, Dept. 1, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

## Christmas Post Cards Free

Everyone wants to send some message of greeting to friends for them to receive on Christmas morning and there is nothing so acceptable and pleasing as a pretty Christmas Card. We have some very pretty and highly colored Christmas Post Cards which we will give as premiums to anyone getting up clubs of subscribers to COMFORT. These NEW POST CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS comprise fine, extremely attractive and beautiful cards, each with sentiment. Some of them with the big full of gifts before the Christmas tree waiting for a Merry Christmas is an unusually pretty card. "Our First Christmas" card is a religious card interpreting the birth of Christ in the manger, a truthful reproduction from an original oil painting and is destined to be very popular. The sentiment and allegorical cards are in themselves works of art, making a collection of five very strong holiday cards.



We can show only a unsatisfactory illustration of any of these cards. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT, at 20 cents each, we will send one dozen fine assorted cards, including other equally as popular sentiment or motto cards to make up the twelve cards. Get up your club of two and send today, and we will send you the set of Twelve Cards Free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 430 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.



## 2 Pair Lace Curtains FREE

Large, beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains, 24 yards long, elegant patterns, wide borders, well-finished edge. Write for 24 packages of BLUEINE to sell at 10c. a package. When sold return \$2.40 and we send you 2 PAIR of these handsome curtains. Address: BLUEINE MFG. CO., 810 Mill St., Concord, N.H.

## I WILL GIVE \$1000 IF I FAIL TO CURE ANY CANCER OR TUMOR



I Treat Before it poisons deep glands. NO KNIFE OR PAIN. No Pay Until Cured. No X Ray or other Swindle. A Pacific Island plant makes the cures. Absolute Guarantee. Any tumor, lump or sore on the lip, face or anywhere six months is cancer. 130-Page Book sent free with testimonials of thousands cured, at their homes.

**ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST** IS CANCER and if neglected it will always poison deep glands in the armpit and kill quickly. Address DR. & MRS. CHAMLEE & CO. Most Successful Cancer Specialists Living. A B 201 & 203 N. 12th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO. KINDLY SEND TO SOME ONE WITH CANCER

## TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

## SONG WRITERS and POETS

We arrange, compose, revise and publish vocal and instrumental music. Send us your poems and manuscripts for free advice and best terms. VICTOR KREMER CO., 316 Marine Bldg., CHICAGO



**FREE** We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely Free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and like to pay postage, etc. DAVIS BROS., Dept. 47 CHICAGO

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**20 Handsome Colored Souvenir Post Cards 10c** and 3 more trial subscription to Interesting Story Paper. Address EVERYDAY LIFE, DEPT. 235, CHICAGO.

**GALL STONES OR LIVER DISEASE.** Write me all about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address EDSON COVEY, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.

## Christmas Post Cards Free

**GOLD AND SILK EMBOSSED, BEAUTIFUL COLORS** To introduce our popular magazine into all parts of the United States we are making a remarkable offer. Send us 10 cents for a three months' trial subscription to our popular magazine and we will send at once, a set of six (all different) beautiful, imported, gold embossed and highly colored Christmas Post Cards. Anyone who will send us 25 cents for a full year's subscription will be sent at once three sets (18 cards) all different, of our fine Christmas and New Year cards. Every card is a beauty. Not a cheap card in the entire lot. A choice variety, including Post Cards for little tots, older children and grownups, showing Christmas trees, Santa Claus, and all sorts of toys. Other cards for older people have a pleasing verse or sentiment expressed by a great mind, or beautiful Christmas greetings and words of good cheer. Better send 25 cents for a year's subscription and get three sets of these handsome Christmas cards and post card catalog. **How to Get Your Own Cards Free** See two of your friends; get them to order at 25 cents each, send us the money, and we will send your own cards (three sets) and subscription free for your trouble. Money returned if not satisfied. Write today. The Household, 86 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

## Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Tom Boy, Carbon Hill, Ala.—It would be quite proper to make the present to an old sweetheart if you leave your husband's consent. But do not do it without his knowledge. You are a wife now and your duty to your husband requires that you tell him. Don't have any affairs, however trifling, with other men. It is a dangerous, and often disgraceful, pastime.

Working Girl, Orchards, Wash.—Don't let your parents marry you off at eighteen, especially as you are a working girl and could take care of yourself if need be. Obedience to parents does not call for such a sacrifice of yourself. Take your own time in so serious a matter, and don't be in a hurry. (2) Accept no presents or other attentions from any married man, unless he is an old friend of the family, and his wife knows all about it. Shun all private affairs with married men as you would the Devil himself.

X. X. Z., Clarion, Iowa.—When the girl tells her escort she has had a pleasant drive with him, he should say he is very glad and it was more pleasure to him, and would be still more if she would go with him again. She must be a hard-hearted thing if that doesn't please her most to death.

Timid Reader, Vanderbilt, Mich.—An engagement ring as a rule is not plain, but should contain some jewel. The solitaire diamond is the most popular. However, if your means will not allow the diamond, any ring, plain or fancy will answer the purpose equally as well. Just now diamonds are cheaper than they have been in years and you can get a very pretty small one at not very great expense.

Brown Eyes, Bowling Green, Ind.—If you wish to teach, you should go to a Normal School where teachers are prepared for their work. Whether you will have to teach your high school course or not depends upon whether you can pass the entrance examination without it. Write to the superintendent of State Normal School for information in detail.

M. S., Nicholson, Pa.—We do not think dancing can be taught by mail. However, the correspondence schools appear to be teaching everything else, and possibly they teach that. Some of the best are in your state. Write to them.

M. M., Niles, Kans.—Introduce the man to the lady not the lady to the man, unless he is very venerable or distinguished. What people should say when introduced is entirely for them to determine. The usual set speech is: "I am very glad to meet you." (2) In asking a lady for a dance the man should simply state his wish to dance with her and she should tell him if she could accept or not. These things are not to be held to strict rules, and the more natural they are the better, so long as they are done nicely. (3) "E. s. v." are the letters standing for "Responders all yours plait," which is French for "Respond" or "Answer, if you please." When meeting guests who have come to the house of a friend to meet you you should rise to be introduced.

J. K. P., Susquehanna, Pa.—The wife who permits any man except her husband or some very close kinsman, to put his arms around her and kiss her is not the right kind of a wife—is not the right kind of a woman. She may say it is all in fun and means nothing, but just the same, it is not right and the really good woman will not permit it. Some thoughtless and foolish women do, and they mean no harm, but harm is bound to come if it is continued. The husband should not permit it, whatever his wife may think about it.

Gale, Winneconne, Wis.—We suppose you have some rights in the matter of dress and probably rebellion against your mother who insists upon your wearing what your sister does, whether it is becoming or not, might be a righteous rebellion. Still when you ask us what you should wear, we think your mother knows more about it than you do, and we shall not interfere.

Worried Girl, Olney, Col.—No wonder you are a worried girl. If the man loves you, do you suppose he will go around keeping it to himself? Not much, if he is worth his salt. Men all that way, and they will get a hustle on for anything they want. Stop caring for him and care for somebody who cares for you. As to the other one who made professions and then suddenly quit and doesn't even speak to you, we should say you ought to be glad to get rid of a man of that stripe. Don't worry about the men. Let them worry about you. They will, all right, if you are worth it. That may sound a little harsh, but you need bracing up, good and hard.

Southerner, X City, Ark.—Association with cultured and refined people will soon put you in their class if you are observant and conduct yourself as they do. As you have the wish to be polished and are fairly educated you will instinctively fall into the polished ways of those who know how, and before you are aware, you will have lost your backwoods manners. Be natural and easy in your manners, thoughtful always of others, observe the small amenities of social life, conform to the usages of polite society as you see them, read current literature as far as possible, inform yourself on general affairs, maintain good habits and you are pretty sure to win out. A diamond in the rough is a diamond none the less, and girls do love diamonds.

Brown Eyes, Catawissa, Pa.—What kind of mourning have you been wearing since March? We think that might be continued, though we do not believe in the custom of wearing black as some do. Grays and subdued shades are preferable in our opinion. Your black silk hat should do for the winter, but don't wear a long mourning veil. They are simply hideous things. You will be safer generally if you observe the custom of your town in regard to mourning.

J. S. G., Stuart, Neb.—"Is it mannerly to take two young ladies to a supper and after the supper take two more ladies from that place to church and back again at 10 p. m.?" Yes, it is mannerly enough, but didn't you find it rather strenuous? If a man negotiate one for supper and church, he is doing about as much as should be expected. But four—well, four is going some. But you didn't jar the etiquette a bit. Do it again.

## Old Men and Women.

You need Vite-Ore and should give it a chance to prove what it will do for you. It is an ideal tonic and curative medicine for the old and has benefited thousands of elderly people. Read the liberal Vite-Ore offer on page 21.

Secure a useful present without cost. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 28.

**X-RAY WONDER** Everybody wants this great discovery. With it you can apparently see the bones through your flesh, the lead in a pistol, or through your clothes; make everything seem transparent; lose fat and gain muscle. FREE with each order the Nelson-Gins Prize Fight and Kissing Some moving pictures. C. ARMSTRONG, Box 62, CHICAGO



## Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free A One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish. **ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM.** I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. **COAX** Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **tease** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out.** It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It.** This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the aching muscles, the throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened joints, and cures quickly.

## I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it, I will prove much in **One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real Rheumatic Remedy** will do. **Read offer below and write today.**

## A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay** on receipt or later. Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send the 25 cents** for charges.

Address, KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. M. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO

**Gold Watch FREE AND RING**  
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Girls! We will give you this handsome big Doll, 18 inches tall, and large, genuine Teddy Bear, both as one premium, or you may have the handsome big Doll and strong Baby Buggy, both as one premium, for distributing under our special easy plan only 20 of our "Fluffy Ruffles" butterfly bows at 15c each. These bows are the latest style in ladies' neckwear. Made of East India lawn, daintily hem stitched and embroidered with colored silks. Can be worn with nearly any style of dress.

Our Doll Buggies are built to last a long time. They are stylish in appearance, and will strongly appeal to the little mother. The Big Doll is a fine, big beauty, elaborately dressed, bisque head, pleasing, well shaped face, natural moving eyes which close on lying down and open on rising up. Abundant curly hair and even perfect teeth. Doll's dress is wonderfully made. Collar and sleeves trimmed with fine lace, beautiful picture hat, shoes and stockings to match—a perfect beauty.

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We trust you with our bows to sell. Send no money in advance. Premiums sent promptly. Write at once. L. M. LOMER, Mgr., 52 East 21st Street, Dept. K, New York City

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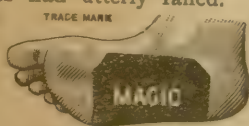


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M. S. ROBERTS, Mgr., Dept. W 22, Chicago, Ill.



## Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, cousins must ask more than three questions in one month.

**N**OW comes the November month, the dreariest of the year, but in the midst of the drear and dismal weather comes the bright light of Thanksgiving and we should be quite satisfied with the other twenty-nine days of the month when one is such a great day. Therefore let us be thankful, even though we have to work in November just like any other month. And here we go to it.

The first one is from "A Heartbroken Debut" of Iowa City, Ia., and she says the one great question with her is, "If I only knew he cared." It has been my observation that when a young man cares for a girl she is very sure to know it. When she doesn't know it and the young man doesn't tell her, or show her in some way, there is nothing for her to do except to forget him. I am very sorry for any girl who cares enough for a young man to worry over his not caring enough for her to let her know it, but they will do it, and there is nothing for me to do but to be sorry. At the same time, if I were she, I would give him a chance to let me know what he thought of me just how, I do not know, but I'd find a way somehow.

Monkey Face, St. Louis, Mo.—A girl should not accept presents or attentions of any kind from a married man, and especially if he is her employer. If he were the right kind of a man he would not offer her such temptations. (2) My, my, if you love him so and want to make him happy, why are you so jealous when he laughs and talks with his friends and yours. Do you think he is a rascal who needs watching? Are you afraid to trust him? Don't marry him unless you want to spoil his life and yours. Either that, or change your manner of feeling.

Gray Eyes, Rosedale, Kans.—Some young men are careless about their social duties and when they say they will "call you up some time," you will be wise not to think of them again until you get the call. This young man probably never thinks of you except when he sees you, and you are silly enough to worry about it. Why do you want to be with him if he does not want to be with you? Don't ask me any more questions about him. Ask about some young man who is different.

Wee Wee, Dallas, Texas.—If you are sure he is gifting with you, the best thing you can do for him is to pay him in his own coin, and pay him well. You can't throw that kind down too hard. (2) Better not have the young man call oftener than once a week until you are older. Seventeen-year-old girls shouldn't see young men twice a week for long calls.

White Rose, San Antonio, Tex.—When a young man asks you if he may see you home, tell him you should be very glad to have his company—if you want him to go with you. Don't try to do such things by rule. Be natural about it. And when you get to the gate, tell him good night. That is as far as he ought to come if it is late, and that is all, or nearly all, you should have to say, though you might thank him for his courtesy. Which is always nice to do.

Tendra, Carrollton, Miss.—I think you should wait until you are twenty-five at least, before you marry, because your mind is not on it at all now as it should be. Though you think you are in love with the young fellow you met when you were fifteen, you are not, and if you saw him now you would no doubt laugh at yourself. However, as you do not love any other man, don't marry until you do.

Blackeyes, Texmo, Okla.—Sure, cousin, take advantage of Leap Year to ask some young man to marry you and see what he says. I think you'll wish you hadn't. (2) If he writes to the young man when he tells her he doesn't want her to, he should return her letters unopened. That might teach her some sense, but I am not sure that it would. (3) Book letters are silly things. Don't eat ice cream with them unless they have been formally introduced.

Blue-eyed Thelma, Carrollton, Ga.—Oh, yes, you may send a box of roses to a man, but he would prefer a box of good cigars, I fancy. (2) Don't go with the man who wants to be too fancy. (3) I don't think I'd go to the wedding with the young man if I did not know either the bride or the groom. (4) Answer the young man's letter as soon as you please.

O. M., Avenon, N. C.—If he is sincere in asking you to wait for him, and you love him, you should wait until he can take care of a wife.

Alice, Winnecone, Wis.—As usual the deceiver gets the crown while the deceived must bear the cross. If you are a young woman of any character you will not waver, as you are now doing, but will be true to her, your friend, and cut him off your list. If you accept his attentions you will deserve the same treatment your girl friend received.

Brown Eyes, Springfield, Ill.—There is plenty of time for you to think it over before marrying. Be nice to both of them, or any more who may appear, and after a while you will know which one to choose. Obey your parents, but don't let them marry you to anybody you don't want to marry.

Bonny Belle, St. Charles, Mich.—You may go walking each evening with a different fellow, so long as you are not engaged to anyone. (2) Long courtships are better than short ones, but one that is neither too short nor too long is the best. (3) If the young man takes a girl out driving, I suppose he thinks that he need not take her to other places. Most girls would be satisfied with that much of his attention. Give him a chance with some other girls, can't you?

Doubtful, Ashland, Va.—The wise and ladylike thing for you to do is to drop the whole matter and think no more about it. Leave the rest of it to the man and if he cares he will straighten out the tangle.

True Love, Rome, Iowa.—I think it was very appropriate for you to say to the man who offered you some chewing gum: "No, thank you, I don't chew. Keep it and probably you will find a cow who wants some cud." That is not conventional, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies. (2) You can send a pony card to any friend, even if you have not spoken to him for two years, or ten.

Arrah Wanne, Knox, Ind.—Wait until you are twenty and by that time you will know whether you should choose "Roy" or "Vernie." My guess is that it will be neither then.

Gray Eyes, Farmersville, Texas.—As you are engaged to the young man you may insist upon his devoting more of his time to you than to other girls. If he will not, then you should break the engagement.

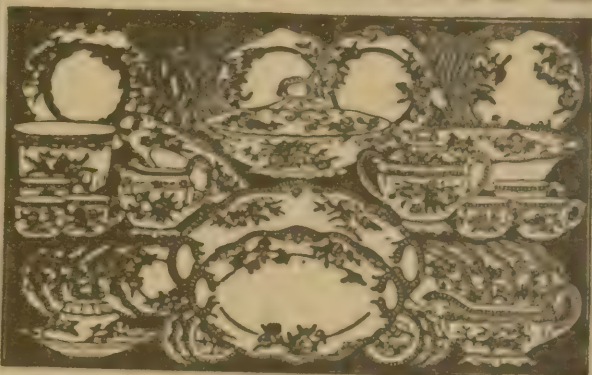
Goldenrod, Cherry Valley, Pa.—Better wait till he sends the first postal. (2) Beware the man who drinks. If he drinks while he is your sweetheart, he will not stop when he is your husband.

Sunflower, Conway Springs, Kans.—I don't think,

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There, dears, I have answered all your questions except some which I had to hand over to other departments because they were not for me, and I hope you all think I have answered just right. I know I have tried to, though a right answer may not always have been the one you wanted. But it will be all right after a while. Now by by till we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

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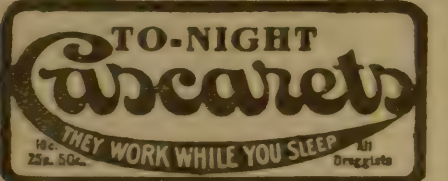
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## A Bunch of Daisies

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY A. W. KOENIG.

THE meeting of the Good Templars had just been brought to a close, and scattered in groups about the room were a number of young members of the society, discussing plans for a box social, which was to be held on the coming Thursday evening.

"Say, girls, have you heard the news?" said Fannie Blakeman, the secretary, drawing near to one of the larger circles of girls.

"What news?" inquired pretty Sadie Young.

"Wilmot Hearn has returned, and has promised to attend our box social," answered Fannie.

"Oh, isn't that delightful!" exclaimed Emily Wall, a beautiful dark-eyed girl who stood in the center of the group. "And won't there be some dressing up, and beautifying for our entertainment if that is so. I tell you, girls, I am glad I have a new dress ready for the occasion. It has always been my intention to marry a wealthy man, and here is one of our handsomest and jolliest of the young men, who has recently fallen heir to a million or more. So look out, for I mean to win him."

The other girls in the gathering laughed merrily at their friend's gay remark, declaring that they knew there would not be a shadow of a chance for them; but nevertheless they all intended making an effort to capture the prize.

A tall, fair-haired young girl stood apart from the others, looking wistfully at them. Then she realized that her presence was unnoticed by them, and her beautiful eyes filled with sensitive tears as she walked quickly from the room.

Sadie saw her as she passed out, and turning to the other girls, she said: "There goes Nettie; come, let us hurry along, so she can walk with us, for it is very dark and dismal out tonight, and very lonesome for a girl to go so far alone."

"I don't think I will," replied Emily scornfully. "As I'm not in the habit of associating with servant girls."

"Shame on you!" exclaimed Sadie, with pain and amusement pictured on her face. "I think she is very lady-like, and although she does work in your mother's kitchen, I don't think it is any disgrace. She was at one time quite well off, and is a graduate of Mount Vernon Seminary."

"That makes no difference to me," retorted Emily with a proud toss of her head; "I never have anything to do with her hired help."

"Well, good night girls; I rather like Nettie, and I am going to walk home with her," and with these words Sadie Young, daughter of the wealthiest merchant in Orange, tripped lightly down the stairs, and reached Nettie's side as she was turning the corner of the street.

The sad face seemed lightened as Sadie caught up with her and linked arm with her, chaffing gayly regarding the coming event, and insisting that she must surely come, for they could not get along without a sweet song from her.

The other girls remained in the hall quite a while longer, to talk about Sadie's peculiar way of associating with people far beneath her. Then as they scattered to go to their homes, each girl began to lay her plans for captivating the wealthy young Mr. Wilmot Hearn.

Emily secretly rejoiced. She was beautiful, and she was positive that Wilmot admired beautiful girls, and also, that she stood more of a chance of winning him than any of her other young friends, for he had already begun to pay her quite marked attention before he left town, several months before he inherited his immense fortune.

Then she had not cared particularly for his company, because he was at that time a poor young man. But now it was quite different, so she made up her mind to use all her charms to bring him to her side again.

"Indeed, I have not the least fear but that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

## POST CARDS 3 Superb, gold embossed cards

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Painting girls and scenic views, beautifully colored, no trash. DAVIS BROS., DEPT. 221 CHICAGO.

## RUPTURE MEN Wanted as agents for "rupture cure."

15 SILK EMBOSSED POST CARDS 10¢  
Beautiful colored Art and Flower cards, no two alike. Worth double. SILK CARD CO., DEPT. 204, 1941 Harrison St., CHICAGO.

## \$90 A MONTH, 300 Expense Allowance at start, to put out Merchandise & Grocery Catalogs. Mail order house.

American Home Supply Co., Desk 11 A, Chicago, Ill.

## GIRLS BOTH FREE

for selling only 10¢ of our elegant jewelry novelties at 10¢ each. Send us your name and address and we will mail you the jewelry; when sold remit us the \$1.00 received, and we will promptly forward you the handsome Gold finished Chatelaine Pin and Pendant, also the beautiful Gold shell Ring. You will be delighted. AMERICAN JEWELRY CO., Dept. 36, New Haven, Conn.

## If Doctors Have Failed You

try Vitm-Ore and see what it will do. It has cured many after the doctors had used all the ordinary medicines. Test it without risk according to the offer on page 31 of this paper.

Everybody can secure a decorated dinner set free. See offer Hagood Mfg. Co. on page 28.

## Something New in Spoons

Almost Given Away

ONLY 25 Cts.

We are offering for THE FIRST TIME a new tea spoon beautifully embossed in floral designs, made of a lustrous white metal which looks like pure gold silver, and takes a high finish. WE GUARANTEE these spoons to wear an indefinite time and never turn brassy. We call this beautiful metal "Titanium-Silver."

These spoons are pure, clean, beautiful, and good enough to be welcomed in the richest homes in the land. We are going to offer them to you can be owned by the poorest workman.

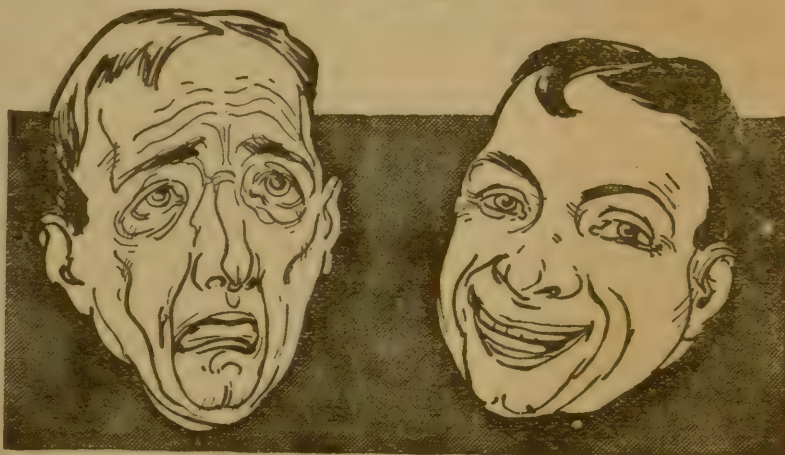
OUR MAGNANIMOUS OFFER: To advertise "The Illustrated Companion" and introduce it to new people, we will for the next sixty days give in conjunction with a full year's trial subscription, a set of six of these handsome spoons FOR ONLY 25 CENTS.

The Illustrated Companion is a grand, good, family magazine, issued monthly. It contains original stories, poetry, sermons, editorials, etc. We offer the spoons first to get you interested, and will deliver to good a magazine that you will be mighty glad to renew. Do not delay; order at once. Price of spoons or paper alone, fifteen cents each. Address Dept. 24.

F. B. WARNER, 95 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK

# Catarrh Cured Free

Bad Breath, K' Hawking and Spitting, Quickly  
Cured---Fill Out Free Coupon Below for  
Large Trial Package Mailed Free.



The above illustration plainly shows what a few days use of Gauss Catarrh Remedy will do for any sufferer.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and consumption. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poisonous germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be

welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

## FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

C. E. GAUSS, 4322 Main Street,  
Marshall, Mich.

## LADIES- A Guaranteed Cure for Female Diseases

as The Best, the Cheapest, and the Speediest Treatment on the Market. Our method is simple, soothing and convenient and does its work while you attend to your regular duties. Write for free trial today and be convinced.

DR. RAINIER'S CROWN DISPENSARY CO., Agents Wanted. Dept. C. Walkerton, Ind.

## ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY. DR. CANNADAY, 106 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

# THREE BIG PRIZES FREE

EVERY GIRL IN THE UNITED STATES MAY HAVE ALL THREE OF THESE PRIZES

**PRIZE NO. 1** Girls, I am sure you never had a finer doll than the one I will give you free. She is EIGHTEEN INCHES HIGH and as lifelike as your own little baby sister would be. She has beautiful hair, large, bright eyes, pretty cheeks, and is handsomely dressed. I will give you either a golden-haired doll or a dark-haired doll, whichever you like. She walks and she goes to sleep when you want her to. Her arms, head and neck and legs are movable. I am sure you would like this doll for your very own. My own little girl has one just like her, and she says it is the nicest doll she ever had.

## PRIZE NO. 2, A BIG TEDDY BEAR

**FREE** I know you will enjoy him as a playfellow. This Teddy Bear is nearly a foot high. He is made of fine quality of genuine bearskin cloth and he looks as though he were alive. You can move his arms, legs and head and make him do anything you want.



## PRIZES NO. 3 & 4 YOUR CHOICE OF EITHER OF THESE BEAUTIFUL RINGS

Silver 925-1000 fine all the way through. It has the best quality of hard French Enamel. **SOLID GOLD SHELL SEAMLESS WIRE SIGNET RING**, perfect finish, engraved with your own initial.

## CUT OR TEAR OUT THIS COUPON

G. M. BETTS, Sec'y, 627 W. 43d Street  
Dept. 326, New York City

G. M. Betts, Sec'y, Please send me the thirty packages of Perfume so that I may earn the Big Doll, a Teddy Bear, and my choice of the Beautiful Rings.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Sign and Mail Coupon. No Letter Necessary.

## These 3 Grand Prizes

will be sent you absolutely free. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me and I will send you and trust you with 30 Packages of Exquisite Lasting Perfume which you will be glad to sell for me at 10 cents each and earn all three of the beautiful presents. They will be sent you all charges prepaid. This is the best offer I have ever seen and you should send this coupon the very day you read this.

C. M. BETTS, Sec'y, 627 W. 43d St.,  
Dept. 326, NEW YORK CITY.



## The sad story of MY FATHER'S GREAT SUFFERING FROM CANCER

Read the following and be convinced  
WE CAN CURE YOU.



Forty-five years ago my father who was himself a doctor, had a vicious cancer that was eating away his life. The best physicians in America could do nothing for him. After nine long years of awful suffering and after the cancer had totally eaten away his nose and portions of his face (as shown in his picture here given) his palate was entirely destroyed together with portions of his throat. Father fortunately discovered the great remedy that cured him. This was over forty years ago, and he has never suffered a day since.

This same discovery has now cured thousands who were threatened with operation and death. And to prove that this is the truth we will give their sworn statement if you will write us. Doctors, Lawyers, Mechanics, Ministers, Laboring Men, Bankers and all classes recommend this glorious life-saving discovery, and we want the whole world to benefit by it.

**HAVE YOU CANCER?** Tumors, Ulcers, Abscesses, Fever Sores, Goitre, Catarrh, Salt-Rheum, Rheumatism, Piles, Eczema, Scald Head or Scrofula in any form.

We positively guarantee our statements true, perfect satisfaction and honest service—or money refunded.

It will cost you nothing to learn the truth about this wonderful home treatment without the knife or caustic. And if you know anyone who is afflicted with any disease above mentioned, you can do them a Christian act of kindness by sending us their addresses so we can write them how easily they can be cured in their own home. This is no idle talk, we mean just what we say. We have cured others, and can cure you. Forty years experience guarantees success. Write us today; delay is dangerous. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

DRS. MIXER, 269 State St., HASTINGS, MICH.

## A Bunch of Daisies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

prize is mine," she murmured, as she turned in at her own gate.

Thursday evening arrived, and the hall of the Good Templars was filled with a merry crowd of the young people, and every eye was centered upon the young millionaire, as he made his way about, bowing and smiling to his numerous acquaintances.

His fine eyes lighted with pleasure as they fell upon a beautiful vision of loveliness which came smiling towards him—Emily Wall, attired in a white dress of crepe de chine, trimmed with pink, made a picture fair to look at. And many were the glances of envy that were cast in that direction, as Wilnot lingered at her side in earnest conversation.

But a short time later a pretty face in the doorway attracted Mr. Hearn's attention, as he remarked to Emily.

"There is a young lady whose face I do not seem to recognize; who is she?" But Emily appeared not to have heard his question, but continued her merry chatter about other things, but nothing in particular, or interesting to her companion.

But Wilnot's eyes still followed Nettie, as she moved slowly through the room. He thought her face very sweet, and her soft eyes the most beautiful he had ever seen. He turned again to Emily with the same question on his lips, but at that instant, the announcement was made that the sale of boxes would begin immediately.

"And now the fun will commence in earnest, I suppose," Wilnot remarked merrily, with a twinkle in his eye. "What is the color of the ribbon on your box, Miss Emily?"

"Pink, of course," said Emily, and she shook her head as the boxes were put up and auctioned off, indicating that neither of them belonged to her.

"Ah! there is a pretty one now! I am sure that must be yours," he said as he offered a good price for it. She was not sure it was hers, but it looked a great deal like it, and she waited impatiently as he untied the paper around it. But as he lifted the cover, he saw upon the pretty paper napkin, not her favorite color, but a tiny bunch of daisies.

She glanced around among the crowd, to discover if she could, the one who was wearing a bouquet just like it. But Wilnot was gazing upon the flowers and a strange expression was upon his countenance. There had suddenly risen before him a vision of his boyhood days. The pretty little farmhouse, and his beloved mother who had always been so fond of those simple flowers, and he recalled the last year he had spent in the dear old home. His mother had been ill all that winter, but one day early in the spring, feeling very much improved, she asked him to take her out to see the south meadow, how she had cried out in delight, as she beheld the field covered with the beautiful daisies.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful! Do pick me a good handful of them," she said. He did so, and, as he placed them into her poor wrinkled hands, she pressed them to her lips and murmured her pleasure. Then he saw her before him, as she lay, very shortly afterwards, in her coffin. And

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

**FITS** St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases PERMANENTLY CURED by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 O Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**THE ONLY PIPE MADE THAT CANNOT BE TOLD FROM A CIGAR.** It holds a large pipeful of tobacco and lasts for years. Agents Everywhere. Agents Outfit and a 50c Sample by Mail for 10 Cents. Big Money for Agents, as every smoker buys. WARWICK COMPANY, 651 Marquette Building, N. Y.

**10 Souvenir Post Cards 10c** Beautifully Colored, Art, Embossed, Engraved, etc. DAVIS BROS., DEPT. E-30 CHICAGO

**25 LOVELY Post Cards 10c.** Many colors. Pretty Girls, Fruit, Flowers, Animals, etc. Landscape, High Buildings, Love, Luck, Comic, Motto, Birthday, Holiday, etc., all different. MARTIN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 64, CHICAGO.

**ALL THE NEW SONGS FOR 10c** Abridged to Order. Send for 10c. You Want Home Sweet Home with Me, Dreaming, Marjorie, School Days, Honey Boy, Somewhere, Are You Shaver, Happiness, Close Harmonies, San Antonio, Slings, Mass You Called Me Daisie, Araba Wassa, Close Up, Baby and nearly 200 others just as good. Also all of 2000 other songs and the big hit, Merry Widow Waltz, complete with WORDS AND MUSIC. All sent postpaid for only 10c. DRAKE MUSIC CO., DEPT. 19, 1941 Jackson St., CHICAGO

**PILES** Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Boon to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Dotot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

## Sister Woman!

LET ME HELP YOU

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhoea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

**This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent**

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out these fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box 280 D Joliet, Illinois.



**25 Fine Art Post Cards 10c** NEW, BEAUTIFUL SUBURBANA. ALL DIFFERENT. DAVIS BROS., DEPT. F-21 CHICAGO

**10 BEAUTIFUL GOLD EMBOSSED FLORAL 10c** POST CARDS and 5 mos. trial subscription to a New Magazine. Address EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. A-26 CHICAGO.

**\$80** In C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1. Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it. FRANK O. SHILLING, Navarre, Ohio.

**LADIES** to make Health Shields. Material furnished. \$15 per hundred. Particulars stamped envelope. Dept. C1, HEALTH BELT CO., CHICAGO.

**FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE**

American Movement Watch, Gold Plated case warranted correct time keeper and a Gold Filled Ring, with a Sparkling Gem given free for sending 20 packages of BLUINE, at 10c each. Write for them. When sold, send us the \$2.00 and we send Gold Watch and Ring. BLUINE MFG. CO., 808 Mtli Street, Concord Jet., Mass.

## FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

On Trial

Dr. Rainey says: "My scientific formula of Vitaline is the sure cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it's the most certain of all and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, what they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference how weak you are nor how long you have had your trouble, Vitaline will easily overcome it—it will not fail nor disappoint you."

**NERVOUS WEAKNESS, DEBILITY.** Lost Vitality, Nervous Weakness, Wornout Feeling, Weak, Aching Back, Lack of Strength, Energy or Amition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Rashful, Restless at Night, Despondent.

**STOMACH TROUBLES.** Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Bloating, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

**HEART WEAKNESS.** Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Blazy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Extremities or Excoriation.

**CATARRH.** Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pain in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may be Catarrh.

**BLOOD TROUBLES.** General Debility, Paleness, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Dr. Rainey Medicine Co., Dept. 25, 152 Lake St., Chicago. I enclose four cents postage. Send at once by mail in plain package \$1.00 bottle Vitaline Tablets on trial, and if it proves satisfactory I will send you \$1.00, otherwise I will pay you nothing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

**MAKES STRENGTH AND HEALTH**

Vitaline Tablets

Just send name, address and four cents postage stamps to get the bottle to you—that's all you have to do to receive a dollar bottle of Vitaline tablets. We want nothing for them until you can say with a glad heart that you have at last found the right medicine. Pay us no money until you are satisfied and willing, and it's all left to your judgement and say-so, which we abide by—that's the understanding.

Vitaline tablets act on the Vital Organs that generate the vital warmth and the nerve force which makes one feel strong, vigorous and healthy, equal to all the duties and pleasures of robust strength and life. They give you vigor and vitality every day and restore you so quickly and completely you never know there was anything the matter.

Vitaline tablets are guaranteed under U. S. Pure Food and Drugs Act—Serial No. 357—You have never had anything like them, combining their wonderful healing and strengthening power.

We send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Vitality"—you have never seen one like it. Our testimonials from people cured after ten to forty years of doctoring will convince you of all we claim for Vitaline.

## A PRIZE FOR YOU

**TWO BEAUTIFUL FULL SIZE 16x20 PICTURES AND A PACKAGE OF TEN HANDSOMELY COLORED POST CARDS GIVEN FREE TO ALL ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT IN GOOD FAITH. WRITE TO-DAY.**



Wouldn't you like a PRIZE of this handsome, elegant, attractive set of dishes? Of course you would. The set consists of 42 pieces embellished with YOUR INITIAL IN PURE GOLD, making the whole set the pride and joy of every housekeeper fortunate enough to possess it.

**YOU CAN WIN THIS PRIZE AND IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT TO GET IT.** We are giving these dishes away FREE for a very little effort. Think how nice to have this dinner set in your china closet! Think how proud you can feel to have them on your table when company comes!

**SPLENDID PRIZE!** THIS 42-PIECE, GOLD MONOGRAM DINNER SET CAN BE YOURS IF YOU ACT UPON THIS OFFER PROMPTLY. This set is just as shown in the illustration. This daintily decorated, embellished, gold initial dinner set, elaborately decorated with wild roses with green leaves and foliage, every piece trimmed with coin gold, the next thing to Haviland china, which is owned by multi-millionaires, equal to a set costing many dollars in your local stores—this PRIZE PREMIUM IS YOURS for a little of your leisure time. Your initial in gold is put on as shown above. This dinner set will be the pride of your home and you can WIN it easily by a little pleasant effort.

**AN EXTRA FREE PRESENT FOR PROMPTNESS.** Act promptly upon this offer and WIN ANOTHER PRIZE of a beautiful 8-piece SILVER PLATED TEA SET—consisting of six teaspoons, a sugar shell and a butter knife, handsomely plated with coin silver.

You can easily win BOTH of these valuable prizes. One lady writes: "I am very much pleased with my prize set. It is very much better than I ever expected to get. Any one can see for themselves by looking at the set I received that there are no cheap articles put out by you."

Another lady writes: "Received prize set O. K. Am very much pleased with it. It is much nicer than I thought it would be. I thank you very much. I am going to earn another set."

**BY MY PLAN ANY ONE CAN SECURE BOTH THESE BEAUTIFUL PRIZES JUST LIKE THESE LADIES DID.**

**HOW TO GET THESE PRIZES.** Just fill in carefully the coupon below and send it to me, and I will take pleasure in writing you just what to do. I have such a splendid, liberal proposition to make to you that I know you will be delighted to have a chance to get an elegant, beautifully decorated 42 PIECE GOLD MONOGRAM DINNER SET and the handsome tea set plated with Coin Silver, when you see how easily it can be done.

**BEAR IN MIND these two Prizes are free.** Don't forget that we give Two Grand Prize Premiums instead of one, and that as soon as we get the coupon we send you Two beautiful richly colored PICTURES and a set of ARTISTIC COLORED POST CARDS absolutely free. Don't delay. Write at once. Address M. A. JOHNSON, Mgr., Warren, Pa.

M. A. JOHNSON, Mgr., Warren, Pa. **FREE COUPON.** Date \_\_\_\_\_ Dear Sir:—I would like to secure a 42 piece Gold Monogram Dinner Set and a handsome silver plated 8 piece Tea Set. Please send me full particulars.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

This firm is reliable and will do as they advertise. Dept. 158.

## YOURS---FREE

White Feather Boa or Scarf

WE want to give every woman and girl in the United States one of these handsome white feather scarfs, absolutely without money-cost to them. Advance information from London, Paris, Berlin and New York predict that white will be worn extensively this and the coming season. There is nothing which gives a daintier and more dressy finish to the costume than a fluffy feather boa. This scarf or boa is snowy white, the same design of a scarf as that worn by the most fashionable women usually at the church, opera, or other society functions. Just the thing to lightly throw over one's shoulders on a cold winter or sharp spring evening in place of a heavy jacket or fur boa—as much for ornament as for wear, and will be worn within the house, at church and in society generally.

### White and Fluffy

WE know you will fall in love with this stylish scarf the minute you see it, it is so white and fluffy. White softens the color of a dark gown, and well rounds out a white suit and can be worn with full dress or open work shirtwaist. Until this season feather boas, especially the white ones, have been very little worn on account of the expense. None but the very well-to-do could afford them. A pure white feather is very hard to find; like diamonds, they are expensive just because they are scarce. A black garment may be made by dyeing a white garment, but black cannot be made white, hence their value. By a lucky stroke of fortune we have secured an importation of these white feather boas which will place them within the reach of everyone. We want you to have one without money cost to you. We consider this one of the greatest opportunities to obtain a valuable acquisition to your wardrobe without money expense. It is an article which every well-dressed woman should at least try to possess.

### Easy to Get Without Money

THIS scarf is yours for very little effort on your part. This White Boa or Scarf will be sent you without a cent of your money, now, or at any other time. All we want is a few minutes of your spare time; how few will surprise you. Just sign the coupon found in the right-hand corner of this ad and immediately we will tell you plainly how you can get the scarf without money-cost to you. These few minutes of your time can be spent right in your own home if you desire—no sewing, no hard work of any kind, and the scarf is yours, in all its lightness, its whiteness and fluffiness. It is one of the richest articles of woman's apparel ever designed for dainty woman's adornment, and just as useful as it is beautiful. We have secured only a limited number for our use to give away in the manner described. If you intend owning one, we would advise you to send your name and address plainly written right away, now. You don't have to write a letter, just sign the Coupon. Should you not care to mutilate your magazine, sign your name on a postal. Just say: "Tell me how I can get the handsome White Feather Scarf free," and we will send the information to you right away. Better do it now so that you can wear it during the cold weather. Address THE CUSHMAN CO., Box Dept. 1 Springfield, Mass.

### Light and Warm

NOTHING in woman's dress is lighter than feathers. Weight for weight, fur is no warmer. Pure white is the richest looking of all materials used in boas. This scarf is dainty, stylish looking and warm. The scarf is made from large, well-formed and downy feathers and compares favorably in appearance to boas selling for from \$5.00 to \$10.00. From a distance they cannot be told from the real ostrich, which only the very wealthy can afford to use. The feathers are closely woven together, by hand. The one we want you to have is over four feet long, in fact, 44 inches long. It is not a turban or hat scarf, but one for the shoulders, and meant for real wear. It is strong and durable, despite the fact it is made from feathers. The quills are carefully wrapped and sewed in silk, adding strength to the weave. There are two grades of feathers used in the manufacture of this boa. The under layer, which when worn touches the exposed neck or shoulders, is composed of the soft and downy pure white kind, while the outer or show feathers are long and scientifically curled. By this combination warmth and appearance are obtained in a high degree.

**Free Coupon**

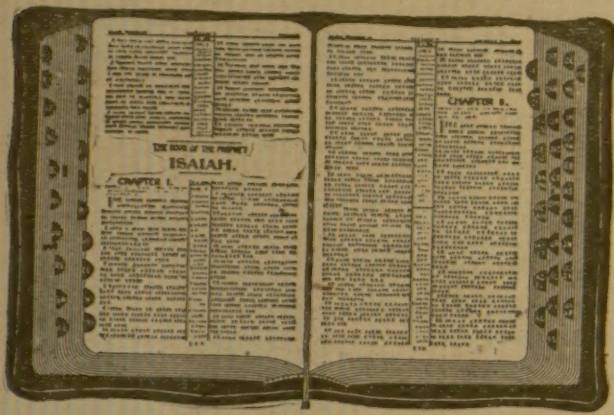
THE CUSHMAN CO.

Box Dept. 1, Springfield, Mass.

Please tell me how I can get the handsome White Feather Boa without costing me a cent.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ R. F. D. or St. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Send Coupon, don't bother to write letter





## Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE

ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half-tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps.

GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James' Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

## Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

### CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Bankrupt Bargain Music



By the failure of a big dealer to accept a quantity of music, we took advantage of the opportunity to secure a half million copies, all new printed, late popular, and many of the old-time favorite home songs, religious, comic and serious; sheet music in full standard size, both vocal and instrumental.

We illustrate few pieces that make an attractive assortment, but space forbids giving here a complete list of all the many numbers we have.

You may select one piece from the six titles we display in our illustration, in addition we will select and add nine more pieces, ten in all, the assorted ten pieces to consist of both vocal and instrumental religious, serious and comic, and forward the whole lot of ten by mail, post-paid, for only two 6-months' 10-cent subscriptions to COMFORT.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## The Magic Fortune Teller



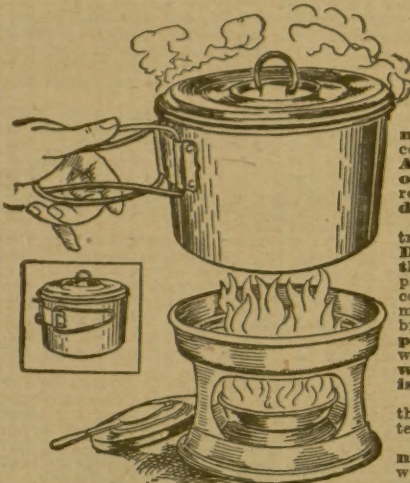
Is A Most Marvelous Invention. Its answers to your questions are quickly given. Its replies to Love, Business and Troubles are immediate and accurate. It is so arranged that it will forecast your future and tell you what you want to know if you but ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech.

You talk to it as though it was alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. The action of your lips and your voice bring about startling and magical response. As an oracle or simple entertainer there is nothing like it. Your friends will all be delighted with you in its power to please as well as to inform you all about matters that you have before been unable to have answered. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and sell the Magic Fortune Teller to others. If you desire to know if Fortune or Misfortune is lurking about you, if you are to marry or not, if joy and pleasure is to be your lot through life, or if you will gain what you least expect, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller and beautifully made, handily nickle-plated. Being an entirely new invention we want to introduce quickly and therefore offer them FREE. We will send one as a sample for a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## BOILING HOT WATER OR MILK INSTANTLY

A Quick Heating Stove



Useful day or night, on the Dining Table, in the Sick Room, or for the Children, to heat their food. This Portable Stove is made wholly of Aluminum, in five parts. The Dish, which will accommodate more than a pint, the cover, the base and fuel cup with extinguisher, is all there is to it, and there is nothing to get out of order, nothing that will burn. Will not break. This stove may be operated with ordinary Alcohol, Wood Alcohol, or the new and cheap Denatured Alcohol, now obtainable everywhere. A Pint of Fuel will operate the stove for a long time, a very small quantity is required to fill it, one large spoonful will do for two days or nights.

Should it be desirable to carry this Stove whenever you visit or travel, the base, the lamp and cover may be put inside the Dish, the whole makes a small package but three inches through and weighs only four ounces. We show the stove packed up in the small illustration at left. It is annoying to use a common house lamp as a method of heating quickly anything that may be required in a hurry. It is also dangerous and causes many broken and dirty lamp chimneys, wherein with this handy and practical metal stove a bit of alcohol may be put into the lamp which is a small cup of asbestos covered with a brass net-work to prevent any danger and an intensely strong heat is generated instantly, with results that are most gratifying. After you have heated whatever you may have put into the Dish the handles unfold from the side of same, and you pour the contents into a cup or bottle.

For making Tea at the table, or for heating gruel or milk in the sick room, these Stoves are invaluable while for use in the home where there is an infant to feed at night there could be nothing more handy, quick or convenient. Remember, this Stove is made wholly of Aluminum, which means that it is light, strong, clean and indestructible, will always wear well, be bright and clean, and never tarnish or deteriorate whatever.

CLUB OFFER:

For a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these Aluminum Stoves post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## PRINCESS STAMPING OUTFIT.

Over 60 Designs on Eight Sheets. 17X22 Inches.

Presenting a large assortment of perforated paper patterns for all new and staple fancy work, familiar to woman's needle. These patterns are stamped on a strong bond paper especially imported for the manufacture of this outfit and will outwear any similar paper heretofore used, including full directions and package of stamping compound.

In quantity and quality we give more in value than will be found in many dollar outfits, as we have always made a specialty of Stamping Outfits for our lady readers, and have had this outfit made up just as we wished, and with only new and pleasing patterns. You will not find these patterns in any other stamping outfit, offered elsewhere. The following is a complete list of the various patterns included in the outfit, and we ask that you read it over as there are innumerable designs and patterns new and not included in the assortment of any other outfit.

### Two Complete Shirt

Waist Sets.

Two Complete Alphabets, 26 letters in each alphabet, also many designs on 3 sheets of bond paper, a box of Modern Stamping Material, with full directions to stamp.

1 Large Tab Collar.  
1 Lace Collar.  
1 Turnover Collar.  
1 Turnover Collar & Cuffs.  
1 Fagoted Collar & Cuffs.  
1 Sofa Pillow, Daisies Never Tell.

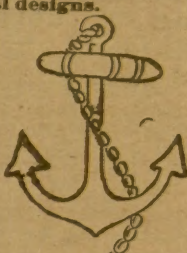
1 10 in. Cut Work Dolly.  
1 8 in. Strawberry Dolly.  
1 8 in. Forget-me-not Dolly.  
1 8 in. Lace Dolly.  
1 4 in. Strawberry Dolly.  
1 5 in. Whist Dolly.

Words and Letters, etc.  
Photographs, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Collars & Cuffs.  
1 Suspender Design, Daisies.

1 Suspender Design, Forget-me-nots.

Style and custom now require that ladies wear hand-embroidered neckwear, shirt waists and underwear, also the lad is prevalent for all sorts of embroidered fancy work, such as dollies, table covers, cushion covers and many other articles of use and ornament. The most fastidious person will find this assortment so varied and yet complete; hardly a want can be imagined that will not be satisfied with this outfit. Our monthly home magazines are of interest to each and every member of the household, and today represent the efforts of the best writers and illustrators, containing clean, fascinating stories in great number, and have also many interesting and instructive departments. In order to enlarge their field of usefulness, we offer you, as an inducement to extend the circulation among your acquaintances, one of these Outfits free of cost.

### EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAIST.



### Our Princess Outfit Offer.

For a club of 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine, at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these outfits at our expense.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Sideboard and Bureau Scarf.



Also two nine-inch dollies to match. This scarf design is stamped on fine quality material 60 inches in length, 18 inches wide, over ONE THOUSAND SQUARE INCHES; the largest pattern outfit we ever offered. In addition are two large dolly designs making a complete bureau or stitch, the design in the center to be embroidered in long and short outline, stitch or solid. The two dollies may be worked the same; this makes a complete set that will be very useful and gain the envy and admiration of your friends. We send a circular describing many other patterns; all are free to you.

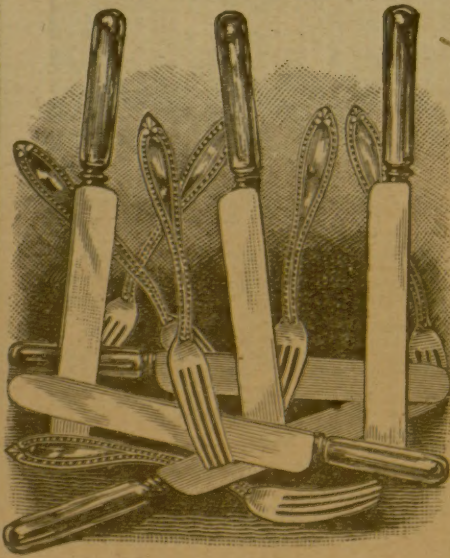
### Special Offer:

For a club of 3 six months' trial 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT we send this stamped pattern free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## TABLEWARE IN FINE SILVER PLATE.

Goods That Have Won Several Exposition Medals.



We have an extensive line of silverware and from the assortment selected a few of these sets of six Knives and six Forks to give away. They are simply irresistible, perfect gems. These knives are made of the best of silver plated steel, usual shape and length, and the Forks are the handsomest ones we ever saw, being finished with a continuous row of small silver beads round the entire edge. This bead effect in silver goods is the very height of fashion, is extensively used on all solid silverware, such as ladies' brushes, mirrors and other silver novelties, in fact is used on most every article made of silver where dainty finish, ornamentation and attractiveness is wanted. To assist the manufacturers in introducing this line of decoration we have arranged this liberal premium offer.

SPECIAL. You may send us a club of only 13 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, and we will send you a complete set of Six Knives and Forks, 12 pieces in all, as a premium and send each subscriber our magazine. Or we will give you your choice of Six Knives or Six Forks for a club of only 8 at 20 cents each for a year's subscription.

EXTRA SPECIAL OFFER. We have also a family size Tea Spoon to match the Knives and Forks and can give as a present a set of Six Spoons, Six Knives and Six Forks, 18 pieces in all, for a club of only 15 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each. Instead of yearly subscriptions you may send a club of six 3-year 10-cent subscribers, which will also amount to \$3.00. If you take advantage of this last offer you get a full set of silverware, sufficient for the usual family for absolutely nothing, as we pay all shipping charges on the above offers. Send for sample magazine and further information.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





### Imported Damask Table-cloth

This is an imported fringed damask table-cloth of superior quality and finish, woven from the best yarn into a cover of close and even texture. The cloth is supplied in an assortment of artistic floral designs similar to illustration, white with a fast color red border in two shades. It measures with fringe, 62 inches wide and over six feet long, and is of durable material and finely finished, will wear and launder well.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only eight yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will forward one of these handsome cloths free of expense.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



NO PRINTED DESCRIPTION can DO JUSTICE TO THESE CHARMING BOOKS. and of course our but gives but a crude and imperfect picture of them. YOU MUST SEE ONE TO APPRECIATE IT. So I want to place one in your hands to examine. When you have one you will NOT BE SATISFIED until YOU HAVE MORE of the series, and your FRIENDS WILL WANT THEM TOO.

These "MISSAL DECORATED BOOKS" are quite the rage in the cities for PARLOR TABLE ORNAMENTS and for BIRTHDAY and HOLIDAY GIFTS, and sell at a high price. But a newly invented lithographic process for printing in GOLD AND COLORS has enabled us to obtain in advance and at REDUCED PRICE A LARGE STOCK of these books which were gotten out by the publisher for the 1908-9 holiday trade.

## Elegant Books for Gifts, Beautiful Home Gems

Superbly beautiful new and popular "MISSAL DECORATED BOOKS" shown in cut. Not only do these books contain the choicest LITERARY GEMS selected from the famous authors, but they are veritable WORKS OF HIGH ART. Every page is PRINTED IN COLORS and GOLD, ILLUMINATED with gold ornaments and beautifully decorated with an appropriate Missal border in three colors and gold. Besides the front and back full-page decorative designs in gold and color frame effect. The paper is fine heavy glass-coated, and the books are bound in white linen-finish stiff covers beautifully ornamented with refined gothic designs also lithographed in colors and gold. These books are 6-7-8 by 4-3-4 inches.

### List of Beautiful "Missal Decorated Books"

In the GOLDEN HYMN SERIES we have the following named eighteen books, which make elegant presents or beautiful books to keep in the home. We give you your choice of any of these books free as per our liberal club offer below:

The Beatitudes.  
Rock of Ages.  
I Need Thee Every Hour.  
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.  
Sweet Hour of Prayer.  
He Leadeth Me.  
The Lord is My Shepherd.  
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.  
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

O Little town of Bethlehem.  
Bells Across the Snow.  
O Paradise.  
Jerusalem the Golden.  
Lead, Kindly Light.  
Abide with Me.  
My Faith Looks up to Thee.  
The Secret of a Happy Day.  
Just As I Am.

### THE BRILLIANT SERIES

THIS SERIES contain SIX NUMBERS OF FAVORITE QUOTATIONS from the best works of the POET AUTHORS, as follows:  
Longfellow. Eugene Field.  
Whittier. Riley.  
Phillips Brooks. Shakespeare.

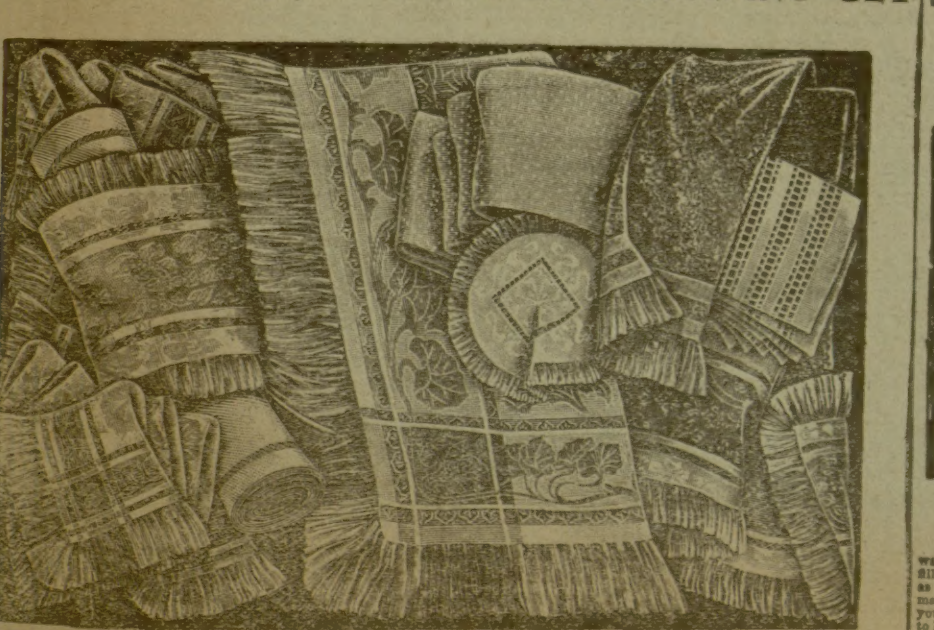
### THE GARLAND SERIES

THIS SERIES contain TWELVE NUMBERS of books which are suitable for BIRTHDAY or other GIFTS, Sunday SCHOOL REWARDS, or elegant books to have in any home:  
Faithful Promises.  
Lilies of the Field.  
A Violet Offering.  
In Time of Roses.  
A Pansy Token.  
Sweet Remembrance.

The Season's Greeting.  
Christmas Cheer.  
A Merry Christmas.  
Golden Thoughts.  
A Book of Good Cheer.  
A Token of Friendship.

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only three 10-cent trial six-months' subscriptions, or two yearly 20-cent subscriptions, we will send any one book and two books for three yearly 20-cent subscriptions, four books for a club of five.

## GREAT BARGAIN, 22-PIECE HOUSEKEEPING SET



THIS ABOVE ILLUSTRATED COMBINATION ASSORTMENT of fine quality HOUSEHOLD LINENS and towels is indeed an ideal set and an UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. PROCURED DURING the summer months' prices when the MARKETS WERE LOWER than FOR YEARS, we collected together these various articles, making up a COMBINATION at ONCE EXCELLENCE ANYTHING YOU HAVE BEEN OFFERED. Suitable and USEFUL IN EVERY HOME, particularly pleasing to a bride or young HOUSEKEEPER. In fact practically INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSE and so attractively offered owing to the LOW PRICE conditions of the market you cannot resist sending us a club. This package contains the complete assortment of 22 SEPARATE PIECES as described above. Read carefully. 1 Imported Floral Damask pattern Table-cloth, good weight and well woven, with fringe on four sides. Will cover any ordinary table. Size of cloth 54x82 inches. 12 Floral Damask, imported, fringed pattern table napkins similar to the above, size 16x18 inches. 5 Yards of very good quality absorbent roller or dish toweling, width 17 inches. 1 Imported Fringed Bureau or Dresser Scarf in a very pretty pattern, size 16x45 inches. 4 Genuine Hemmed Huck Towels of excellent quality and finish, will wear well. Size 14x27 inches. 2 Fringed Turkish Towels, pure cotton, good weight, size 12x29 inches. 1 Round, Fancy Hand Drawnwork Fringed Dolly. Very pretty for make basket or for use under table lamp. Size 9x9 inches. Every item in the entire assortment is both attractive, pretty and useful. COMBINED WITH UTILITY THEY ARE DURABLE, WILL WEAR and launder satisfactorily. It would prove quite an expense were you to buy these items singly at the stores.

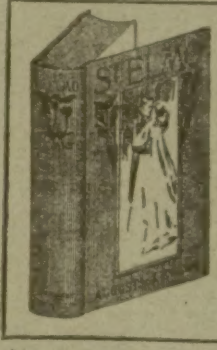
**Club Offer.** For a club of only twenty yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will forward by express one complete 22-Piece Housekeeping Set. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## 5000 COPIES "ST. ELMO" FREE

A Jubilee Edition of This Famous Book for a Club of Three

Anticipating our Jubilee Anniversary Year of COMFORT when we celebrate our Twenty-first Birthday, and not to be outdone by the Editorial Department, the Premium Department has not been idle.

In addition to the regular variety of premiums, we scoured and scraped to obtain at least one premier inducement that would almost compel one to subscribe or get a club of subscribers for COMFORT, and after looking over the markets, compared, duly considering premiums heretofore made a special jubilee offer of a bound "St. Elmo." We negotiated, six of 5,000 copies at a special price most attractive offer conceivable. "St. in COMFORT and was so splendidly tribute nearly 20,000 copies in consubscribers. We are now offering you from new type plates on heavy book attractive lettered linen binding, making a quarter for clubs of only member the story but did not obtain a making our previous offers, and all ested in "A Speckled Bird," will to obtain a copy of Mrs. Wilson's ous Anniversary Offer made here



Remember, we have a million and a quarter subscribers and but 5,000 books. We cannot duplicate our order nor repeat this offer, therefore it will be well to safeguard yourself by sending a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each by return mail and these subscriptions will be credited in your behalf toward the distribution of the 538 cash prizes, all of which is fully explained on the cover page of this catalogue. Remember, a club of only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each secures a bound volume of "St. Elmo," delivered post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### ADJUSTABLE BRACELET

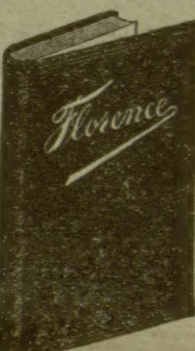
The most comfortable Bracelet ever worn. As shown, this Bracelet is made up of dull gold plated oval sections, interlocked at centers, with fastenings at ends. Double row of discs make it possible to wear either right or wrong side. It will always conform to every movement of your wrist and will wear for a long time.

**Club Offer.** You may send us two 10-cent six-months' trial subscriptions to COMFORT, or a 20-cent yearly subscription, with 6 cents additional, for one of the above Adjustable Bracelets.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Learn All About It in Our Diary Birthday Book.



Do you know its derivation, meaning and history? We have a series of Girls' Birthday Books embracing one hundred names, including ADA, AUGER, BERTHA, BLANKIN, CAROLINE, DORA, EDITH, KATE, MART, IRISBECK, and almost others. No matter what your name is. Don't you want it stamped in gold on one of these Elegant Books? You certainly ought to have one to use as described as they are designed to be a source of pleasure and interest.

Each Book has the name of a girl or woman on the title page and also stamped in gold on the cover, and contains a history of the name and of famous women who have borne the same. For example, Mary is described as one of the most popular of girls' names, derived from Myrrh or Star of the Sea (Mare), being the name of the Virgin Mary and many other Marys famous in history, thus each name is treated with a complete historical sketch. As a Diary or Record Book it is designed for perpetual use, as the pages are arranged with the date and a blank space providing excellent opportunity for a Baby Record of important events in the life of the little one, or for a young or older lady, married or single, a life record of important events may be recorded and there kept forever, and as the book is arranged for perpetual use these records made from day to time forming a connected story of important life happenings. Each page is decorated with a short selected, sentimental verse or motto from works or words of authors or philosophers of renown, as "Where there is a moth in the home, matters speed well," "Grace in woman has more effect than beauty," "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," "Love and you shall be loved," "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," "In the smallest cottage, there is room enough for lovers," etc., etc. Each book is bound in limp Morocco, with full gilt edges, including a silk book marker, and is carefully boxed for mailing. This is a very unique book and has personal interest to the owner.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or 4 six-months' 10-cent trial subscribers, we will send you one of these Birthday Name Books with your name stamped in gold on the cover.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### FREE! AS BIG AS BABY. FREE

Indestructible Dolls to be Stuffed that Stand Up or Sit Down. Their Heads Will Not Come Off.

These indestructible dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either stand up or sit down. Their Beautiful Golden Hair, bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get one of these dolls and you are sure that the nose will not be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of comic positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cut, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before. For hours and hours every child will play with these good old granddame style, unbreakable stuffed dolls, even putting aside the very expensive and more elegantly silk and satin dressed dolls, never tiring of these as they can be dressed in many different ways to suit the taste. They can be filled with wool or less cotton just as the weight is preferred, as the material they are made of enables you to sew them together easily, so as to have a good, fat, plump doll or 1 of lighter weight.

**We Send You 2 Dolls Now Instead of 1.**

A new arrangement enables us to send you a 10 inch doll free, in connection with the 20 inch doll we have already described. So you get 2 dolls for the price of 1. We are arranged to give these dolls for club subscribers who secure and send the dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 sets, 4 Dolls for securing 3 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, 4 sets, 6 Dolls free for a club of 5 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or you can send one 3-year 30-cent subscription.

**Remember.** We send this magazine 1 year to the subscribers who secure and send the dolls to you as a premium. Will send 2 sets, 4 Dolls for securing 3 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, 4 sets, 6 Dolls free for a club of 5 yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, or you can send one 3-year 30-cent subscription.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### 5 Yards Imported Scotch Crash

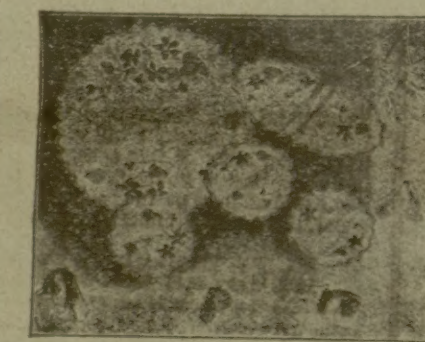


This bolt of toweling will make two roller towels 2 1-2 yards long, or four hand towels 45 inches long, or six dish towels 30 inches long. It is all pure linen heavy weight bleached crash with red stripe border, and is imported direct from the mills in Scotland where the finest of this class of goods is made. The width is 16 inches.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, we will send you one of these five yard bolts of Crash.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

### Five-Piece Dolly Set Five Skeins Silk



A new combination set for the Dining Table. A large 11-inch Center Tray, a 10-inch Oval Tray and three 5-inch Dollies; also five skeins Embroidered Silk and a Needle. All are stamped with Violet design ready to embroider. Being a simple design it is very readily done and furnishes a most pleasing and useful set. Very attractive to use on the table either with or without usual table-cloth, also for the sideboard or a small table, or on a tray they are equally useful. We believe you will want more than one of these five-piece sets after seeing one.

**Club Offer.** Send us a club of only two 6-months' 10-cent subscriptions to COMFORT for one complete five-piece set as above described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## BUFFALO BILL

HIS OWN STORY

TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



Just published, his own story of his own life. Every reader of COMFORT knows of Buffalo Bill, the most famous Indian Hunter, Frontiersman and Scout the Country ever produced. This thrilling story from his own pen reads like some preposterous tale. Every line and every chapter is exciting, but interesting because it is cleverly told, also splendidly illustrated. A book of over 250 pages, large clear type, extra heavy book paper, with many special half tone plates illustrating important features of the book. Bound in strong tinted mottled covers. Illustrated with a large clear full page sepia toned photograph of Buffalo Bill in his plainsman's costume. This is strictly an American story by one who has literally grown up with his country. A career beginning in '67, when the lad was but eleven, the reader is carried chapter by chapter through a life of wild and rugged achievement never equaled. This is Buffalo Bill's great work, there is no other similar story, any more than there was ever another Buffalo Bill. You should read this book, everyone should read it, and read it now, while it is fresh off the press. All the big city newspapers are printing notices about the book and are to print the story serially whenever arrangements can be made. Public schools should adopt this book as a supplementary volume of American History. Teachers will do well to obtain a copy and read it to their pupils. We have a limited quantity; all we could obtain at present, and shall distribute them at the following:

**Club Offer.** Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, for a copy of this special edition of True Tales of the Plains by Buffalo Bill, which will be sent post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## A Bunch of Daisies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

he remembered how he had stolen from the house to gather from that same meadow a handful of her favorite flowers, and had placed them in her cold and lifeless fingers, thinking how pleased she would be if she could only know what he had done.

A mist gathered in his eyes, but any further thoughts were interrupted by the voice of Emily, who was saying, "I shall have to leave you now, for here comes Frank Watson with my box, and you will have to look around for the girl wearing yellow and white."

She turned away very much disappointed, and looked her displeasure as she saw him step quickly to Nettie's side, for she had fastened to her waist a bunch of daisies.

"My name is Hearn," said Wilmot, as he approached her, "and as we have never met before, we will be compelled to introduce ourselves."

A pretty blush crept over her cheeks and she shyly told him that her name was Nettie Erlecourt.

Emily's dark eyes flashed as she watched Wilmot's attention to the girl she so much disliked. Her entire evening was spoiled, and she shook her head angrily as she beheld them at the close

of the entertainment, leave the hall together. Then Sadie Young, whose eyes were dancing with delight, exclaimed that she was more than pleased at what had happened, and hoped that Wilmot would fall in love with Nettie. And as she saw the expression on Emily's face she continued to talk quite freely of what might happen.

Emily turned away in disgust, and the rest of the week did all that lay in her power to make Nettie's life miserable and unbearable. She found fault with everything and declared that it was time they got rid of her, for she was putting on entirely too many airs for a servant girl. But her anger knew no bounds, when one evening a few days later, as she was about to leave the house, she saw Wilmot Hearn entering the front gate and as he was about to ascend the steps, he coolly inquired if Miss Erlecourt was at home.

Emily answered him coldly that Nettie, the hired girl, was at present washing the dishes in the kitchen, but if he wished to see her, she would call a servant to show him to the kitchen door.

He looked surprised at her manner, made his apologies, and replied that he would step to the side door. Then he turned quickly and ran down the marble steps while the jealous girl gazed after him in angry astonishment. A moment later she heard him say quite plainly, "I

will be her, Miss Erlecourt in about an hour with the carriage."

As he passed out, he caught sight of her, still standing upon the steps. He raised his hat, closed the gate and went on his way.

The very next day, Nettie received her notice to leave. With fear, she inquired what fault they had to find with her or her work.

"Is it not quite sufficient for you to know that we do not require your services any longer?" answered Emily very sharply.

Nettie packed her little trunk with a very sad heart. "Where could she go, and how find another situation?" for Mrs. Wall had positively refused to give her a reference. And she was an orphan and alone in the world.

She concluded to call upon the pastor of the little church which she attended, and inquire if he knew of anyone who needed a girl.

As she made her way along the street she saw Mr. Hearn. He came quickly towards her, and asked the cause of her tear-swollen eyes, and brokenly and hesitatingly she informed him what had just occurred. He regarded her gravely for a few moments, and then said tenderly:

"Nettie, I did not intend to speak so soon, but I feel that under the circumstances I cannot keep still. I love you, and if you will be my wife we can be married right away. Then you will not be obliged to look any further for a situation."

"You love me?" she murmured joyously; the color deepening in her fair cheeks. "Oh, you can't mean it!"

"But I do, my dear; so let us surprise our friends and make that call together on your pastor."

She glanced shyly at him, scarcely believing her ears, and walking silently beside him.

The good old minister on hearing their story, said it would give him the greatest of pleasure to unite them in marriage. He guessed the cause of Nettie's dismissal from Mrs. Wall's home, and his eyes twinkled merrily as he watched the happy young couple leave his house, after the knot had been tied.

One can imagine the effect which the news had upon angry Miss Emily Wall. She was furious and was absolutely unable to conceal her feelings. At the next meeting of the Good Templars, Sadie Young took occasion to express her extreme delight at the marriage.

"Just think, girls," she said with her eyes sparkling with mirth, "this little romance was all brought about by a tiny bunch of daisies. In future, let us not despise that humble little flower."

But Emily Wall could stand no more, as the quick tears of disappointment and anger sprang to her dark eyes, and she walked away from the room murmuring angrily to herself, "I hate the old flower."

# 700 ORGANS

All Superb, Pipe-Toned Instruments

## Given Away

**MADAM: I mean it. I am going to give away 700 genuine Peerless Parlor Organs, each nearly seven feet in height, finished superbly in French canopy design and each guaranteed for ten years.**

I am making this offer to ladies—keen, economical, business-like ladies everywhere in this country. On this offer I want to reach the best ladies in every community.

**Don't—please don't—class my great free offer with the other free offers you may have seen.** Many people—many business men—told me not to make such a tremendous offer. They told me that people would not believe it because the offer was too big and too liberal. But I said to them: "I will tell the people in such a way that they WILL believe it."

**And, Madam, that is what I am trying to do now.** I am trying to tell you about this grand, free organ offer so that you will BELIEVE IT. I WANT TO GIVE YOU AN ORGAN AND I DON'T WANT A PENNY OF YOUR MONEY. You can't get me to accept ONE CENT for this organ. I give it to you positively free. I am GIVING these organs away—not selling them. If you were to go into any music store you would be asked to pay from \$60.00 to \$75.00 for every one of the seven hundred (700) organs I give away absolutely free.

**Write to me today.** I want you to put your name on the coupon and send it to me. I want to tell you why I will give away seven hundred (700) elegant Peerless organs. Madam, I want to tell you more of this sensational offer. Don't be backward about sending me the coupon. Don't hesitate. Say to yourself: "This appears to be the most wonderful offer I ever saw," and then put your name and address on the coupon, for it IS the most wonderful offer you ever saw. It is an offer without a parallel—the grandest, most astounding offer ever made by any man.

## I Guarantee An Organ to Every Woman Who Fulfills My Offer

And I Will Pay The Freight.

**I can't say more than that.** I can't be more direct. And my offer is so simple—so easy. I am a big manufacturer. I deal in necessities for the home. I have honorable, reputable representatives in every state, and I am glad to say that ALL the ladies representing me are PROUD of their connections with such a large and well known business house. But I want MORE ladies. I want more women to become my representatives for my family supplies. And I want the highest class women, because my offers to the home in teas, coffees, baking powder, toilet articles, extracts, soaps and other necessities are, as they should be, the BEST offers made by the BEST house in America.

**And I know that to get the BEST ladies I must offer them something better than has ever been offered before.** So I make the offer today of giving away 700 genuine, guaranteed Peerless Organs. Remember, I don't ask a penny for any of these 700 organs. I won't accept your money. You can't give me your money. I only want to make a straightforward business arrangement with you. I want to make this arrangement right away. I guarantee that if you will fulfill my offer one of these organs will be yours, and I will pay the freight. So I ask you to send the coupon at once. Just your name on the coupon is all I want. Then I'll tell you how you can stay right in your own home and get this beautiful grand parlor organ at once.

**Put your name down now,** and as you are writing it look at the five-piece toilet set shown here. This set goes to you even without an effort on your part. It is a gift from me, pure and simple. Nothing is required to get this toilet set. So sign the coupon now. I merely mention this here to show you that my offers are MORE LIBERAL than any you ever saw before. Now, put your name on the coupon, clip out and send today. Do this at once.

## Put Your Name

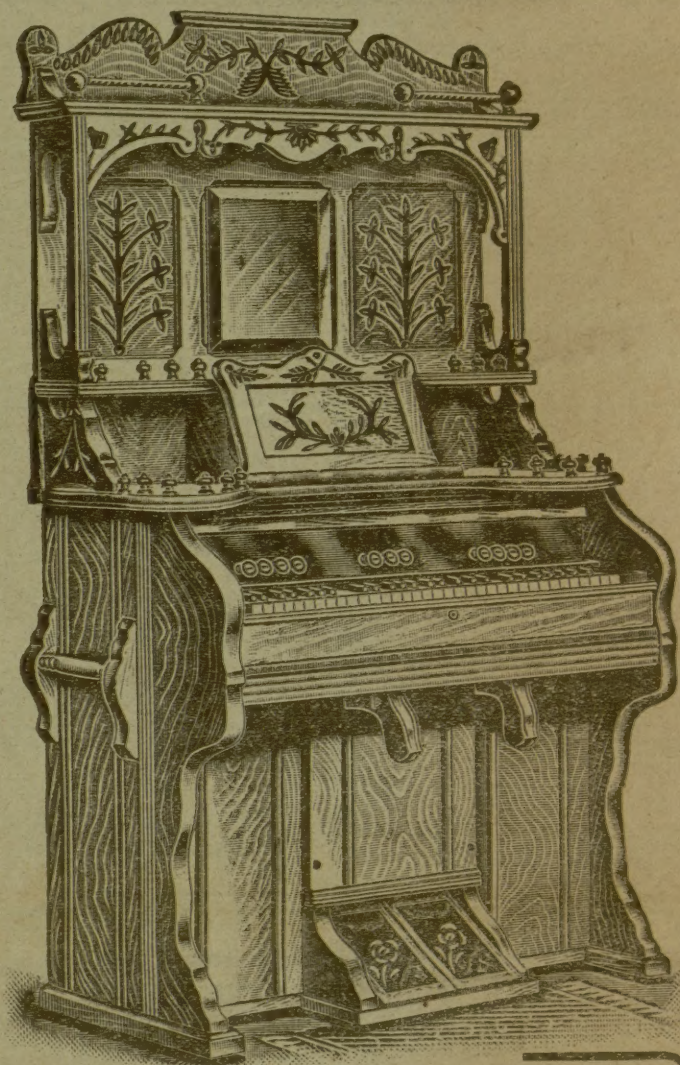


## On The Coupon!

It Is Good For The Big Organ Offer

Think of the 700 organs—read the description of these organs. Think over the ten-year guarantee. An organ goes to you without your paying a cent of money for it to me or anybody else. Just fulfill my simple offer and an organ is yours for life. And there is the toilet set which is yours without even an effort. Act now. Nobody ever got anything who didn't ACT. Don't delay—put your name on coupon—send it today.

JOHN MAGNUS, President, LEE MFG. CO., 35th and Morgan Streets, Dept. 127, CHICAGO, ILL.  
I guarantee to pay the freight. Both the organ and the freight are free. Send coupon



**HERE is a picture of one of the 700 magnificent Peerless Organs I am giving away.** Some one will get these organs sure. You should have one. I want to give them to high-class business ladies everywhere. I will give an organ to every lady who fulfills my offer. I guarantee this. These organs are genuine pipe-toned parlor organs, magnificent in construction, style, tone, finish, volume, touch and ease of action. Each has five octaves and eleven stops, four sets of silver-tongued reeds—122 in all; grand organ and forte swell. The case is a beautiful new design in the best quality of solid selected oak, high gloss finish. It has extension lamp stands, music pockets, sliding lid, handsome moulding and artistic carvings. The top is of chaste canopy design with French plate, beveled edge mirror, 14x14 inches; closed music pocket, substantial turnings and castors. When set up for use the organ is 6 feet 5 inches high, 3 feet 9 inches wide and 23 inches deep. Gross weight, boxed, 375 pounds.

This organ is positively guaranteed for 10 years. We further guarantee that it cannot be bought any place for less than from \$60 to \$75. Send coupon.

## Extra! FREE Right Away!



**HERE is the handsome 5-piece toilet set we give you without an effort.** You don't have to do a thing to get this set. It is positively free—given with our compliments. So sign the coupon. Send the coupon today. This toilet set is practically indestructible. The body of the chinaware is pure white, decorated with beautiful flowers in their natural colors. The set consists of the following pieces: One Water Pitcher, one Wash Bowl, one Chamber, one small Pitcher, one Soap Slab—five pieces in all. Send the coupon today. Remember, this set is given to you, anyway. It is not a prize for which you must work, but it is extra and in addition to the magnificent organ. Send the coupon today. Do this right now. Be one of those to get one of the 700 organs. It is so easy—so very, very simple. Hurry and get the coupon in today.

REMEMBER, I guarantee you an organ as per my offer made here. Take immediate advantage of this liberal offer. Send the coupon. Don't wait.

John Magnus, Pres. LEE MFG. CO., 35th & Morgan Sts. Dept. 127, Chicago, Ill.  
Out or tear off along this line  
Name.....  
Address.....  
No letter necessary; just sign & mail the coupon today.